JUL 2 5 '59

The Saturday Evening
POST
August 1, 1959 – 15¢

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A Post Editor Visits FIDEL CASTRO

Wyoming's Wonderful Women

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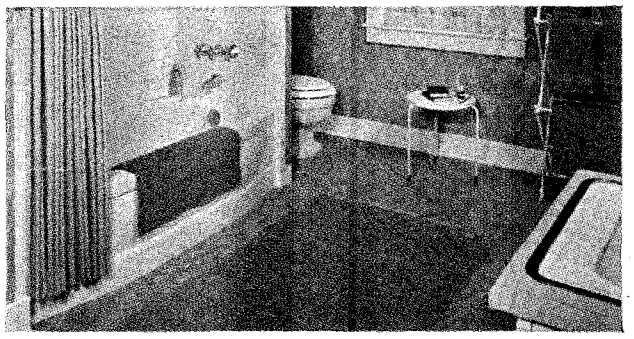
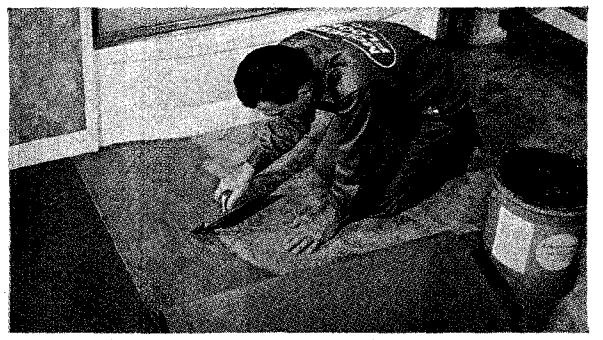
How did Mrs. Nason's bathroom get its striking new look?

A FEW SIMPLE CHANGES AND A NEW FLOOR OF ARMSTRONG VINYL CORLON DID THE TRICK



This is what Mrs. Nason's old bathroom looked like. The 25-year-old Armstrong floor was still in good condition though out of style. For her new floor she chose Armstrong Vinyl Corlon, Mosaic style 6512. The moderate price was a pleasant surprise.



This is why the new floor is luxuriously comfortable underfoot. The craftsman from the store put Armstrong Cushion-Eze Underlayment under the Vinyl Corlon. This soft layer of foam cushions footsteps with millions of tiny air bubbles. It costs so little, adds so much luxury.

This is how Mrs. Nason's new floor got its distinctive custom design. The circles are one of many ready-made shapes in Vinyl Decorator Inlays. When you redecorate, remember how easily Armstrong Vinyl Corlon can bring modern elegance to any room.

SEND FOR FREE ROOM PORTFOLIO describing the many ideas in this redecorated bathroom. Sketch plan and list of furnishings are included. Write Armstrong Cork Company, 5908 Madison Street, Lancaster, Pa. In Canada, Dept. 89-J, Box 919, Montreal, Quebec.

Armstrong VINYL FLOORS

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AN INTERESTING LETTER SAID...

"Why in Heaven Don't You Speak Out on Inflation?"

I have received a number of letters from men and women who are concerned about inflation. One A. T. & T. share owner asked, "Why in heaven don't you speak out on this subject?"

The letter went on to say, "If you would alert the 1,625,000 share owners and 700,000 employees to the facts about inflation, they would help spread the news."

I warmly agree that it is essential to alert more people to the dangers of inflation and we in the Bell System are speaking up and speaking out at every opportunity.

In recent articles and bulletins to employees, the Bell System Companies have discussed the threat which inflation poses to the purchasing power of the dollar and to savings, insurance, and pensions.

At the annual meeting of A. T. & T. share owners I pointed out that inflation has been a tough problem in the telephone business. But we have not just talked about the problem—we have developed more efficient equipment and introduced many economies of operation. It is worth noting that the price of telephone service generally has gone up less since World War II than most other things.

But we know that the forces of inflation are far too widespread and powerful for any one individual or business to stem them singlehanded.

This brings me to the question that I believe so many are asking. "How can I help?" In these ways, it seems to me:

By giving spoken and written support to those who are working for a strong, sound, and stable dollar.

By opposing unreasonable demands, excessive spending, and schemes that add fuel to the inflationary fire.

Your friends and associates, and especially your representatives in Congress, are entitled to your constructive views.

For our part, we will continue to fight inflation by pushing research hard and effecting economies in our business. And by speaking out against this threat to the people and the country.

FREDERICK R. KAPPEL, PRESIDENT

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY, NEW YORK, N. Y.

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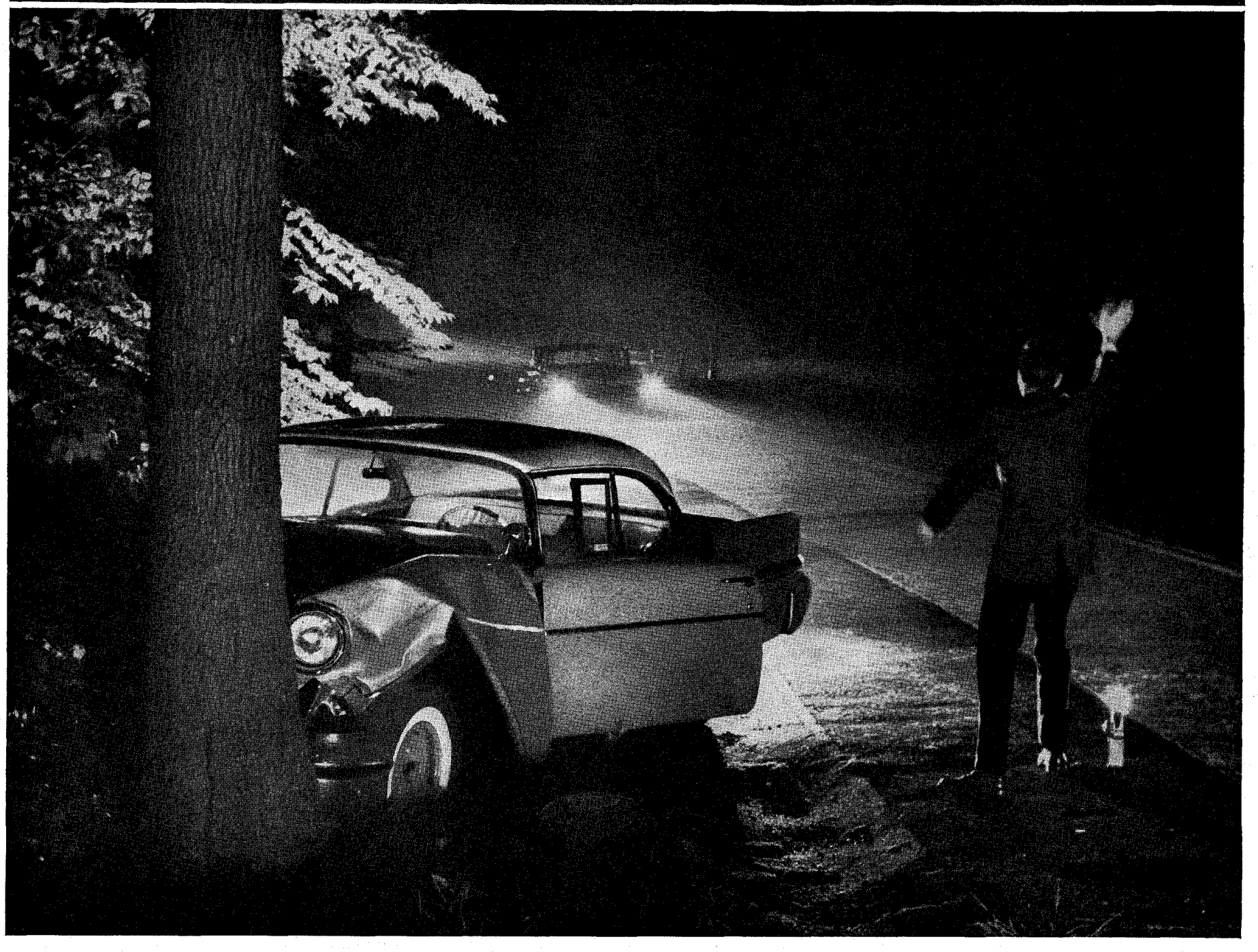

Disastrous blow-out: Policyholder far from home gets quick help from Liberty Mutual

One of Liberty's car-insurance policyholders writes to report a recent accident in Colorado.

"I want to mention that the superb treatment accorded me throughout the entire incident has really overwhelmed me. I don't think it could have been handled more perfectly. To have an accident 40 miles from Denver and be on my way two days later in perfect running order seems almost unbelievable.

"Please accept deepest thanks from a traveler on the highways far from home who is glad that he picked the right insurer."

Whether you're miles from home or just around the corner, you want fast help from your insurance company when you're in trouble. With Liberty Mutual, you can get quick claims service in every state – 24 hours a day. Each year we have saved substantial amounts for our car-insurance policyholders.* To insure with Liberty, write or phone one of our 147 offices and tell us when your policy expires. Ask about our easy payment plans.

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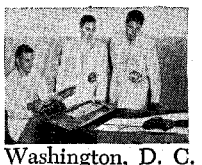
Teen-agers match good-driving skills—Aug. 10-13



The nation's top young drivers will match driving skills for $4,500 in scholarships this month at the National Teen-Age Road-E-O finals in Washington, D. C. This annual safe-driving program helps make teen-agers better drivers. Liberty Mutual and the Junior Chamber of Commerce started it in 1952.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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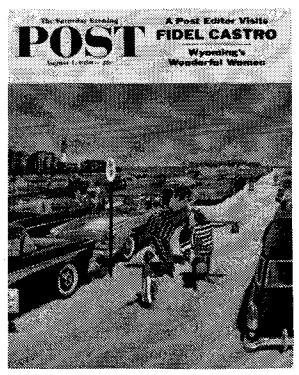

THE COVER

Cooled by the ocean breeze, refreshed by the briny breakers, they approach the end of a perfect day, and they'll reach it if they don't get too hot and debilitated doing what they're doing now. Strictly speaking, their car is not lost, because it is right where they put it. Indeed, they can avoid worry and temper by serenely bearing in mind that if their search is prolonged until all the other cars are gone, their own will *have* to turn up. The best advice to offer is that they refrain from wandering off in four different directions; in this type of confusion it sometimes happens that the one who finds the car must then go find the other three and, in doing so, loses the car again. This carscape was painted by James Williamson—see where his "W" almost punctured that tire?

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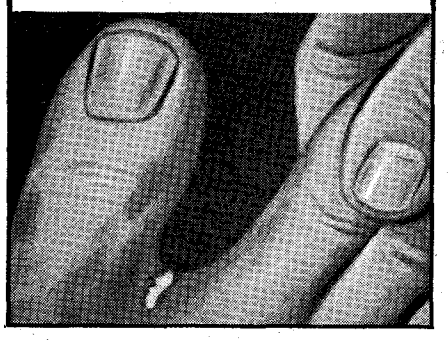
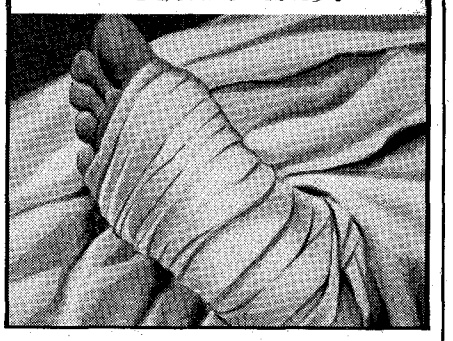
Get after Athlete's Foot *FAST!*

BEFORE THIS—



Raw, red cracks between the toes, itching or peeling are the first signs of Athlete's Foot. At this early stage, Athlete's Foot is easy to treat—if you act *fast!*

BECOMES THIS!



Left untreated, Athlete's Foot fungi burrow, spread. In advanced stage, like ringworm of the foot above, see your physician or podiatrist.

Absorbine Jr. kills 100% of Athlete's Foot fungi in laboratory test tubes in less than 5 minutes!

That tingling sensation you feel tells you *liquid* Absorbine Jr. is busy killing *all* the fungi it reaches—even in tiny cracks.

For a famous laboratory grew millions of Athlete's Foot fungi in test tubes and reported *every single one killed by Absorbine Jr.!*

And in carefully controlled clinical tests on patients, doctors reported Absorbine Jr. brought successful relief to the great majority of sufferers. Absorbine Jr. also comes in familiar family and hospital size bottles. At all drug counters.

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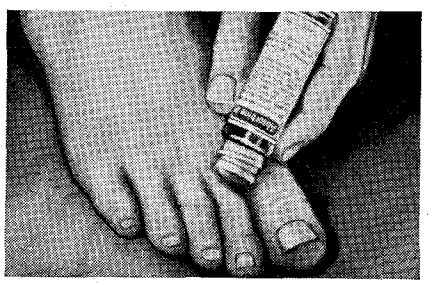

New bottle ends risk of spreading Athlete's Foot. Simply dab Absorbine Jr. on infected area with sponge tip. No drip . . . no mess . . . you treat Athlete's Foot without touching it with your hands.

America's No. 1 Formula for Athlete's Foot

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W. F. Young, Inc., Springfield, Mass.

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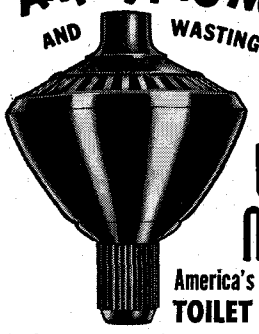

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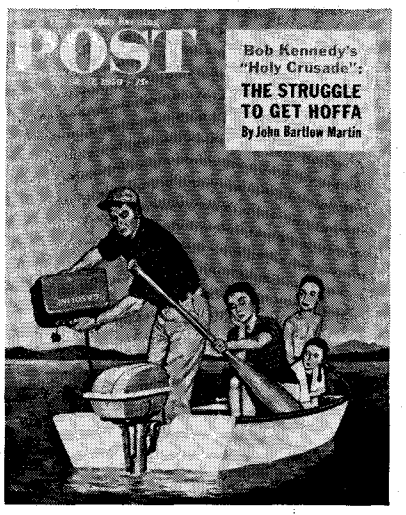
Letters

At Sea

Dear Sirs:

Re your June 27th cover [below], it isn't surprising that "Mr. Outboard" is out of gas. If he forgets to supply his



family with life jackets and forgets to remain seated in a boat, how can he be expected to remember to check his gasoline supply?

ANNE MARIS
Durham, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

I was shocked. . . .

Among other things, I find these shortcomings in the picture: . . . .

The motor definitely is too large for the small craft. . . .

The boat, of course, is overloaded for its size.

T. H. ROWELL
U. S. Coast Guard Auxiliary
Baudette, Minn.

Dear Sirs:

I hope you receive 10,000 letters.

JACK E. BECK
Andrews, Texas

Tribute to Dulles

Dear Sirs:

Our *Saturday Evening Post* came this morning, and the first thing I did was to read your magnificent editorial [June 27] concerning the late, great Secretary of State, John Foster Dulles, and when my husband came to lunch I read it to him. He wept, and I wanted to, because it is such a fine tribute to a man whom we have always admired.

MRS. HAROLD L. MC CONNELL
Sebring, Ohio

Blossom and Bayonets

Dear Sirs:

The Association of Teen-age Clubs wishes to commend *The Saturday Evening Post* for its very enlightening articles by Virgil T. Blossom [THE UNTOLD STORY OF LITTLE ROCK, May 23–June 27]. The Little Rock incident interested us particularly, because it deals with the plight of teen-age students in an atmosphere of adult pressures. We thank Mr. Blossom for pointing out that the majority of students behaved in the best manner possible toward their colored colleagues.

TERRENCE MC LAUGHLIN
Montreal, Quebec

Dear Sirs:

My mother often said if people could be bought at their true worth and sold for what they *thought* they were worth, there would be a big profit.

Too bad this process cannot be applied to Mr. Virgil Blossom. The profit might pay off the National Debt.

ELIZABETH B. HIGGS
Orlando, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

I deeply admire the courageous stand of Virgil T. Blossom in the face of such bigotry and hate. I am sure that he represents the majority opinion in his troubled town.

JAMES R. BENNETT
Kingsport, Tenn.

● *Last May 25, the voters of Little Rock ousted the three Faubus-supported members of the school board and elected three moderates in their places.* —ED.

Dear Sirs:

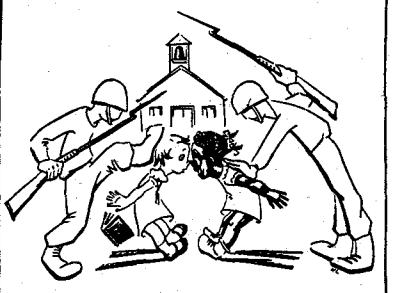
In a speech which he made at Peoria, Illinois, the evening of May 15, 1959 . . . Governor Faubus stated that in Arkansas "more public schools have been voluntarily and peaceably integrated than in nine other Southern states combined." He cited the fact that there are more Negroes in one public school in Arkansas than there are in the integrated schools of the entire area of the so-called moderate state of North Carolina.

N. G. SHEROUSE
Reddick, Fla.

Dear Sirs:

Here is the original cartoon, BROTHERHOOD BY BAYONET, referred to in Part V of THE UNTOLD STORY OF LITTLE ROCK. . . . The cartoon was drawn by my wife. . . . We are not, as implied in the article, racial haters or segregationists. On the contrary, we believe in voluntary desegregation.

Brotherhood by Bayonet!



"Start loving each other. That's a court order!"

WILLIAM LOEB, *Publisher*
Manchester Union Leader
Manchester, N.H.

Dear Sirs:

[The author] was incorrect in citing Frank Clement, ex-governor of Tennessee, as an example of Southern officials who committed "political suicide" by taking a firm moderate stand on integration. . . . Frank Clement did not run for re-election because state law [prohibits a governor from succeeding himself]. Perhaps Arkansas could benefit from such a law.

MRS. BOB F. CRAFT
Louisville, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

I haven't the time, nor your magazine the space, to devote to correcting every misstatement of fact or distortion of fact in Virgil Blossom's account of Little Rock story.

To clear the record, however, I am not a minister nor have I ever appeared

(Continued on Page 6)

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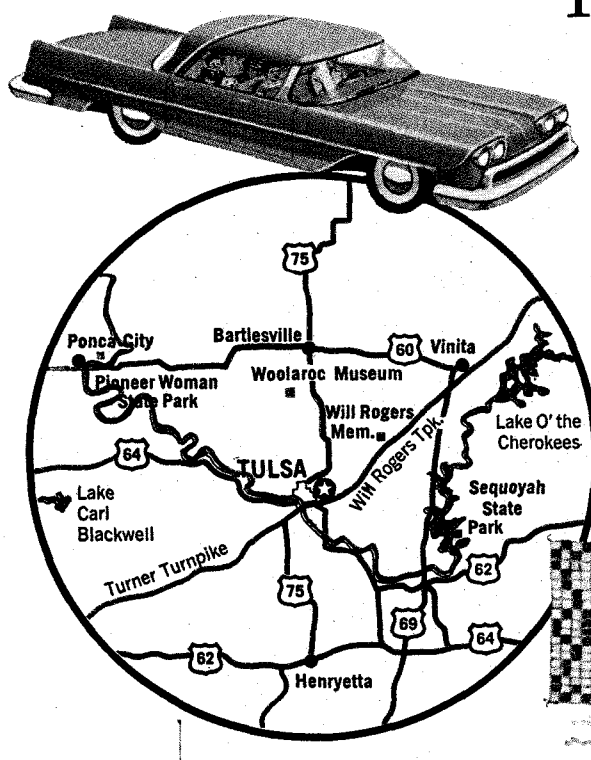
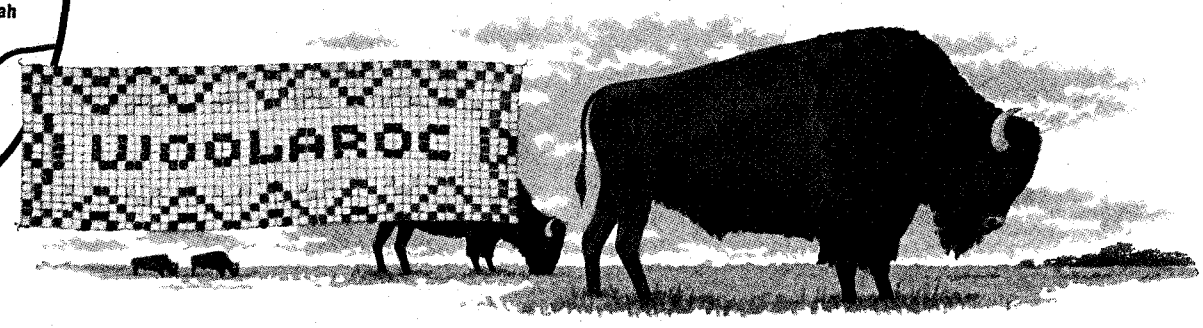
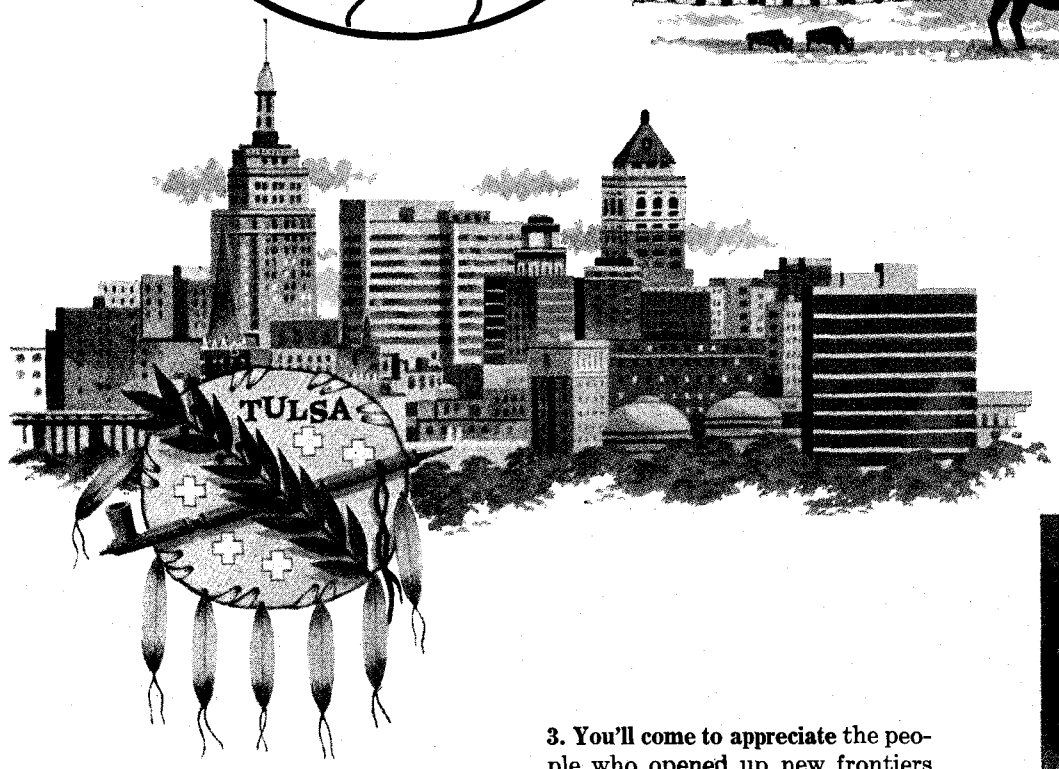
Your car makes any map a Magic Circle



No new frontiers? There are scores of them along the roads of this Pioneer Magic Circle. Wherever *you* live, all roads lead to new adventures. Start exploring *your* Magic Circle. Start driving!

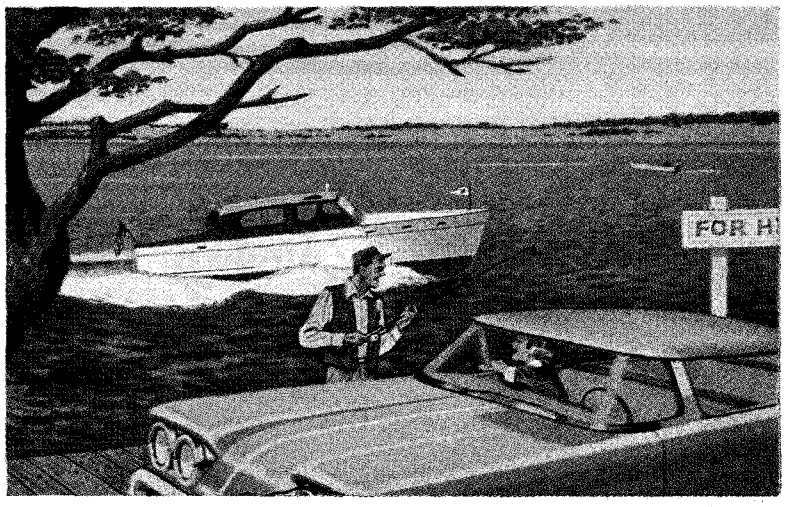
This series of advertisements is published by *Ethyl Corporation*, New York 17, N. Y., to help you get more enjoyment out of your car. Ethyl Corporation manufactures antiknock compounds, used by oil companies everywhere to improve their gasolines and your driving pleasure.





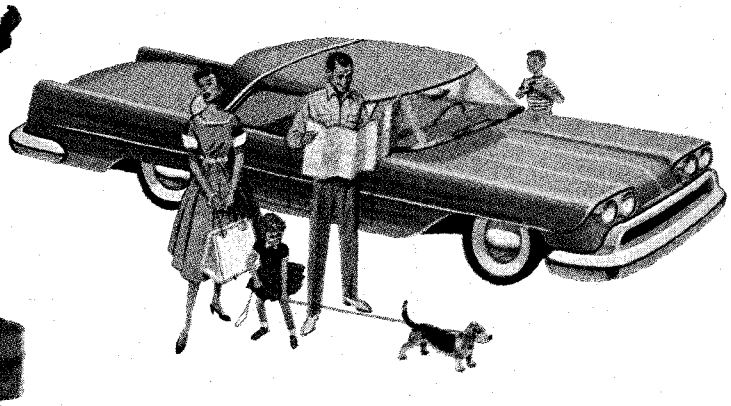
1. Track down the wildlife. The buffalo may not come as plentiful as they do at Woolaroc Museum and Park. But pack a camera in your car and you're in range of all kinds of birds and animals. Good shooting!

2. Tour today's "boom towns." Like Tulsa, many of the ones around you have fascinating new faces. Thrusting skylines. Ultra-modern suburbs. Take in the *man-made* scenery from your car window someday soon.



3. You'll come to appreciate the people who opened up new frontiers when you stand before the Pioneer Woman Monument in Ponca City. Your car's the easiest way to learn about *your* local history, and the countryside the old settlers opened up long ago.

4. Go motorboating by car. It's simple for Oklahomans (they lead most states in lake shoreline), equally simple for you. With today's fine cars and roads, good boating waters are only a quick spin away.



5. Take a pencil and map out your Magic Circle. Your car is the best investment in fun you ever made. Don't miss its happy returns. Start driving—start really *living*—next chance you get.

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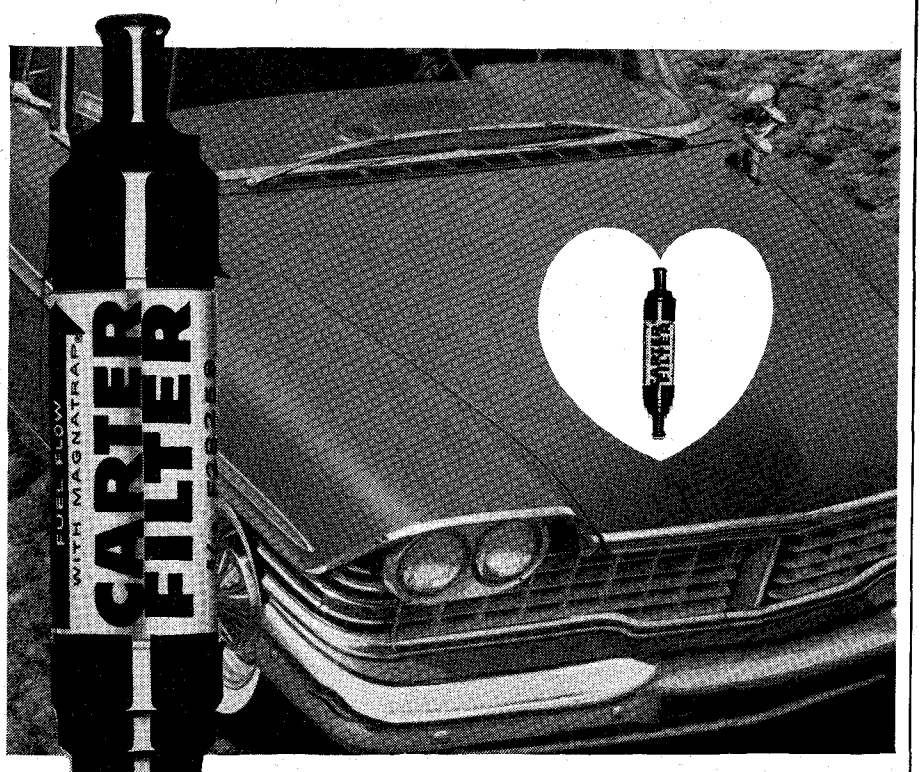
NEW FROM CARTER CARBURETOR

$3.95 GAS FILTER CURES YOUR CAR'S "HEART FAILURE"!



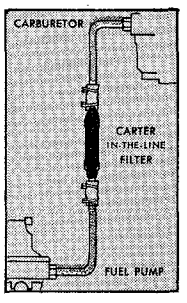
Prevents Flooding and Stalling By Keeping Your Gas Supply Clean

Less than a pinch of dirt in gasoline can stop the biggest car dead in its tracks. And there you are in 5 o'clock traffic, or the middle of nowhere, stalled.

No, you're not buying dirty gasoline. The dirt is sediment from your gas tank, or scale from your fuel line. The gas just carries it to the carburetor—and your engine floods and stalls.

New Carter In-The-Line Filter Keeps Dirt Out of Your Car's "Heart"

The new Carter Filter fits right in the fuel line, where it traps even microscopic particles of dirt and metal—cures flooding, stalling, and carburetor damage resulting from dirt. Goes on in minutes—*have one installed next time you stop for gas!*



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50 FIFTY YEARS OF ENGINEERING THE FUTURE

Letters

(Continued from Page 4)

on a Citizens Council television panel. Mr. Blossom so stated in your [June 20] edition.

My only connection with the crisis in Little Rock has been as a reporter for the *Memphis Commercial Appeal*. I feel certain that Mr. Blossom was actually speaking of my father.

WESLEY PRUDEN, JR.
Memphis, Tenn.

● *We regret we confused the Rev. Mr. Pruden with his son.—ED.*

Dear Sirs:

Mr. Blossom frequently mentions the violent and willful defiance of the law. Don't we all wish that General Washington had bowed and said "Yes, Your Majesty" to King George III?

CLINTON FRANKLIN MORGAN
Pendleton, S.C.

Dear Sirs:

When the Constitution was written, it plainly stated that all phases of control not specifically given to the Federal Government would be forever retained by the states. . . . The scheme behind integration is to destroy all states' rights forever and to enslave the people of this nation under a Federal dictatorship.

A. J. HOLT
Graham, N.C.

Dear Sirs:

There is a widespread misconception in the South as to the rulings made by the Supreme Court on segregation issues. This is illustrated by the letter of Mr. John B. Hayes in your June 27th issue. . . .

Mr. Hayes states that [according to] the Tenth Amendment . . . "only the several states have authority to control education." The Tenth Amendment does not mention education, but only gives the several states authority to make laws that are not in conflict with the Constitution.

Any law forcing injustice on any class of citizens is . . . unconstitutional as [stated in] Section One of Article Fourteen of the Constitution. This section reads: "All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States. . . . No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens . . . nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws."

The Supreme Court is not making laws but enforcing the law as it is written.

WILLIAM S. HAHN
Memphis, Tenn.

Dear Sirs:

Virgil T. Blossom's otherwise excellent series . . . was marred by occasional redundancies—or maybe "tautologies" is the better word. Witness:

May 23—"I was superintendent of schools at Little Rock when that capital city of Arkansas . . ." (The capital is the city, just as the capitol is the building.)

June 6—"Later—about two A.M. Tuesday morning . . ." (It couldn't very well be two A.M. Tuesday afternoon.)

Several years ago, in a sparkling guest editorial in the Post, Bruce Bliven called attention to the prevalence of redundancies and other grammatical atrocities in current writing [AN OLD-SCHOOL-TYPE GRAMMARIAN GIVES UP THE STRUGGLE, Sept. 22, 1956]. In view of the foregoing, I wonder how much attention your editors paid to Mr. Bliven's remarks.

FREDERIC BABCOCK
Chicago Tribune
Chicago, Ill.

● *Not enough, we blush to admit. —ED.*

Dear Sirs:

The one sentence in your issue of June 27 that pleased me most was, "This is the last of six articles by Mr. Blossom."

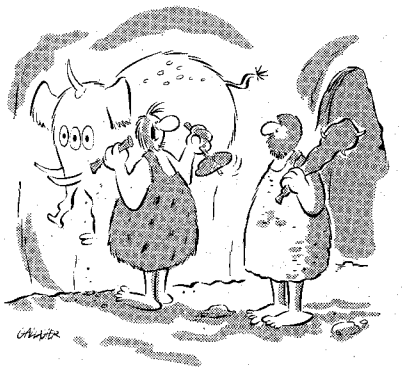
MABEN JONES
Columbia, S.C.

Toe Shortage

Dear Sirs:

Don't you think that the cavemen in artist Gallagher's [June 20] cartoon [below] are most peculiar? They have only four toes.

RICHARD UMBENHAUER
Birdsboro, Pa.



"Years from now this'll give 'em fits."

Dear Sirs:

Looking at your cartoon [below] from your June 20th issue, I might suggest that it is also about time for Bill Yates to get a fifth toe for both of Wilfred's feet.

TODD WADSWORTH
Huntington, N.Y.

"I think it's time we got Wilfred a bed."

● *Humor editor Marione Nickles offers this explanation: "Cartoonists see a distorted world. To them, feet are four-toed, animals talk, blondes inhabit desert isles, doctors wear stethoscopes to formal parties."—ED.*

Post Picture Credits

Reading across pages, then down:

13, 14–Ollie Atkins. • 15–Two by Ollie Atkins; Wide World. • 16, 17–Coby Whitmore. 19–Philippe Halsman. • 20, 21–Stanley Meltzoff. • 22, 23–Ormond Gigli. • 24–Morgan Kane. • 25–Ollie Atkins. • 26–Library of Congress. • 27–Three from Warner Brothers; Culver. • 28, 29–Sam Bates. • 30–Wide World; Drennan; Wide World. • 31–Amos Sewell. • 32, 33–Gene Lester. • 36–Mac Conner. • 84–Ollie Atkins.

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MORE TASTE: L&M's rich mixture of slow burning tobaccos brings you *more* exciting taste than any other cigarette.

LIVE MODERN...CHANGE TO MODERN L&M

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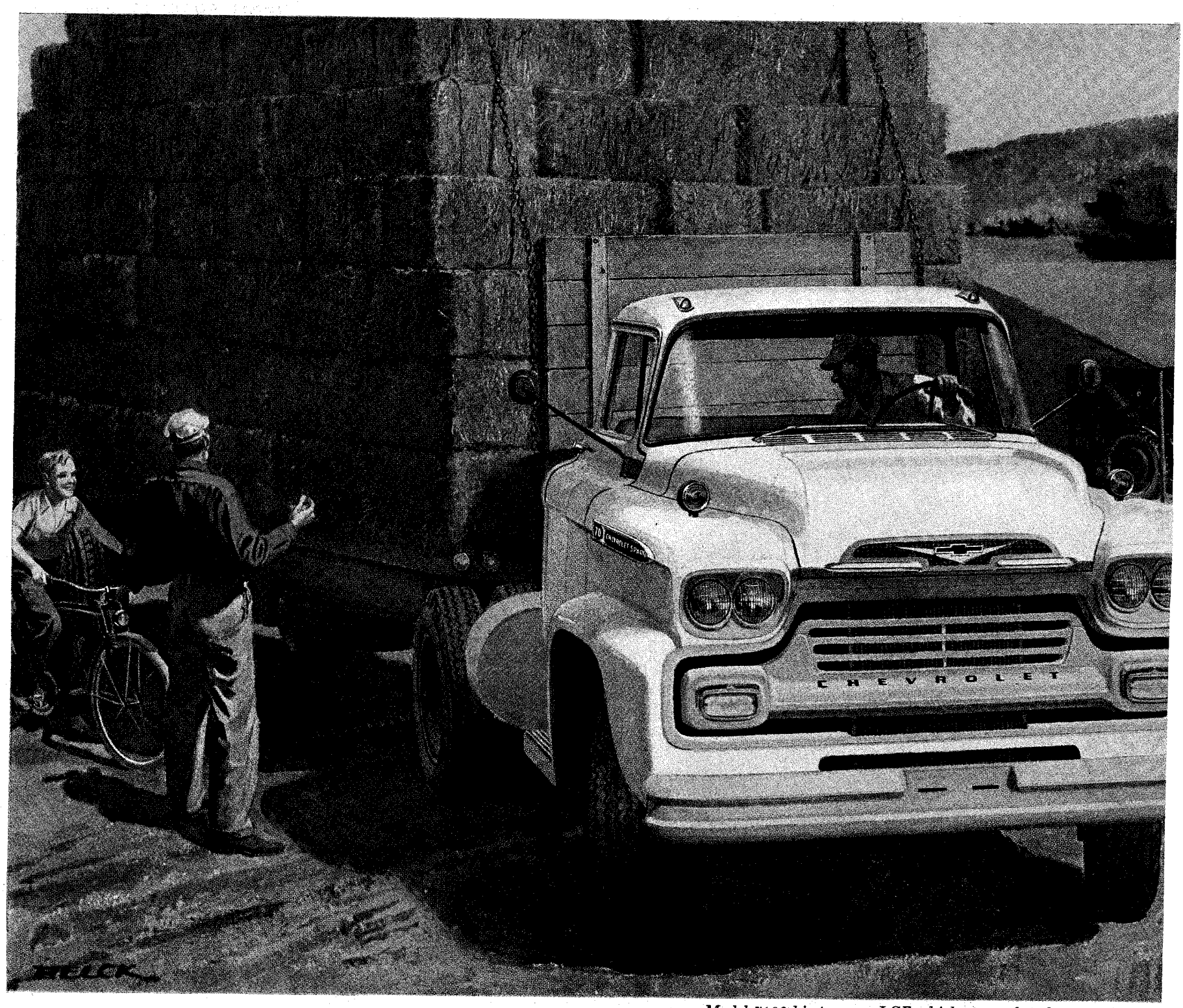

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Editorials

Conservative Candidates Can't Win by Aping the Liberals

By JOHN CHAMBERLAIN

Conservatives in this country have been losing votes because they themselves have been building up a false image of the power of a few labor bosses.

According to the cliché which the conservatives have been so industriously circulating, labor is unbeatable at getting out the vote. Not only does it have its own money—collected by the AFL-CIO's Committee on Political Education, or COPE—but it also can claim credit for the welfare funds distributed by the Federal Government.

Because of the power of this cliché, Republicans as well as Democrats have fallen over backward to show a high "score" on the CIO's list of what constitutes a "good" voting record in Congress.

The cliché, however, is hardly in accord with the election-day facts which Mr. Rogers C. Dunn, of the Dunn Survey of Washington, D.C., has been busy collecting and reducing to a few telling graphs and generalizations. Recently Mr. Dunn went into the state of Delaware. What he discovered there was in accordance with what he had discovered in "labor" centers such as Pittsburgh and New York City: The power of the labor leader to roll up big majorities by superior footwork at the polls is largely illusory.

In his Delaware survey Mr. Dunn has collected election figures for the entire state, for the metropolis of Wilmington, and for the various counties, going back to 1936. His statistics on the fates of Republican candidates for congressman—Delaware has only one representative—and senator are extremely suggestive.

A conservative Republican, J. Caleb Boggs, was elected congressman in 1946, in 1948 and again in 1950. Later Boggs was elected governor. Governor Boggs did all this without benefit of "labor" support. In 1947 he voted for the Taft-Hartley Act. In the 81st Congress Boggs scored 91 per cent "wrong" on the CIO-PAC list.

In 1958 a liberal Republican, Harry Haskell Jr., who had made a record in the House of Representatives that was 58 per cent acceptable to labor's political committee, lost in his campaign for re-election. On the other hand, the conservative Republican Sen. John Williams, who had a CIO-PAC score that was 100 per cent "wrong," won his re-election by a majority of more than 10,000.

The Delaware facts, then, would seem to show that when Republicans run a "me-too" candidate they lose because their potential supporters stay at home. The labor-Democratic vote, increasing slowly with the growth of population, is sufficient to gain the day any time the conservative forces lack a candidate whom conservatives approve.

The inference is that it isn't the labor bosses who have been doing the job. It is Republican failure to provide a fighting opposition. In Delaware, a representative state, the Republicans have done well whenever they have stuck to candidates who have a true Republican flavor.

Those Anti-Strauss Senators Weren't All Selfless Idealists!

There could be more than meets the eye to the Senate's rejection of Adm. Lewis Strauss as the President's choice for Secretary of Commerce.

It is hard to believe that many senators were influenced by the fear that our grandchildren would have two heads because Admiral Strauss, as boss of the Atomic Energy Commission, didn't abolish nuclear weapons. And, if the Joint Committee on Atomic Energy was angry because Admiral Strauss wasn't frank with it, as some columnists have alleged, why did seven out of the nine senators who were members of that committee while Strauss headed AEC vote for confirmation of Admiral Strauss?

A hint at a more realistic explanation was dropped by the Washington correspondent of the United Press International news service a day or two after the Senate vote. Said the dispatch: "Johnson [Sen. Lyndon] was pictured as sharing the feeling of many Democrats that Strauss was not the man they wished to see as 'supreme commander' of this country's economic cold war against Communism. They regard the Commerce Secretary's control over export licenses as absolute and did not want it in Strauss' hands, it was said."

This sends the morbid curiosity seeker back to a matter raised during the hearings on the Strauss nomination. The question arose as to why Admiral Strauss has refused to license the export of 12,227 tons of steel pipe to Soviet Russia. It appeared that the State Department, or some official therein, had favored the shipment, but Secretary Strauss still turned down the application. His explanation was that he was required by law to do so.

Obviously if you are selling steel pipe to all comers, or have a constituent who wants to sell something to the U.S.S.R. without too much concern for the national interest in the transaction, Strauss is an inconvenient sort of man to have in the Department of Commerce. If this aspect of the anti-Strauss movement has had little attention here, it is not considered unimportant in the Soviet Union. Sen. Barry Goldwater recently called attention to a news broadcast by the Soviet Home Service which attributed the repudiation of Admiral Strauss to his supposed desire to "throw a wrench into the machinery" of widening U.S.–Soviet trade relations.

In England the Manchester Guardian said: "For many Democrats and even for some Republicans, Mr. Strauss has been too much of a rock-ribbed opponent of any understanding with Russia, however limited, either in the matter of an agreement on nuclear tests or even on trade."

Nothing in Admiral Strauss' record indicates that he has opposed "understanding" with Russia when the substance of any agreement is capable of enforcement. But he has opposed appeasement and certain proposals for concessions on atomic tests which turned out to be premature. Is that bad?

The Russian People Can Take a Peek at U.S. Civilization

The first American National Exhibition in the Soviet Union, which opened last week at Moscow's Sokolniki Park, is designed to accomplish more toward international understanding than anything else that has been attempted in recent years.

Our presentation gives as varied a cross-section of American life as can be found today. Hundreds of American business firms contributed their products to this multifaceted portrait of American science, technology and culture. The displays include home appliances, fashions, television and hi-fi sets, a model house priced to sell to an "average" family, farm equipment, 1959 automobiles, boats, sporting equipment and a children's playground.

It is expected that 3,500,000 Russians will visit the exhibition at Sokolniki Park before it closes in mid-September. But we hope that among the visitors will be those who, despite the efforts of the Soviet authorities to belittle the exhibit, see the point underlying this effort—that capitalism does not exploit the common man at all, but bends its most ingenious efforts toward raising his standard of living by offering him a staggering diversity of goods.

A sizable collection of American paintings and sculpture will show the range of creative expression that is possible when there is no necessity to create an officially acceptable art. Chairman Francis Walter of the House Un-American Activities Committee has pointed out that several of the artists whose works are included in the show have Communist backgrounds. If this fact is exploited by the Soviet propaganda, it could backfire by suggesting to the Russian masses that we are willing to accept artists of merit despite their dubious associations. Can the Soviet cultural authorities say the same? Just the same, the episode suggests that selection juries composed of artists may lack expertness in the uses of propaganda.

Another high point should be a display of American voting machines, which are set up so that Soviet visitors can vote for their favorite exhibit. The implications of the private, multiple-choice ballots may well turn out to be one of the most potent displays of democracy in action at Sokolniki Park.

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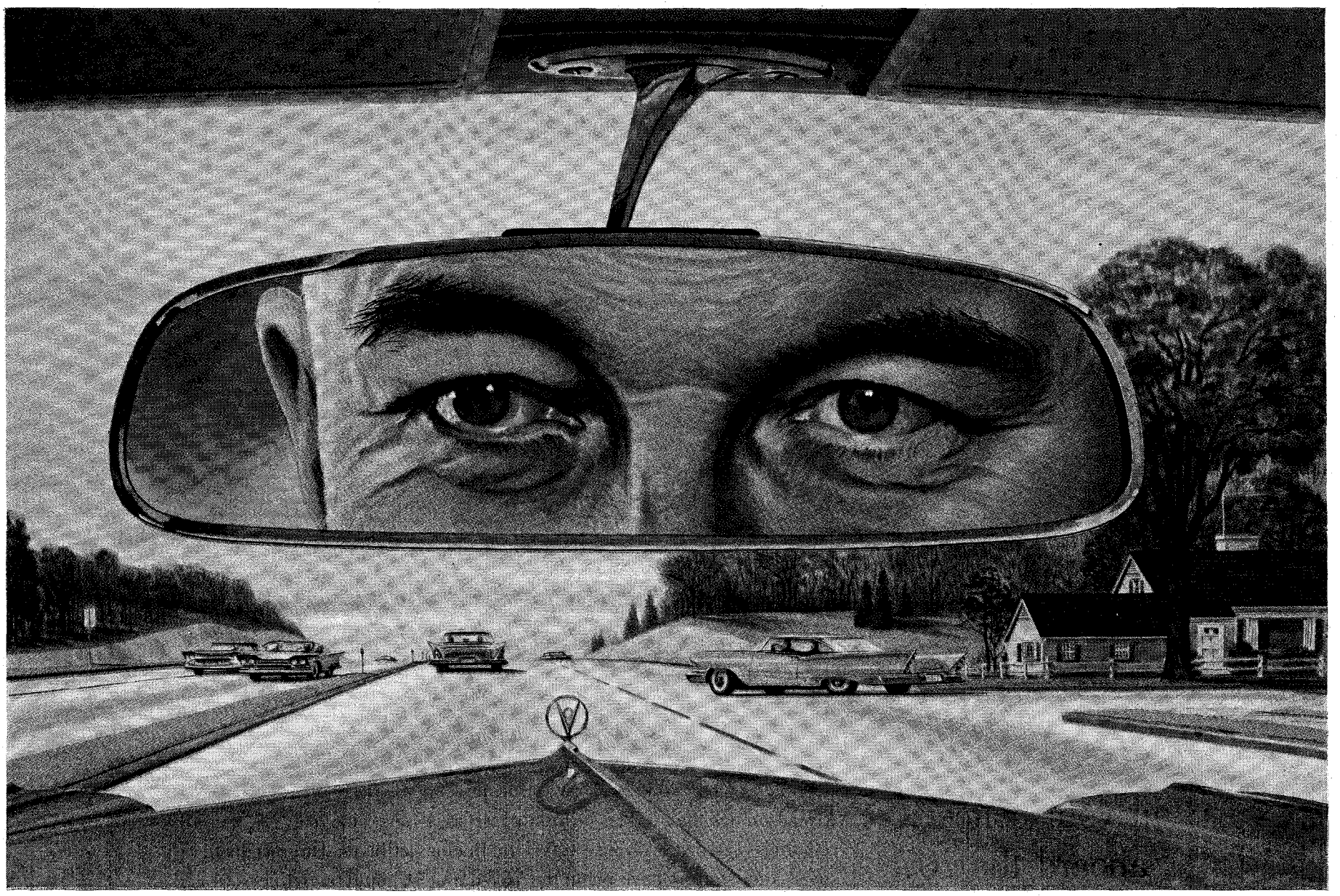
When your life depends on your eyes...



Safe driving depends upon your eyes—eyes that give you clear, quick, accurate pictures of traffic situations during the day *and especially at night.*

Yet, a group of traffic administrators estimates that there are about three million drivers whose vision is dangerously impaired.

All drivers, of course, should know the condition of their eyes, even if vision tests are not required for a driver's license. It's wise to have your eyes examined by an eye specialist *before* you become a driver—and have them rechecked at least every two years thereafter. Should you notice changes in your vision between examinations, see your doctor for another eye test.

If you have a visual defect that requires properly fitted glasses—be sure to wear them every time you take the wheel.

Some people whose vision is normal in good daylight do not see well at night. This is one of the reasons why fatal accidents occur about three times as frequently at night as during the day.

For safer night driving, always observe the following rules:

1. **Reduce speed** greatly when facing the glare from headlights—and don't speed up immediately after passing. It takes time to recover vision fully after blinding by headlights. Blinding even for a second can be dangerous.
2. **Never look directly** at oncoming headlights. Watch the right side of your lane, noting the position of the oncoming car out of the corner of your eye.
3. **Don't wear sunglasses** when driving after dark.
4. **Always drive at a speed** that will permit you to stop within the distance illuminated by your headlights.

If you take a long trip this summer, remember that your eyes can get just as tired as any other part of your body.

To prevent eye fatigue, and eye muscle strain, stop now and then and close your eyes. And don't keep them in a fixed position for a long time. Let your eyes move easily over the whole area of your vision while driving.

Motor vehicle accidents still claim about 38,000 lives a year in our country. The *driver* is the cause of accidents more often than the car, the road, or the weather. That's why you—and every other driver—should be sure that you're physically and emotionally fit to handle a car safely, efficiently and courteously.

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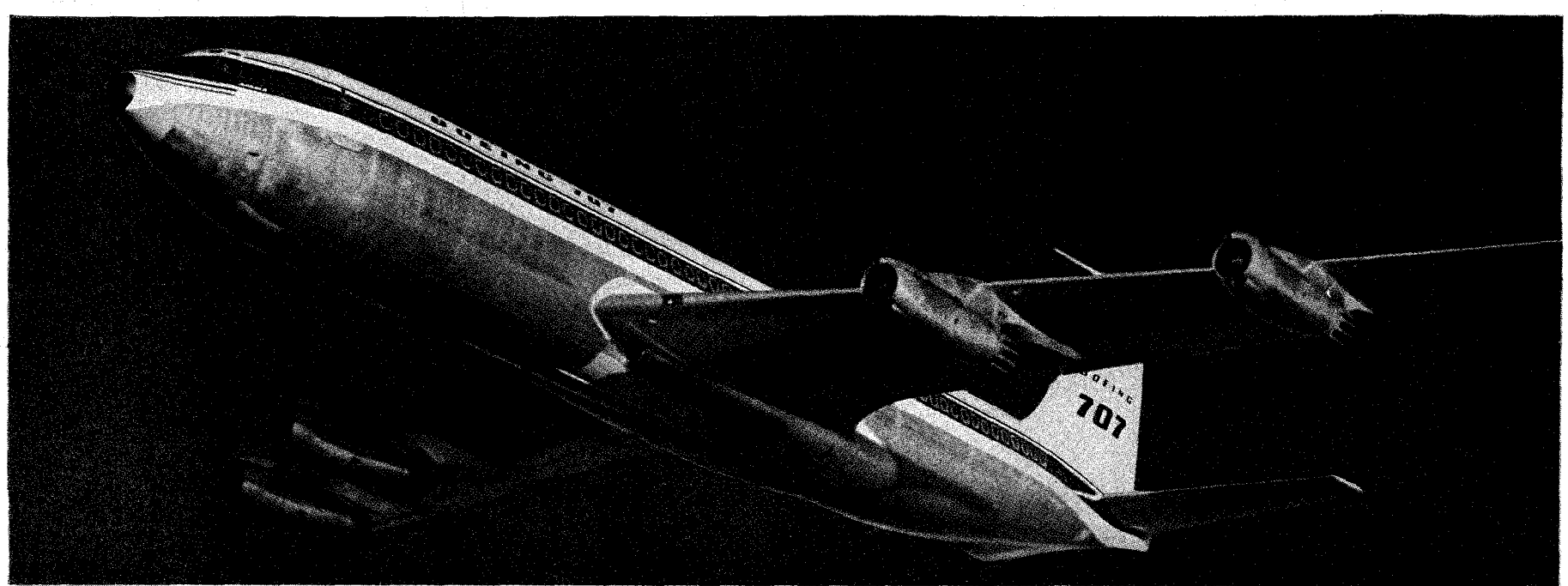

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The Saturday Evening POST
FOUNDED IN 1728 BY Benj. Franklin

Can Castro Save Cuba?

Can the rebel hero achieve his drastic reforms peacefully? Or will he, too, become a strongman and plunge the island into another blood bath? A Post editor's firsthand report.

By HAROLD H. MARTIN

In Cuba, in the little bodegas where the people go for groceries, beer and gossip, they tell the story of Fidel Castro and the impulsive young lady in New York. Charmed by Mr. Castro's magnetic presence, his beard, his large and limpid eyes and his ceaseless flow of hoarsely eloquent Spanish, she had, they say, by some means made her way to his room by night.

"Fidel," she whispered, gently rousing the sleeping hero, "I am eager to serve the revolution. What is it you wish of me?"

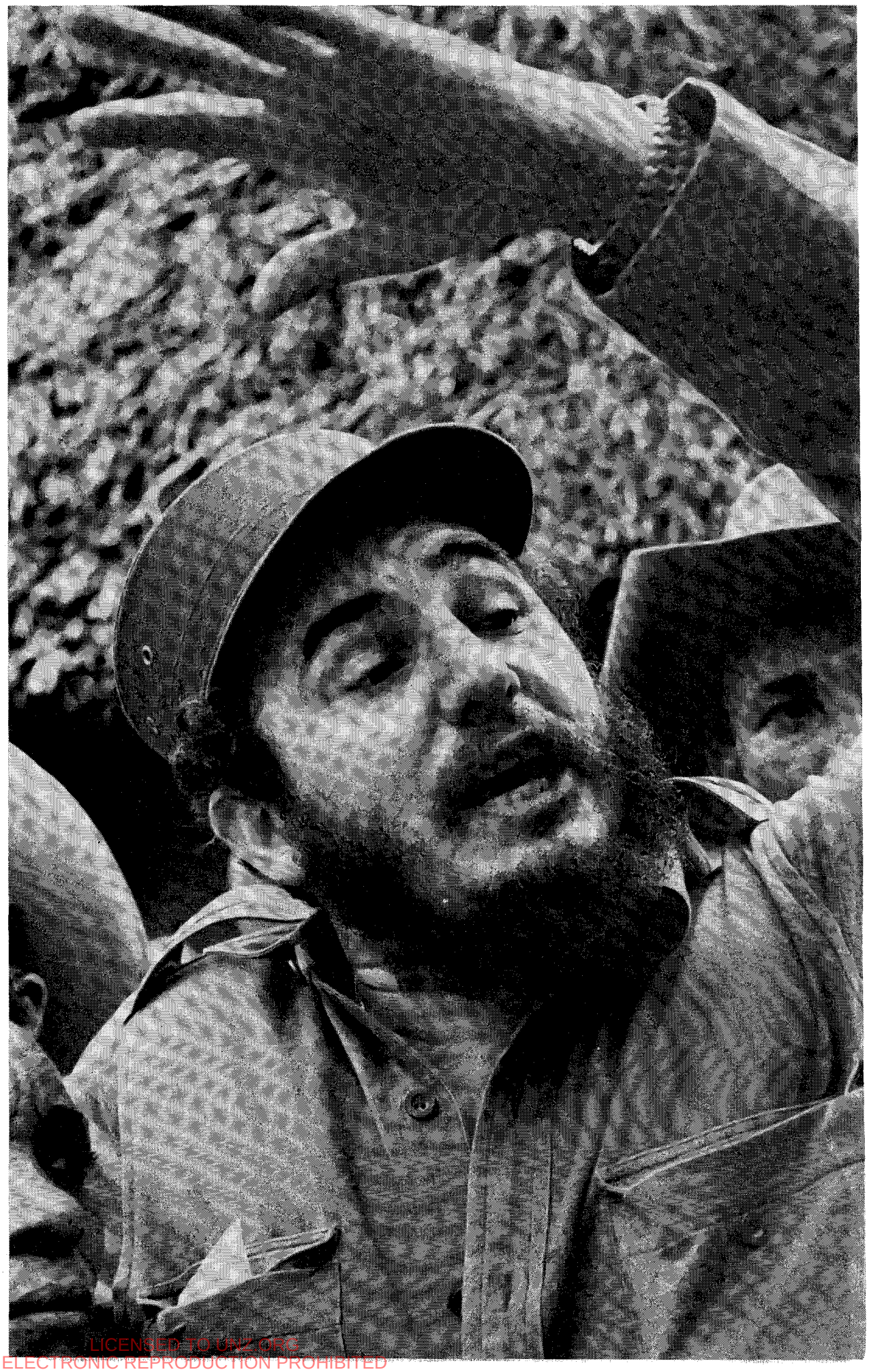
Mr. Castro, the story goes, sat up in bed, his whiskers bristling fiercely. "Tractors," he bellowed. "Tractors, seeds and fertilizers."

The chances are a thousand to one that this episode never happened, for the Cubans, as a people, are very fond of making jokes. It does serve, however, sharply to illuminate one facet of Mr. Castro's character: his profound concern with the plight of the Cuban farmer, and his determination to lighten the *guajiro's*—the peasant's—burden, no matter what economic chaos may ensue.

For nearly seven years, in prison, in exile, and as a hunted rebel in the cloud-hung hills of the Sierra Maestra, Mr. Castro was obsessed with one thought—the overthrow of President Fulgencio Batista, whom Castro and a majority of Cubans looked upon as a thief and a tyrant. When, on last New Year's Eve, Batista fled Havana to lonely exile in the Dominican Republic, Castro turned his attention to another matter which had pressed heavily upon his mind—the sweeping land reform which would destroy forever the economic pattern under which Cuba had operated since Spanish days.

It is Castro's dream, and he stubbornly insists that it shall come to pass no matter how the well to do may suffer, that Cuba shall no longer exist as the feudal domain of a few hundred great "latifundistas." The absentee landlords who drew their wealth from the Cuban earth—and spent it in Havana, Miami and New York—shall no longer rule their vast estates from afar. They shall, instead, see their huge holdings broken up and divided among the hungry *campesinos*—the tenants, sharecroppers, squatters and wandering day laborers of the Cuban countryside.

His goal, he explains, is simply this: He is determined that, for the first time in Cuba's history, every rural Cuban will live in his own



"Cuba is no longer dedicated to the service of her millionaires," says Castro in answer to protests against his land-confiscation legislation. "We will not change a comma of our law."

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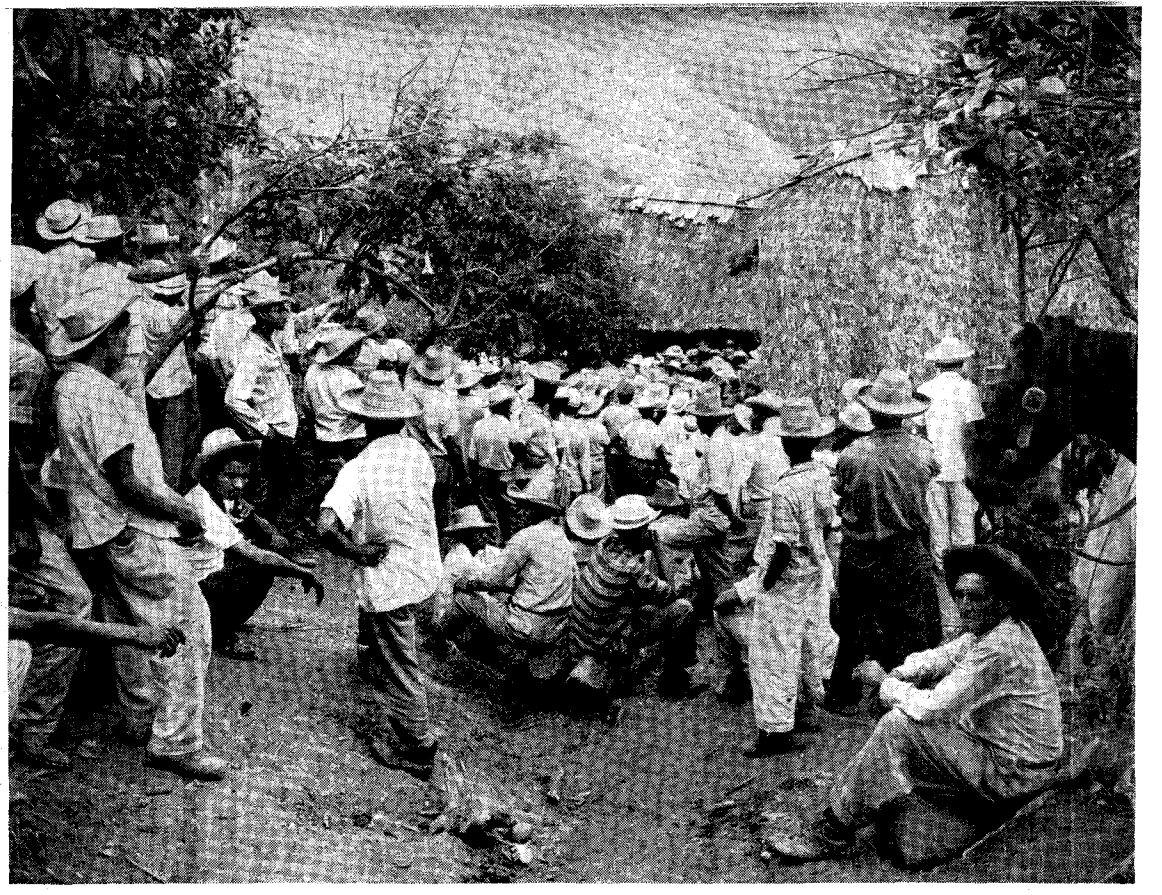
floored house with a tin roof on it; will gather coconuts from his own trees, milk his own cow, and feed his spindle-legged, big-bellied children on corn, beans and plantains raised on his own small plot of fertile ground.

This is not, as his critics claim, a vision of the new Cuba which has only recently appeared to him in a cloud. Six years ago, while on trial for leading an abortive attack on an army barracks in Santiago, Castro told his judges, "We call on the people. On the seven hundred thousand Cubans who are without work, but who desire to earn their bread honestly without fear of having to emigrate from their country in search of sustenance; on the five hundred thousand camp workers who dwell in miserable shacks, who work four months of the year and are hungry the rest, who do not have an inch of land to plant. . . . We call on the one hundred thousand small farmers who live and die working a land that is not theirs, who cannot love it, nor improve it, nor plant a cedar or an orange tree to beautify it because they do not know the day when a sheriff or a rural guard will come to tell them they have to go. . . ."

Once these landless have received their land, he has even more golden visions—of a Cuba where elected officials do not steal public funds, where soldiers and police neither rob nor terrorize the populace, where teachers paid for teaching actually teach, and where doctors and nurses carry inoculations and healing medicines into regions where the only physician the people ever saw was the local "curing man" with his spurious patent nostrums and his violent homemade purges made of roots and bark.

With a fine disregard for the financial facts of life as they have applied to Cuba in the past, Castro is also resolved that the country shall free itself of its thralldom to sugar, the one great money crop on which the island's economic life depends. He seeks instead a varied agriculture, in which the old basic crops—sugar, tobacco, coffee, rice and cattle—would be supplemented by fruits, fibers, fish and winter vegetables, and a balanced economy in which light industries would process the products of the Cuban earth, giving year-round jobs to the thousands of Cubans who are out of work from one sugar harvest to the next.



These peasants of the rugged Sierra Maestra region are listening to Castro announce his agrarian reforms from his old hide-out at La Plata. He told them they would get cows, but not the money which they hoped for.

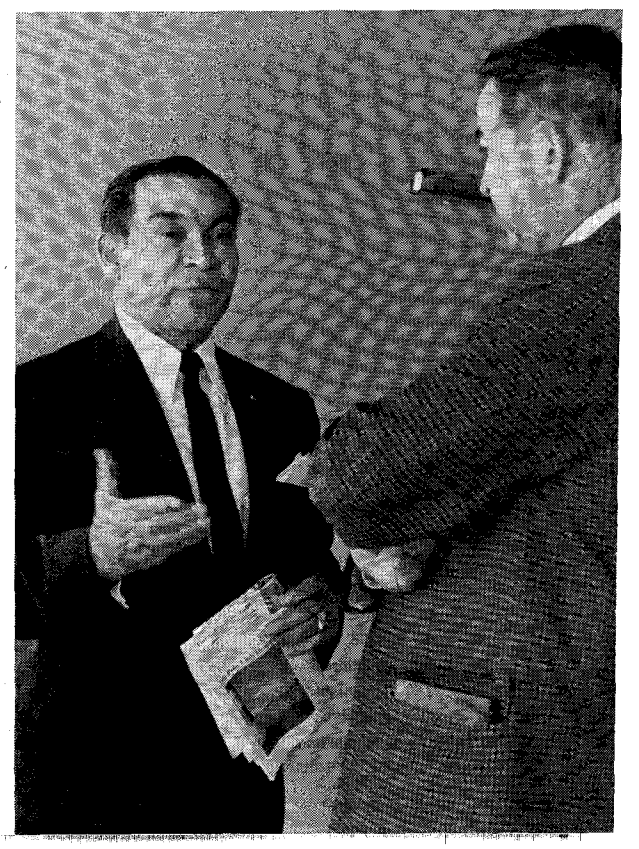
"Fidel," a friend explained, "is determined that every Cuban shall have a job, a full belly, a roof over his head, and shall know how to read and write. The trouble is he wants all this by next September."

Whether Castro's headlong efforts to bring these good things to pass will bring peace, prosperity and honest government, or another bloody uprising to the troubled island, is a matter for bitter debate throughout Cuba today. The poor and landless see him as saint and savior, and have a touching faith that his program will succeed. The workmen of the cities are waiting impatiently for some sign that they shall share in the blessings that are to be bestowed upon the *campesino*. The conservatives are preaching moderation, while the Communists cry for even more radical reforms. The Catholic Church, to which 84 per cent of Cubans belong, is divided in its views. The old, Spanish, landholding families tremble at the trouble they are convinced the future holds. The young, militant, "social-justice" Catholics see on the horizon the gleam of a new and happier day. The cattlemen, the owners of the great sugar estates, the coffee planters and the rice growers foresee nothing but disaster, not only for themselves but also for the economy as a whole, and 12,000 tobacco planters are openly defying the new laws.

However their points of view may differ, nearly all Cubans will agree that Castro's

Havana: These new tractors are part of the $20,000,000 worth of gifts Cuban school children, clerks, workers and employers have made to the Castro government to help carry out its land-reform program.

Exiled dictator Batista (left) with author Martin in the Dominican Republic, to which Batista fled after his downfall.



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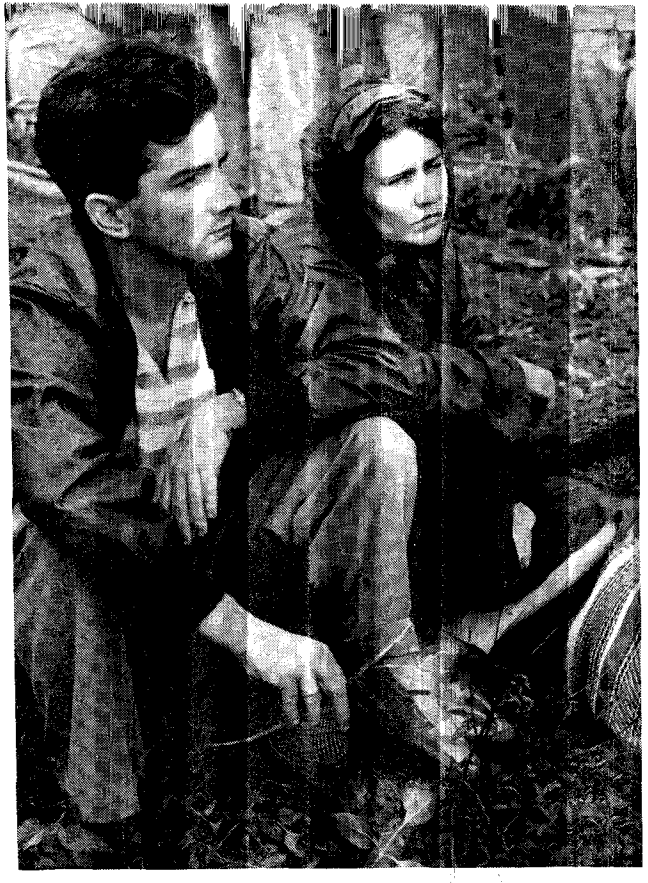


Education Minister Armando Hart, 23, and his wife fought as rebels. Batistianos tortured her brother.

Also at the La Plata conference was provisional president Manuel Urrutia (wearing glasses), shown here with his wife. Technically Urrutia heads the Cuban Government, though at present he is only a figurehead.

revolution is not merely a change of the palace guard in the ancient Latin-American pattern, in which one group of rascals is ousted by another. It is, instead, a transcendental change that is shaking the country to its foundations. For good or evil, Castro's ideas, if he can carry them out, will alter the course of Cuban history forever.

At the pace events are moving in Cuba today, the next few months should prove whether Castro has the wisdom, the strength and the powers of leadership to unite a country in peace as he led it in rebellion. To most fair-minded men, his sincerity, his honesty and his patriotism are unquestioned. His powers of judgment and his mental balance are still in doubt.

"There is great good will there, a greatness of heart," said one of his ministers—who has since been fired. "But wisdom? It is too early yet to know."

Whatever Cubans think of Castro—and their evaluations range from the angry sugar planter who bluntly described him as a "Communist and a lunatic" to those who, despite Castro's indifference to the church, see in him qualities that are almost Christlike—there are few who will deny that the reforms he seeks in Cuba are long since overdue.

Few countries have been so callously looted by her politicians as has Cuba. Since 1909, when, after the war with Spain, we finally left her to the management of her own affairs, she has been a consistent victim of venal governments. In elections that were often a mockery of the democratic process, she has chosen a series of presidents who in many instances were more flagrant boodlers than the royal governors of Spanish days. Some, like Machado and Batista, Cubans remember bitterly as both robbers and assassins. Others, like Carlos Prio Socarras and Ramon Grau San Martin, were merely amiable plunderers of the public treasury.

The coming of Doctor Castro, laying down his grim law that theft of public funds will be punished by death before a firing squad, has given to the cynical and suspicious Cuban voter a hope he has never known before. For the first time in living memory, the people have a leader who, for all his faults, they sincerely believe will give them an honest government.

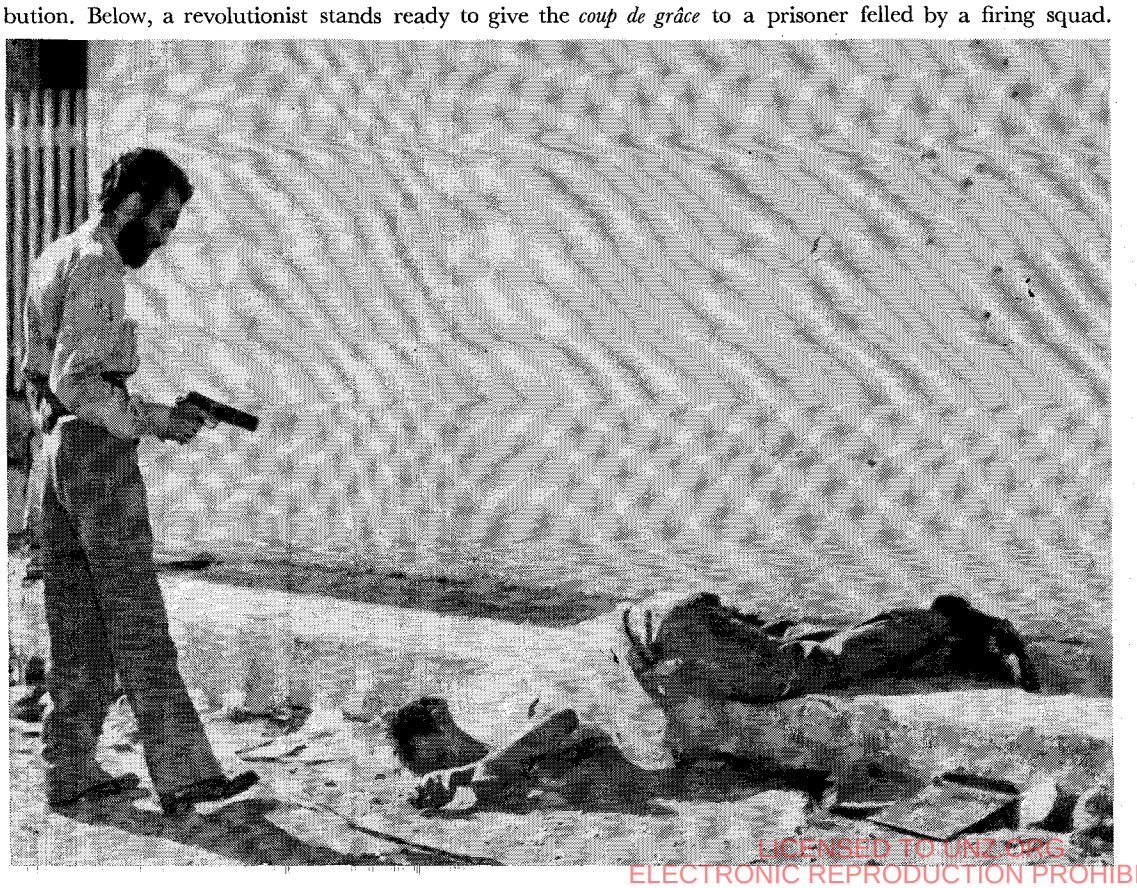
The new attitude of the Cuban official toward his job is illustrated by a sign on the door of Castro's minister of the treasury, Rufo Lopez Fresquet. In rough translation from the Spanish, it warns bluntly: "We must get used to being honest."

"That may seem strange to a North American," said Mr. Lopez Fresquet, beaming amiably through his spectacles. "But to us it is a proud thing. It means a new day has dawned in Cuba. For I am being conservative when I say that the Batista government stole at least a third of the country's three-hundred-fifty-million-dollar budget every year."

Castro and his bearded rebels lost no time in punishing those whom they believed to have been guilty of grand-scale larceny. Many took flight as the rebel columns approached Havana—including Batista, who, the Castro government estimates, personally managed to get away with more than $40,000,000. Others, less fleet of foot, were caught and tried. Those found guilty merely of misuse of public funds were given thirty years in prison. Those convicted of beating, torturing, maiming or killing persons suspected of supporting the revolution were promptly shot.

These trials, which were televised, broadcast and described in detail in the press, were drumhead courts-martial, with bearded rebels sitting as judge and jury, and they caused a wave of horror (Continued on Page 40)

Castro's executions of Batista henchmen shocked the world, but most Cubans considered them as just retribution. Below, a revolutionist stands ready to give the *coup de grâce* to a prisoner felled by a firing squad.



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Illustrated by Coby Whitmore

THE LOVE LETTER

By JACK FINNEY

When she wrote it she never dreamed what it would lead to.

I've heard of secret drawers in old desks, of course; who hasn't? But the day I bought my desk I wasn't thinking of secret drawers, and I know very well I didn't have any least premonition or feel of mystery about it. I spotted it in the window of a secondhand store near my apartment, went in to look it over, and the proprietor told me where he got it. It came from one of the last of the big old mid-Victorian houses in Brooklyn; they were tearing it down over on Brock Place, a few blocks away, and he'd bought the desk along with some other furniture, dishes, glassware, light fixtures, and so on. But it didn't stir my imagination particularly; I never wondered or cared who might have used it long ago. I bought it and lugged it home because it was cheap and because it was small; a legless little wall desk that I fastened to my living-room wall with heavy screws directly into the studding.

I'm twenty-four years old, tall and thin, and I live in Brooklyn to save money and work in Manhattan to make it. When you're twenty-four and a bachelor, you usually figure you'll be married before much longer, and since they tell me that takes money, I'm reasonably ambitious and bring work home from the office every once in a while. And maybe every couple weeks or so I write a letter to my folks in Florida. So I'd been needing a desk; there's no table in my phone-booth kitchenette, and I'd been trying to work at a wobbly little end table I couldn't get my knees under.

So I bought the desk one Saturday afternoon, and spent an hour or more fastening it to the wall. It was after six when I finished. I had a date that night, and so I had time to stand and admire it for only a minute or so. It was made of heavy wood, with a slant top like a kid's school desk, and with the same sort of space underneath to put things into. But the back of it rose a good two feet above the desk top, and was full of pigeonholes like an old-style roll-top desk. Underneath the pigeonholes was a row of three brass-knobbed little drawers. It was all pretty ornate; the drawer ends carved, some fancy scrollwork extending up over the back and out from the sides to help brace it against the wall. I dragged a chair up, sat down at the desk to try it for height, then got showered, shaved and dressed and went over to Manhattan to pick up my date.

I'm trying to be honest about what happened, and I'm convinced that includes the way I felt when I got home around two or two-thirty that morning; I'm certain that what happened wouldn't have happened at all if I'd felt any other way. I'd had a good-enough time that evening; we'd gone to an early movie that wasn't too bad, then had dinner, a drink or so and some dancing afterward. And the girl, Roberta Haig, is pretty nice—bright, pleasant, good-looking. But walking home from the subway, the Brooklyn streets quiet and deserted, it occurred to me that while I'd probably see her again, I didn't really care whether I did or not. And I wondered, as I often had lately, whether there was something wrong with me; whether I'd ever meet a girl I desperately wanted to be with—the only way a man can get married, it seems to me.

So when I stepped into my apartment I knew I wasn't going to feel like sleep for a while. I was restless, half-irritated for no good reason, and I took off my coat and yanked down my tie, wondering whether I wanted a drink or some coffee. Then—I'd half forgotten about it—I saw the desk I'd bought that afternoon, and I walked over and sat down at it, thoroughly examining it for the first time.

I lifted the top, and stared down into the empty space underneath it. Lowering the top, I reached into one of the pigeonholes, and my hand and shirt cuff came out streaked with old dust; the holes were a good foot deep. I pulled open one of the little brass-knobbed drawers, and there was a shred of paper in one of its corners, nothing else. I pulled the drawer all the way out and studied its construction, turning it in my hands; it was a solidly made, beautifully mortised little thing. Then I pushed my hand into the drawer opening; it went in to about the middle of my hand before my finger tips touched the back; there was nothing in there.

For a few moments I just sat at the desk, thinking vaguely that I could write a letter to my folks. And then it suddenly occurred to me that the little drawer in my hand was only half a foot long, while the pigeonholes just above the drawer extended a good foot back.

Shoving my hand into the opening again, exploring with my finger tips, I found a tiny grooved indentation and pulled out the secret drawer which lay in back of the first. For an instant I was excited at the glimpse of papers inside it. Then I felt a stab of disappointment as I saw what they were. There was a little sheaf of folded writing paper, plain white, but yellowed with age at the edges, and the sheets were all blank. There were three or four blank envelopes to match, and underneath them a small, round, glass bottle of ink; and because it had been upside down, the cork remaining moist and tight in the bottle mouth, a good third of the ink had remained unevaporated still. Beside the bottle lay a plain, black wooden pen holder, the pen point reddish-black with old ink. There was nothing else in the drawer.

And then, putting the things back into the drawer, I felt the slight extra thickness of one blank envelope, saw that it was sealed, and I ripped it open to find the letter inside. The folded paper opened stiffly, the crease permanent with age, and even before I saw the date I knew this letter was old. The handwriting was obviously feminine, and beautifully clear—it's called Spencerian, isn't it?—the letters perfectly formed and very ornate, the capitals especially being a whirl of dainty curlicues. The ink was rust-black, the date at the top of the page was May 14, 1882, and reading it, I saw that it was a love letter. It began:

Dearest! Papa, Mamma, Willy and Cook are long retired and to sleep. Now, the night far advanced, the house silent, I alone remain awake, at last free to speak to you as I choose. Yes, I am

(Continued on Page 48)

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The Case for Abstract Art

By CLEMENT GREENBERG

Many people say that the kind of art our age produces is one of the major symptoms of what's wrong with the age. The disintegration and, finally, the disappearance of recognizable images in painting and sculpture, like the obscurity in advanced literature, are supposed to reflect a disintegration of values in society itself. Some people go further and say that abstract, nonrepresentational art is pathological art, crazy art, and that those who practice it and those who admire and buy it are either sick or silly. The kindest critics are those who say it's all a joke, a hoax and a fad, and that modernist art in general, or abstract art in particular, will soon pass. This sort of thing is heard or read pretty constantly, but in some years more often than others.

There seems to be a certain rhythm in the advance in popularity of modernist art, and a certain rhythm in the counterattacks which try to stem it. More or less the same works or arguments are used in all the polemics, but the targets usually change. Once it was the Impressionists who were a scandal, next it was Van Gogh and Cézanne, then it was Matisse, then it was cubism and Picasso, after that Mondriaan, and now it is Jackson Pollock. The fact that Pollock was an American shows in a backhanded way how important American art has lately become.

Some of the same people who attack modernist art in general, or abstract art in particular, happen also to complain that our age has lost those habits of disinterested contemplation and that capacity for enjoying things as ends in themselves and for their own sake, which former ages are supposed to have cultivated. This idea has been advanced often enough to convert it into a cliché. I hate to give assent to a cliché, for it is almost always an oversimplification, but I have to make an exception in this case. *CONTINUED ON PAGE 69*

About the Author

Modern art has few defenders more eloquent than Clement Greenberg. A painter himself and a critic, he has written voluminously on art for *The Nation*, *Partisan Review* and *Commentary*, and has served on the editorial staffs of the last two periodicals. At present he is acting as consultant on contemporary art to the famed New York art and antique firm of French and Company. In 1958–59 he conducted a seminar in art criticism at Princeton University. The author of books on Miró and Matisse, he is currently at work on a study of the late American painter, Jackson Pollock. Photograph by Philippe Halsman

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"What are we going to do?" Olivia shrieked.

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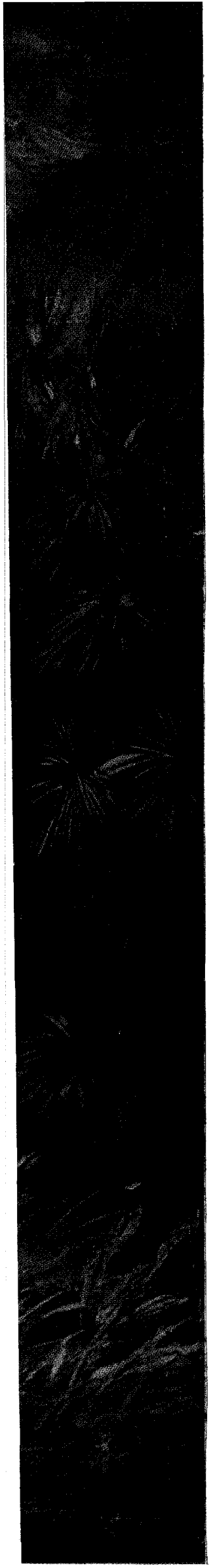

Down from the ridge roared the fire, toward the home they loved.

WALL OF FLAME

By PAUL HORGAN

In the morning there was a hint of something unusual, but I didn't recognize it. It was one of those November mornings always to remember—California at her best, the kind of thing you recall away from home, in this case Los Angeles and nearabout.

There was a slight fog at daybreak over the Pacific, but it was clearing by breakfast time, and the slope from our place near the ridge down to the highway and across the beach to the low waves was absolutely gilded by the sunlight as it rose across the mountain behind us. The air was quiet; not even a breeze off the ocean. It was many hours before I knew what this meant.

I walked down across the highway to the beach and back. I had a charge of thankfulness and pride in the way the house looked, sitting on the slope above the sea, as proper to the rocks and evergreen timber all about it as a thing made by nature. I've heard the house called modern in a regretful tone. To me it was not modern so much as suitable. Every room answered a particular need we had when we built it. It was made for books, firelight, music, quiet work separately when we wanted it, good hours together at table and reading and games. I thought of how my son would have it one day if he wanted it. Anyhow, it was there for him to come home to when he got out of the Army.

I climbed up our rocky path and went around to the back terrace and called to my wife, Olivia, to bring me some sugar for Lady Fox. She brought it to me and said, "I am going up to Port Hueneme for lunch with those new Navy people we met."

"When will you be back?"

"It's a couple of hours each way. By five, I think."

"Drive carefully."

"I do."

"I know you do. But I have to say it."

She gave me a light kiss which told me that she was glad of my concern, however unnecessary, and went back to her kitchen. I climbed up the slope above the house, taking her sugar to Lady Fox. She was in her stall. I gave her the sugar and led her out of the stable into the corral beyond and shook out her breakfast from the bale. She pawed coltishly with her right foreleg.

Then I went back to the stable and found the box in the corner where Maisie had her puppies. Maisie was lying there with them. When she heard me coming she welcomed me with a kind of strangled squeal. She always made me feel immensely popular. I spoke to her, making noises as idiotic as her own and as devoted. Then I bent down and one after another took up the puppies. There were four in the litter. All had the same reserved, snub-nosed, blind faces which, though they could only mew like kittens through tiny but clever imitations of real mouths, seemed avid of life. They were, of course, all belly and fine velvet, and I smiled to think how soon they would be gloriously plumed, proper collies. Their helplessness made me feel importantly toward them. I put them back in the box and scratched Maisie on the right cheek.

"Have a good day," I said to Maisie, using family talk. "I'll come to see you tonight when I get back."

It was going to be a late day for me at the university, with a committee meeting after my last class.

"I'll be back late," I said to Olivia. "Let's go out for dinner."

"Yes, splendid; then I won't have to rush home from Hueneme."

"Have a good day."

"That's what I'm supposed to say to you."

She held me with her eyes for a tiny, irresolute pause. Then, smiling, she let me go. I spoke her name as I drove off.

The drive into Westwood was strange. For the first part of it, before I got into the canyon, it was the same diamond-clear morning, fresh and still; and then as I climbed to get over the mountain, the air seemed different. I had the top down and I suddenly was aware of a strong scent in the air. It was a dry, weedy essence, and not until I stopped for a red light on the other side of the mountain did I understand.

While I was halted, the wind of my own driving was gone, but a wind continued, and it brought the hot, dry scent I had noticed. It was the desert.

And then I knew. The Santa Ana was blowing. When this local wind blows from the desert inland to the east, it blows toward the sea and drives the sea winds back. This accounted for the perfect stillness I had enjoyed at home early in the day. By now the Santa Ana must have reached across the ridge to drive down our slope toward the ocean.

The red light changed and I drove on toward the university. The tall (Continued on Page 77)

Illustrated by Stanley Meltzoff

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The Face of AMERICA

Intermission Minstrels

The teen-agers seated on the Connecticut green at right are listening to an Elizabethan madrigal at Stratford-on-Housatonic, site of the American Shakespeare Festival Theatre. Here, before performances and during intermissions each day, Kathryn and Judith Humphreys of Londonderry, Vermont, stroll about in minstrel costume, entertaining the picnickers with centuries-old songs. American Shakespeare Festival Theatre, now in its fifth—and most successful—summer, is staging four of the bard's plays in repertory, which some 200,000 persons will see before the September 13 closing. The students in this picture were among a total of 35,000 boys and girls who came by the busload from high schools and colleges all over the East for preseason performances of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* and *Romeo and Juliet*. To a majority of these young audiences, seeing Shakespeare done "live" in such an authentic setting was as exciting as a Broadway first night—and a lot more rewarding.

• Photograph by Ormond Gigli

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He promised her the pretty things that every woman yearns for.

Persuasive Stranger

By WILLIAMS FORREST

Lucy opened the door and went out into the front yard that was scuffed and broken by animals and the steps of her feet and Thad's. She looked into the distance which went on for nearly a thousand miles of the great American plains. Panting, she looked for the flat rising of dust, the kind that showed the coming of a wagon rather than the twisting dance of a dust devil. *Thad, Thad.* She wanted his voice. The low dry voice that was seldom used, but that she knew she could hear any time she really needed it, as long as he was here to give it to her.

But there was no sign of him, even though she waited a long time. She felt the bitter dry wind on her hair and cheeks. It was drying her skin and her own voice and made her feel swaying and strange.

Overhead the world began to swing. She closed her eyes, but the sensation remained. She knew she had better get to her chores, work as hard as she could or she would fall into the turning, dizzy swing of the endless winds of the open plains.

Thad was away so often and would be until the time when they could bring in a crop of cotton. Meanwhile, he had to use the wagon to haul freight and had to drive out once a week to get water, and would continue to do this until they would get their own windmill. He had to do labor for ranchers and earn the labor of his neighbors by going to their houses for days at a time to help with plowing and building. And on all these occasions she must remain alone, working and waiting, with the shotgun and Thad's prized rifle as her main companions.

But there were times when a group of men was here to help Thad put in his crop of fodder. At such times she cooked big meals and then toward the end of their stay left ham and chicken for them and mounted the saddle horse and galloped sidesaddle for the town over the trail that lay like a straight scar over the face of the plain.

This was her main social occasion, except for the rare delicious times when she and Thad went into town for a dance or a church supper. In the town her greedy eyes would take in all the myriad sights. There were so many buildings—at least thirty, and all so close—and so many people that you found it hard to get your breath, and yet it was so exhilarating that you had to make sure you were not bolder than you should be.

There were buildings of wood and adobe—three gaunt, solemn

(Continued on Page 68)

he said.

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Hoyt (left) with manager Paul Richards, who gave the "washed-up" pitcher his long-awaited break.

So I Escaped From the Bullpen

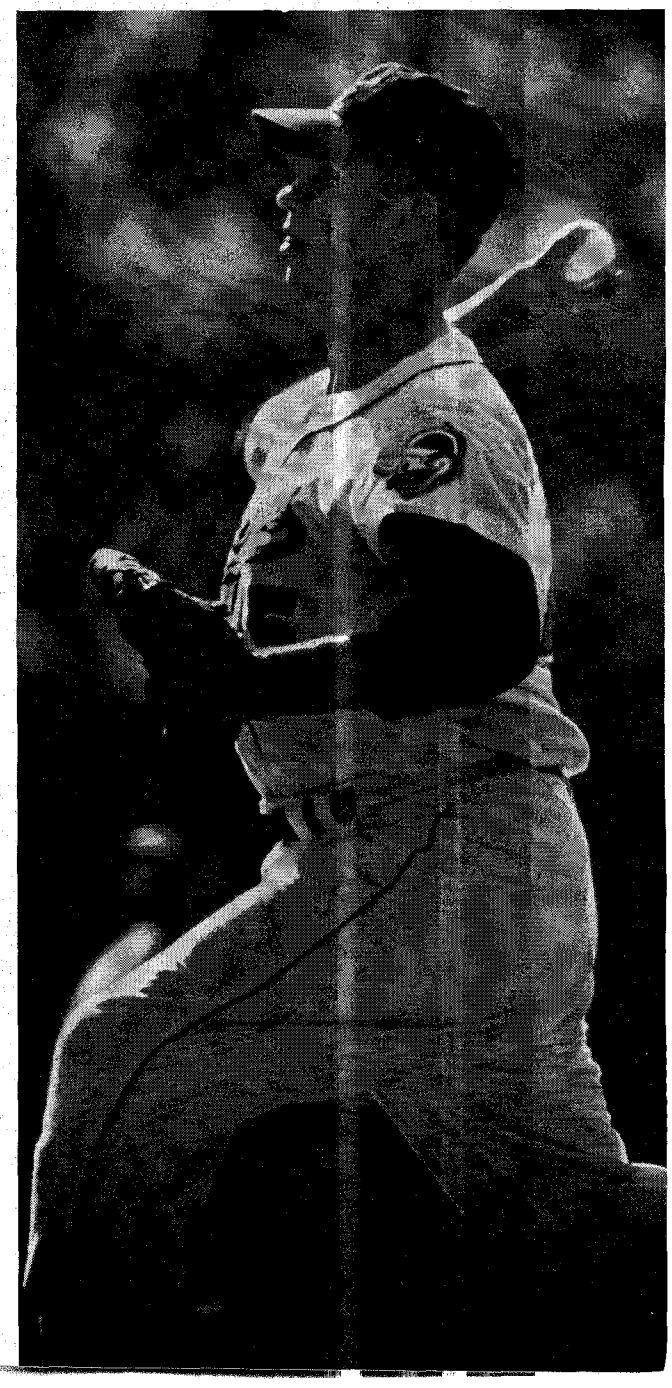
The Orioles' knuckle-ball artist describes how he achieved his nine-game winning streak as a starter this spring after spending most of his career in the major leagues as a relief specialist.

By HOYT WILHELM as told to Stanley Frank

When a man past thirty-five who has spent practically all his big-league career in the bullpen suddenly wins nine straight games as a starting pitcher, the way I did during the first two months of this season, people ask a lot of questions. During those two greatest months of my life, I concentrated more on keeping the streak alive than on analyzing the reasons for it. Now that the joy ride has ended, I have some explanations that may apply to other lines besides baseball.

I'm pitching exactly as I did last season, when every manager except Paul Richards of the Baltimore Orioles figured I was washed up. My meal ticket still is the knuckle ball, and it still is literally true that three people don't know how the ball will break—the batter, the catcher and myself. They say the knuckler is the toughest pitch to control, but I've been getting it in the strike zone more consistently than ever before because I've been given a chance to work on a regular schedule. That was the big difference in my pitching—plus a strong assist from luck.

I'd be lying if I said it was a relief to have the pressure taken off when Detroit broke my winning streak on June fifteenth. Going into the game I had an earned-run average of 0.99, or a fraction less than one legitimate run for every nine innings. (Continued on Page 58)



Wilhelm delivering his famous knuckle ball. "It floats up there like a butterfly," he says. "I don't know whether it will dart to the right or left."

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For generations one of the U. S. Navy's greatest heroes has been maligned, misrepresented and romanticized. Here a famous historian sets the record straight on

The Real John Paul Jones

By SAMUEL ELIOT MORISON

Jones was actually "a sandy-haired, hazel-eyed little Scot about five feet five inches tall," says the author, and not particularly good-looking. But in the current Warner Brothers "epic," *John Paul Jones*, the hero is played by six-foot-one, dark and handsome Robert Stack.

Almost every American and Englishman has heard of John Paul Jones, and every visitor to Annapolis is shown his tomb in the crypt of the Naval Academy chapel. He was the most famous sea fighter of the War of American Independence. Born a poor boy in Scotland, he joined the British merchant marine at the age of thirteen, rose to command by the time he was twenty-one and, having "fallen in love with America at first sight," as he later expressed it, joined the Continental Navy as a lieutenant when it was being organized at Philadelphia in 1775.

As captain of armed sloop *Providence*, and later of armed ship *Alfred* in 1776, John Paul Jones made prize-taking cruises in the North Atlantic. In command of the new sloop of war *Ranger* in 1778, he made a memorable cruise off the coasts of Ireland and Scotland, raided the town of Whitehaven, England, to burn enemy shipping, and captured a British sloop of war, *H.M.S. Drake*, after a slugging match of over an hour. Next year, flying his commodore's broad pennant in *U.S.S. Bonhomme Richard*—an old crate of a ship but the best he could get—and with a motley task force of French and American armed vessels under him, he won the greatest naval victory of the war, capturing *H.M.S. Serapis* in the Battle off Flamborough Head, when his own ship was in a sinking condition. That was one of the toughest and hardest fought of all naval battles in days of sail. Discharged at the end of the war, he accepted a rear admiral's commission in the Imperial Russian Navy and helped win two victories over a Turkish fleet in the Black Sea. He died obscurely in Paris at the age of forty-five, but had the posthumous honor of having his remains transferred to Washington by a squadron of United States cruisers in 1905, and reinterred in the gorgeous sarcophagus at Annapolis.

John Paul Jones became fabulous even in his lifetime; and the myths and fables, growing ever since his death, have almost smothered the real man. Some forty chapbooks—precursors of the dime novels of yesterday and the comics of today—were printed about him before 1840. These penny-plain and sixpence-colored pamphlets were filled with lurid tales

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ABOUT THE AUTHOR

Since he retired from Harvard in 1955 Rear Adm. Samuel Eliot Morison, USNR (Ret.), historian of the Operations of the United States Navy in World War II, has employed his spare time in writing a biography of the naval hero, called *John Paul Jones, a Sailor's Biography*, which will be published soon by the Atlantic Monthly Press (it is a Book-of-the-Month Club selection for September). Morison believes that his hero has been maligned by mythmakers, writers of fake biographies and sentimental hero-worshipers. He is here presenting to readers of *The Saturday Evening Post*, in capsule form, his own estimate of the real John Paul Jones. —THE EDITORS.

which had no foundation, presenting Jones as adventurer, self-seeker and even pirate. In truth he always lived up to his motto, *Pro Republica*, showed exemplary humanity to prisoners and consideration to his crews, and never engaged in that licensed and respectable branch of piracy, privateering.

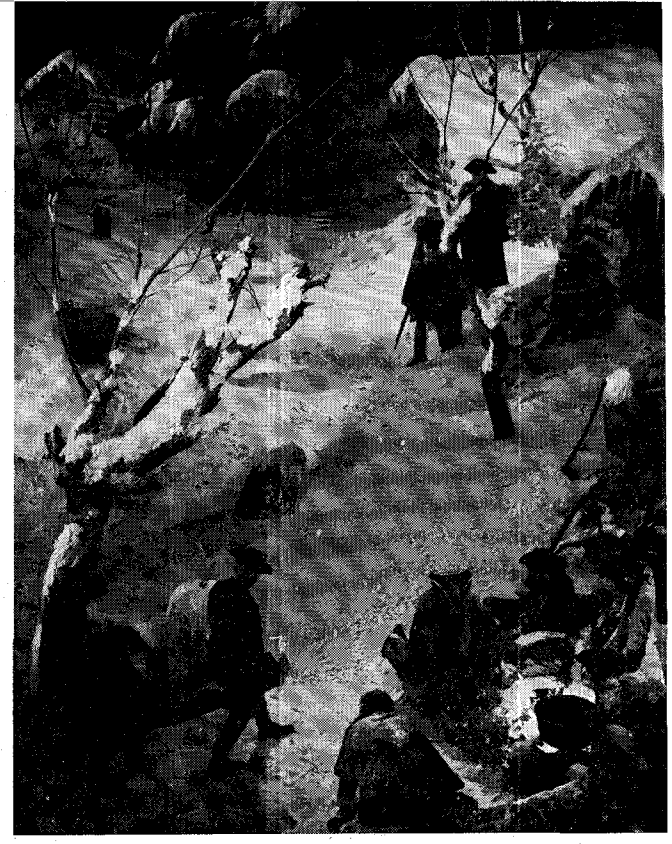
Perhaps the worst thing that happened to Jones's fame was to be made the subject of a misleading biography, around 1900, by one Augustus C. Buell, a professional writer of novels dressed up as true lives. Buell's two-volume biography of John Paul Jones is still popularly accepted as authentic, although frequently shown up by historians. It was Buell who placed Jones in the romantic setting of a Virginia planter who, after brawling with a British naval officer and having his plantation burned down by Tories, enlisted in the United States Navy. And there exist some thirty novels of which Jones is a leading character, each twisting his personality and career to suit the writer's purpose.

The facts are very different, and the real Jones is a far more interesting person than any of the mythical Joneses. There are two central themes in his career: first, last and always he was a sailor; and he followed the popular American pattern of the poor boy who made good. Born John Paul, son of a Scots gardener, he went to sea before the mast at the age of thirteen, rose to command at the age of twenty-one and was ready to retire with a modest competence five years later. Then a series of circumstances drew him into the Continental Navy and placed him on the road to fame.

The mythmakers have even altered Jones's appearance, making him out to be a dark, scowling, beetly-browed tough such as pirates are supposed to be. Actually he was a sandy-haired, hazel-eyed little Scot about five feet five inches tall. He was a complete gentleman in social intercourse and fascinating to the ladies, but a good deal of a sundowner—a martinet—on the quarterdeck. He had a hot temper, quarreling sooner or later with almost everyone close to him, yet showed such superb courage and resourcefulness as a fighting sailor that men like Benjamin Franklin, Thomas Jefferson and Robert Morris promoted his career in the Navy.

Jones had a strong romantic streak in his nature. Largely self-taught, he read avidly books like Young's *Night Thoughts* and Thomson's *The Seasons* and wrote bad poetry but excellent letters. He was fond of declaring that he "drew his sword," not for American independence or any such definite object, but "as a Citizen of the World," out of "Love of Liberty" and from "Principles of General Philanthropy." Yet no one served the young republic more faithfully than he, or worked so incessantly to put our small Navy on a solid foundation of administration, training, strategy and tactics. His constant concern for naval efficiency has made John Paul Jones a sort of tutelary deity of the United States Navy.

This romantic side of his character and career probably accounts for the universal interest in John Paul Jones. In this country the house where he visited his brother in Fredericksburg, Virginia, is marked; there is a John Paul Jones collection in the room where he stayed in Portsmouth, New Hampshire; a statue of him in Washington, and a John Paul Jones corner of (Continued on Page 55)



This movie scene depicts Jones calling on General Washington at Valley Forge. The visit provides stirring drama, but in actuality it never happened.

Below: Jones' grand passion in the movie is Aimée de Telison (Marisa Pavan). Aimée never existed.

Below: Bette Davis, in her role as Empress Catherine the Great, bids farewell to Jones, who actually did serve in her Russian Navy. The movie makers resisted the temptation to portray the naval hero as her lover, as other romanticizers have done. When Jones knew the real Catherine (see old portrait at right), she was in her sixties.

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Mark of Treachery

By CLARENCE BUDINGTON KELLAND

First they sent gunmen against him. Now his enemies were using subtler weapons.

They've asked for a war. By gracious, we'll give them a bellyful of fighting," Avery Truslow told his assistant manager, Deke O'Brien, after one of HARP-TV's most important programs was sabotaged.

But who was responsible for their troubles? Where did Felicia Sewell, the girl with the mysterious briefcase who had ridden into Van Buren with Avery disguised as a servant, fit in? Felicia was now a house guest of Phryne Morningstar.

Returning to his car one evening after a movie, Avery was kidnaped by two thugs and driven to an old house. The eccentric-appearing Parsifal Nebo was already there.

"Why did you have me dragged here by these gangsters?" Avery demanded furiously.

"You wrong me, young sir," said Nebo. "If you will use your eyes, you will discover that my wrists and ankles are tied."

IV

The situation was unreal, impossible to Avery. He looked across the room at Parsifal Nebo bulging in the chair to which he was tied. He looked at the two underworld characters who had kidnaped him and brought him here at the muzzle of a revolver, and knew such complete bewilderment as he never before had experienced. Though he was no addict of lurid fiction, he had whiled away time with a few stories that had to do with crime and violence. But it never impressed itself upon him that such goings-on had any basis in fact. Or, that if they did mirror a certain sector of life, it could impinge upon his peaceful and ordered existence. He was not frightened. Rather, he was affronted. Here was interference with his personal liberties, an invasion of his privacy not to be tolerated. But more than anything else, he was puzzled. What was the reason for it?

Parsifal Nebo sat like some huge, round, inert growth, seemingly quite impervious to discomfort. He looked across at Avery with what was almost a quizzical glance and waggled his head jocularly. For the first time, Avery took note of the fact that, adipose as Nebo was, he possessed no double chins. Avery scowled. It was an unsuitable time to be jocular.

"What's comical?" he demanded resentfully.

"It is amusing, Mr. Truslow, that Parsifal Nebo, the astute, the always ready, should find himself in such a predicament. Caught like the veriest bumpkin! Even the gods on high Olympus must chuckle at such a spectacle."

"Maybe the gods are amused," Avery said, "but I am not. What is the meaning of this outrage? Why have I been brought here? And at whose orders?"

"There, my friend, you have me," Parsifal said. "I might hazard a guess as to why; but as to who, I wander in abysmal darkness. But," he added philosophically, "we shall doubtless discover in good time. The engineer of this enterprise will disclose himself."

"You are tied up securely, but I am left loose," Avery said.

"A delicate compliment to myself," Parsifal said. "Rightfully our opponent deems me an ominous individual, a source of peril, capable of forlorn hopes and explosive ventures. Rightly so. Whilst you, in spite of prowess on the playing fields, are, after all, most carefully nurtured and unschooled in affairs of violence."

"You sit there," Avery complained, "like a bump on a log. Aren't you alarmed?"

"Why, to be sure I am. I am terrified. I shrink from physical pain. And physical pain looms ahead. My deduction is that we are to be put to the question. Answers will be demanded of us, and, failing in satisfactory responses, we shall be tampered with unpleasantly."

"But what do I know that these criminals want to be told?" He moved his shoulders. "I'm sure they're welcome to any knowledge I have."

"Quite possible. Then again, on the contrary, quite possibly not. You will recall that I, politely, asked certain questions of you, and received what I regarded as evasive replies."

The pair of gunmen had been listening in some bewilderment, for Parsifal Nebo's conversation was not simple for uncultured ears to grasp. It irked them.

"Button it up," snarled the man with the revolver.

"When," asked Parsifal, unperturbed, "does your employer arrive, my uncouth friend?"

Avery was standing against the wall opposite the door. At his right was the old-fashioned secretary, a piece of furniture consisting of three drawers below a desk and glass-doored bookcase above. Avery leaned against it and it trembled a bit as if its equilibrium were unstable. The second man, who displayed no weapon, sat cross-kneed on a haircloth sofa placed diagonally across the left-hand corner of the room. Avery drew a deep breath and hoped the hippopotamus of a man would continue to bait the guard at the door. Mr. Nebo acceded to Avery's unspoken request. The man's grating voice asked Parsifal how he would like to spit out a handful of teeth.

"The lower forms of crime," said Mr. Nebo, "were devised by nature to give employment to creatures who exist in that limbo midway between the anthropoid ape and the hairy Ainu."

An insult whose meaning is not comprehended may be more maddening than one couched in plain four-letter words. Nebo's silken eloquence, uttered in a recognizable sneer, seemed to madden the man, who leaped to his feet and, crouching, animal-like, moved across the narrow space which separated him from the taunting voice. He grasped his weapon in his fist, not with the intention of pulling the trigger, but of using it in that form of savagery known as pistol whipping.

Avery was ignored. The man on the sofa watched his companion with a bestial sort of lust. The man with the gun crept slowly as if to prolong the amusement. Nebo sat erect, without flinching. Avery gave his courage deserved respect.

Quick thinking in emergency had never been required of Avery Truslow III, nor resort to dynamic action save in the field of college competition. But he did come from a line of ancestors who had been men of quick decision and decisive action; even, it was related of pioneer ancestors, of ruthlessness and inexorability. Perhaps in this present emergency, atavism emerged from its long sleep to lend its unexpected aid. Or, perhaps there is something primitive in all sturdy men, a sort of unrealized reservoir summoned to action rather by instinct than by volition.

Avery resolved into action foreign to all training and custom, alien to all the mores of his class. There was space behind the tall secretary. Into this space he thrust his arm to the shoulder, and, exerting all his trained young strength, he heaved. The heavy furniture tottered, toppled, crashed. Just as the gunman drew back his weapon to lash Parsifal Nebo across the face, the secretary leaned and toppled. The man on the sofa screeched, but not in time to give warning. The cornice of the bookcase crashed down, striking the man between ear and shoulder, bearing him to the floor.

In that same instant, still instinctively, Avery leaped toward the remaining man and struck him twice with all his vigor, first a left and then a right, with

(Continued on Page 62)

Illustrated by Sam Bates

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"You will go away from here and stay away," Avery warned, "until the forty-eight hours are up."

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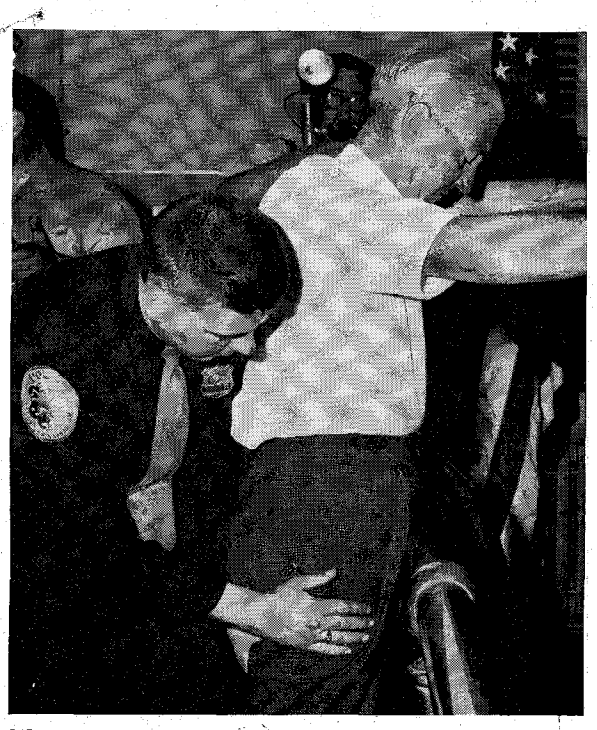
Onetime Teamster organizer Barney Baker. His former wife testified he told her he had "to go to Indianapolis to take care of a shyster lawyer for Jimmy Hoffa."



May 29, 1959: Teamster vice president John J. O'Rourke after his arrest by Nassau County (N.Y.) police on charges of jukebox racketeering.

Missing lawyer Dave Probstein. Hoffa denies knowing anything about the fate of Probstein, who was last seen in St. Louis on June 6, 1955.

THE STRUGGLE TO GET HOFFA

Revelations of the Third Hearing

By JOHN BARTLOW MARTIN

As the mystery surrounding certain union affairs deepened, Kennedy's investigators made a desperate last-minute search for new evidence to topple the Teamsters' boss.

PART SIX

On Sunday morning, June 5, 1955, David Probstein, an Indianapolis lawyer, was greatly agitated when he called another lawyer, James Wood, Jr., to his expensive home. Probstein and his wife sent their little boy out to play, then Probstein said he was in great danger—he had become involved with dangerous people and now was going away on a dangerous mission, and he asked Wood to be lenient about foreclosing a mortgage on his home if he failed to return. Wood asked where he was going. Probstein said, "Well, all I can tell you is that I am going to St. Louis, and then I am going East." Mrs. Probstein said her husband had been talking like this for "several weeks." Wood pressed him. Whom was he involved with? Had it anything to do with the State Cab Company, Probstein's taxicab company, which was in financial difficulties? Probstein would say nothing. "He was a scared man," said Wood. Probstein left for St. Louis later that day. His wife, Wood and the police never saw him again.

Nearly three years later an investigator for the McClellan committee on labor and management rackets, Walt Sheridan, a slender, clean-cut ex-FBI man of thirty-three, stumbled onto this story in Indianapolis. Mrs. Probstein said that shortly before her husband disappeared, he had telephoned Jimmy Hoffa. Hoffa now was president of the Teamsters Union and the chief target of the McClellan committee. Sheridan hurried to Washington. Bob Kennedy, the committee's chief counsel, told him to pursue the case.

The Probstein story and other fantastic tales were told at the third hearings the committee held on Jimmy Hoffa in August and September of 1958—a renewal of its long effort to dislodge Hoffa from his seat of power.

Early in 1954, Dave Probstein, once described as a "pesty little fellow" who "gets in your hair," an undistinguished lawyer with little money and no previous connection with the taxicab business, suddenly formed State Cab, saying that he had plenty of financial backing from undisclosed sources. The rumor around town was that the Teamsters Union was backing Probstein; State Cab would be unionized and so, in time, would all Indianapolis cabs.

The Teamster leader in Indianapolis was Gene San Soucie, a dark, dapper, muscular man with the manner of an overbearing actor. He is close to Jimmy Hoffa. Formerly he had been a business agent for Harold Gibbons, Teamster leader in St. Louis. He had been arrested several times, but convicted only once, for trespass. San Soucie says Dave Probstein asked him for help in financing State Cab. San Soucie took him to Detroit and introduced him to Jimmy Hoffa and Bert Brennan, Hoffa's "partner" in unionism and many private ventures. They lent him $8000. The money came from a company owned by Hoffa's wife and Brennan's wife. But Probstein had started the cab company earlier with $20,000. Where did it come from? Not, Hoffa says, from him. Oddly, the union never had a contract with State Cab.

On September 16, 1954, a bank account was opened in Indianapolis in the name of Aldor Insurance Agency, Inc.; the authorized signatures were David Probstein and Allen M. Dorfman. Dorfman is a Chicago insurance man deeply

(Continued on Page 80)

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"You don't look like a boy who would tell a deliberate lie," the lawyer said.

Little Joe On Trial

By R. ROSS ANNETT

Who was going to believe the boy's story against the sworn testimony of two grown men?

It was hot in the crowded courtroom. Joe envied the men in the crowd because they could be comfortable in shirt sleeves. But, as the defendant in the case, he felt that he should be formal to the extent of keeping his coat on. He did not even loosen his tie, although his shirt collar was choking him.

He had done his best to make Uncle Pete look respectable also. But it seemed that, in his own case and Pete's, clothes did not make the man. Joe himself still looked like a big, muscle-bound farmer, only a lot more awkward; while Pete seemed even more disreputable in his ill-fitting mail-order suit than he ordinarily did in patched and shabby denim. With his skinny neck and liquor-mottled face protruding from a too-large shirt collar, he reminded Joe of a dressed-up turtle. Lawyer Bennett, waiting for them inside the door, looked sourly at Pete and said,

"You keep out of sight. It won't do our case any good if the magistrate sees you."

It was not only the way Pete looked. The fact was, he had appeared before Magistrate Kendall so often, what with his moonshining and all, that his presence at the defense table might conceivably prejudice the magistrate against Joe.

Joe and the kids followed Lawyer Bennett down the aisle. (Continued on Page 44)

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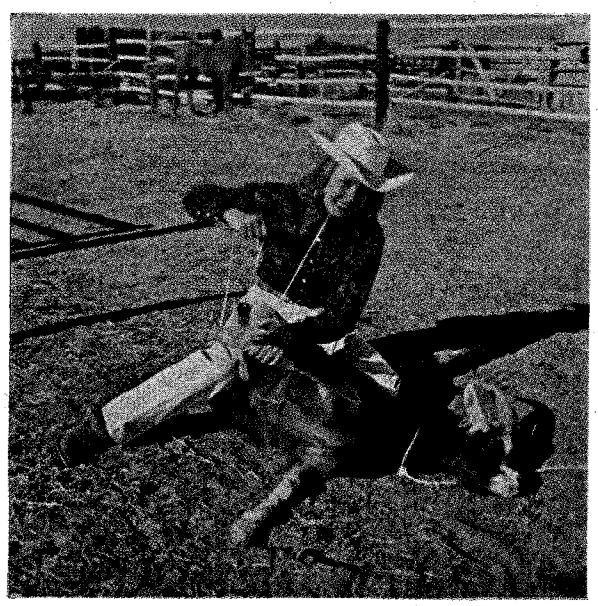
Wyoming's Wonderful Women

An admirer recites the special charms of his state's spirited females, from Nellie Tayloe Ross, the nation's first woman governor, to today's teen-age cuties.

By PAUL SCHUBERT



Margaret Milne of Casper, a June graduate of the University of Wyoming, ranks second in the nation in goat tying, a rodeo event for women.

This girl was mighty good-looking, a twenty-five-year-old honey with regular features assembled with a piquancy that balanced that strong jaw; she had high cheekbones, level, confident eyes, a mouth combining character and humor, and she held her head erect and proudly as if there wasn't a darn thing in the world she was afraid of.

She was dressed in a down-lined jacket against the cold; below the coat her well-cut frontier pants left no doubt that she was superbly stacked.

When I came out of the winter night into Carroll Durkee's Big Horn Drugstore in Greybull, Wyoming, she was talking to Ivan Mitchell. A blast of snow followed me through the door as Ivan asked, "How's the Billings road?"

"O.K.," the girl said cheerfully. "Lot of snowpack this side of Lovell. I took a double spin on that long, slick grade—thought I might have to stop and chain up."

This damsel had just driven in alone from Billings, Montana, 130 miles through a winter storm, after dark. Towns are six to forty miles apart, no houses between towns; the road passes through miles of desolate badlands. A skid off the blacktop could leave you lying in the sagebrush to freeze to death before another car came along.

I looked at the girl with admiration and real affection. Couldn't place her by name, wasn't sure I'd ever seen her before. But you didn't need to know more than you could see. She was terrific. Wyoming women are like

Below are some of the coeds who competed for the title of Miss Wyoming on the campus at Laramie this year. Winner Linda Phillips was out sick when this picture was taken, but she will enter the Miss America contest this fall.

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Photographs by Gene Lester

that—have been from the beginning—wonderfully female, yet competent, strong, forthright, self-reliant, the finest kind of companion for man, woman, child or horse on any kind of expedition, from a picnic in Yellowstone Park to the journey through life.

I hereby confess to a permanent love affair with all 100,000 of the dear creatures—from the perky teen-age high-school cuties switching down the street in their wide ruffled and flounced square-dance skirts to the stoic, stern great-grandmothers at the Old-timers' Picnic, with their memories of log-cabin homesteads and frontier loneliness.

If you think this avowal of devotion will get me shot by some hard-riding cow-punching neighbor, think again. Wyoming men have always thought and said Wyoming females were the greatest—trusted 'em, respected 'em, honored 'em, adored 'em.

One of the first things the first Wyoming Territorial Legislature did, back in December, 1869, was to pass a bill declaring that every twenty-one-year-old woman "residing in this territory may, at every election, cast her vote; and her right to the elective franchise and to hold office under the election laws of the territory shall be the same as those of (male) electors."

Incredible, there on the Indian-fighting frontier, which always was supposed to be the exclusive domain of the mustachioed pistol-packing male. (Continued on Page 65)

At Greybull, high-school girls vying for the title of Rodeo Queen not only have to be good-looking but also have to prove their ability as horsewomen. This year's winner was Sue Wamhoff (second from left).

Margaret Milne, shown here with a two-day-old lamb, also raised livestock while studying nursing in college. Once she even tried parachute jumping.

Schoolmarm Lorna Patterson, a University of Wyoming trustee, often helps her husband by pumping gas at their store.

Mrs. Mary Jester Allen, 84, is Buffalo Bill Cody's niece. She came to Wyoming thirty-seven years ago to build a museum for him.

Mrs. Steva Scott, an expert huntress, drives a school bus and an oil truck. Above, she demonstrates her marksmanship in Shell Canyon.

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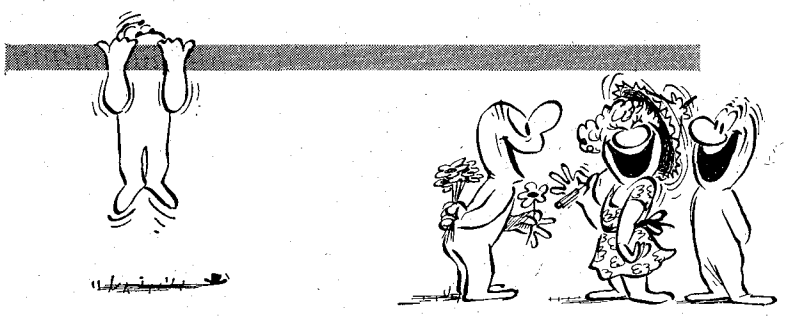
Post Scripts



Literary News on the Local Scene

Three new stories made their bow on Maple Street this week. Here is how the critics received them:

HARROWING HOLIDAY: All through July Fourth young Marilyn Flinch impatiently awaits her return to Ladies' Handkerchiefs at Phipps' Department Store. But on July fifth Marilyn is racked by sneezes. Though delirious, she thinks only of getting to her handkerchiefs. Her doctor restrains her. The story of a twenty-four-hour fight to health.

Says reviewer J. M. Grassback (Personnel), "A tired plot doomed to failure if not in the hands of a veteran storyteller with big blue eyes."

TROUBLE ON THE ROAD: A tale of faithful friendship by the author of *I Worked Late for Inventory*. As John Carmody and the other directors of the Eagles Club return from a meeting, there is a violent explosion. John escapes death to find a tire has blown out. There is no spare. The men stand with the car owner in a heavy downpour, loyally refusing to leave until two A.M.

"A contrived story," says critic Marsha Carmody. "Further, while the narrative is dry, the author smells strongly of peppermint."

CHEATED OF LOVE: Myron Forsythe yearns for marriage. But he cannot ask the hand of his love, for he is impoverished. The work details the bleak bachelor existence Myron abhors—his apartment, his lonely convertible, his restaurant meals. He lives in hopes of the raise that will bring him to wedded bliss.

Comments Angela Darwin, "This master of suspense has kept me on tenterhooks for years, but his theme is worn thin. This reviewer finds her interest waning."

RONALD M. DEUTSCH

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"It has six different positions, but I don't think that's one of them."

Something Tells Me I Didn't Stop Quite Soon Enough

"I can't see why you're questioning me on this particular item on my tax return. I'll bet for at least twenty years I've been getting—I guess it must be even more than twenty years that I've been getting tax forms to fill out."

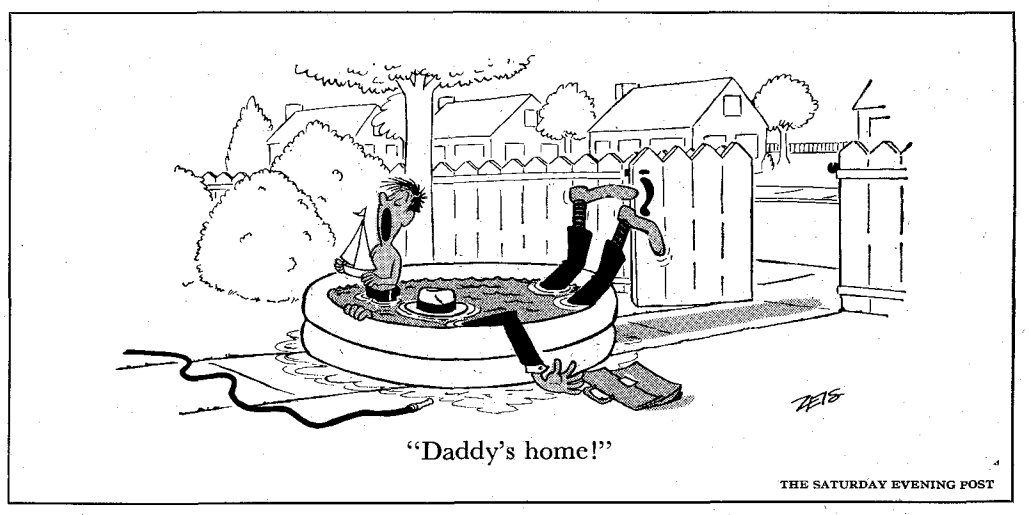
"Dear, it was the best convention I ever attended. Everybody got high—we got highly interested in the speeches and things."

"If you're hard up for cash I'll be more than glad to lend—to let you know of a place where you can make a loan on very reasonable terms."

"It's hard to understand why you'd give me a ticket for parking here today when I bet at least three times a week—you find other drivers who have parked here."

"Darling, you're the prettiest girl I've ever kissed, and believe me, that's saying a lot because—because—well, because you are."

PARKE CUMMINGS



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Daddy's home!"

The Lady's Not for Broiling

Next time, I swear, I shall eschew
The Jolly Back-yard Barbecue.
It's not just that the weather sizzles,
With playful, intermittent drizzles;
It's not just that the meat is raw
And quite impossible to chaw;
It's not just that the drink I'm totin'
Has nameless winged things afloat in.

But frankly these affairs, I feel,
Do not bring out my sex appeal.
I can't look sultry gnawing ribs;
I can't be chic in checkered bibs
Garnished with barbecue sauce and mustard,
Potato salad and frozen custard!
I don't look well in tutti-frutti;
I'm simply not a barbecutie.

PHILENE HAMMER

A Fellow's Best Friend Is His—I Mean

"Say, ma—I mean, mother, next Friday we're holding a record hop, and I was wondering if you'd work on dad, so —— Press your lips together again. Like you just did. That's it. Wow! You look just like Ann Sothern when you do that. I mean, explain to dad that this week you'd much rather that he drove you to the store on Thursday instead of Friday, because, ma—I mean, mother, everybody says that they have all kinds of specials and bargains and stuff on Thursdays, and —— There, you just did it again. Imagine, having a mother that looks like Ann Sothern! And then dad will dig what a wonderful homemaker you are, and how you're trying to save on the budget or something, and then on Friday evening, I could—I mean, if it was O.K. with you and dad—use the car to go to the hop, because I promised Cindy that I would, and if I don't she'll probably go with Wally, because he owns a heap of his own, and if that happened I'd —— There it is again! Jeepers, if your hair was only blond—I mean, instead of that lovely shade of brown, I'd bet that. . . ."

WOODARD TUTTLE

Here Comes the Office Picnic

MEMO FROM THE
OFFICE OF THE PRESIDENT
July 15, 1959

Dear Fellow Workers: Realizing that you would regard it as an imposition to take you off your jobs for a mass meeting, I am taking this means of informing you that we who "lead the parade," so to speak, at Excellent Products Company have decided to once again hold an all-company picnic. A highlight of the event will be an inspiring little talk by Mr. Forshee, first assistant manager of Accounting, on Up From the Ranks. Mr. Forshee, as some of you veteran employees may recall, started with our company seventeen years ago as third assistant manager of Accounting.

We are planning to hold numerous athletic events, including a mixed three-legged potato-sack race. I am certain that this year will not see a repetition of the bad sportsmanship exhibited last summer by Mr. Goodall, formerly with our Shipping Department, and Miss Wenright, formerly associated with our Typists Pool. The fact that they failed to stop at the finish line and congratulate the winners, but kept on going until they were out of sight, was not in the best spirit and tradition of the Ex-Pro-Co.

The softball game will start promptly at three. The team made up of executives has asked me to pitch for them. Lawn chairs will be provided for the benefit of the lady spectators.

Employees are, of course, encouraged—yes, even urged—to bring their families with them. Small children should be kept out of the food tent so as to prevent a recurrence of last year's soup-kettle incident. Regrettably, the state lieutenant governor, who honored us by attending, was a gastronomic victim of that bit of hoodlumism.

After considering the matter at length, we have deemed it inadvisable to repeat last year's fireworks display as the picnic's finale. We do not believe it is necessary to go into detail on the matter, except to say that the premature firing of the entire consignment of explosives just outside the guests' mess tent was highly irritating. It is sufficient to note that Mrs. Onderdonk, the wife of the lieutenant governor, was understandably incensed when she was removed from the lake where she had taken refuge, believing the country was under attack.

Trusting we will have a *better* picnic this year,
I am Sincerely yours,
T. B. CASTLETON
President

DICK EMMONS

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Campbell's Vegetable Soup gives you Vitamins, Proteins... Minerals, too!

When your little shavers get their soup

GOOD THINGS BEGIN TO HAPPEN

Any children in your house ready for their first grown-up food? Lots of good things happen, Mother, when Doctor says, "Start them off on Campbell's!" *Good appetite.* For soup smells so good, tastes so good, it makes youngsters like to eat.

Good nutrition. For Campbell's Soups are made of the good basic foods everyone needs every day. Meat. Vegetables. Whole-grain cereals. That's Campbell's Vegetable Soup our twins are eating. Can you think of a better way to give your children 15 different vegetables in a single bowl?

Say! Have you had your soup today?

Once a day... every day... enjoy *Campbell's Soup*

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DEATH WALK

What possessed her to revisit this scene of their wilderness ordeal?

By ARTHUR MAYSE

We're out!" Mike Clendon yelled. "We've made it!"

Just ahead of them lay the mouth of the Maxada River and civilization. After four desperate days in the wilderness, Mike, Morg Halsted and Morg's daughter, Linn, were now safe.

Mike, a young geologist, had freed them from the wreck of their light plane in the Coast Range of British Columbia and carried the injured Morg on a grueling trek to the headwaters of the Maxada. From there they ran the wild river on a makeshift raft. On the journey Mike fell in love with Linn, who was already engaged to a lawyer named Luke Blaine. When Mike proposed, she rebuffed him.

But now, as the raft neared a lumber-company tugboat, Linn found herself dismayed by Mike's new aloofness and by the thought of the girl named Alison who waited for him at Kinross.

He growled and came straight for her.

CONCLUSION

It was a fantastic world, this into which the Maxada had released them. This world produced food and hot coffee, strong Canadian cigarettes and, in no time at all, summoned by radiophone from Kinross, forty miles south, a silver float plane complete with doctor.

Linn Halsted sat on a cushioned seat behind the young pilot, who had shaved that morning, whose clothes weren't ripped and stained. Her father lay aft on a stretcher, the plump pink doctor busy over him. The girl held a thick steak sandwich, parting titbit from the tugboat galley. She chewed, and the tears rolled down her cheeks. Mike Clendon had forgotten her and was as far removed from her as Venezuela. She blinked through tears at the back of the shaggy red head and wished it would turn, that Mike would speak to her. She was a stranger in a strange land, and she badly wanted to hear a familiar voice.

In this world turned upside down, where distance meant nothing, waste was rampant. A good raft was allowed to bob off to sea with its serviceable though battered timbers, its wire lashings and spikes beyond price. Here also, friends, or those who had once been friends, changed their names. Mike was his name, but their pilot, now wheeling his plane into the breeze for the take-off, kept calling him Rusty.

The doctor settled across from her, buckling his seat belt. The kind tugboatmen waved them good-by. Linn, steadily weeping, flapped the hand that gripped her steak sandwich.

She knew the doctor watched her closely, but the tears continued to well. Reaction, of course, and happiness. Still it was a stupid exhibition, no credit to a Stanford graduate who was also, if she did say so, a highly efficient traveling secretary.

This world had failed to supply her with a handkerchief, but sleeves were for using. She dried her eyes and asked the doctor, "Is he going to live?"

"We'll do our best for him. The will to survive is there—I should say your father possesses it to a remarkable degree, Miss Halsted. And that's important."

But she hadn't asked for a lecture, just a simple answer to a question. She realized, however, that it was an unreasonable question and munched on her (Continued on Page 72)

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gowns by Philip Hulitar

When a man approaches Cadillac ownership, he usually does so in full awareness of the car's great beauty and luxury and performance. And yet, he frequently assumes that he will have to forego the added virtues of economy and practicality. In reality, nothing could be farther from the truth. With regard to maintenance and efficiency—Cadillac is among the most frugal of motor cars. And from a standpoint of value received—and value retained—Cadillac is in a class of its own making. So if you are about to choose Cadillac—remember that you can do so not only for your pride and satisfaction, but without compromising your practical judgment in any way. You are invited to visit your Cadillac dealer soon—and listen to the full, wonderful story as you relax in the driver's seat. You will be most welcome at any time.

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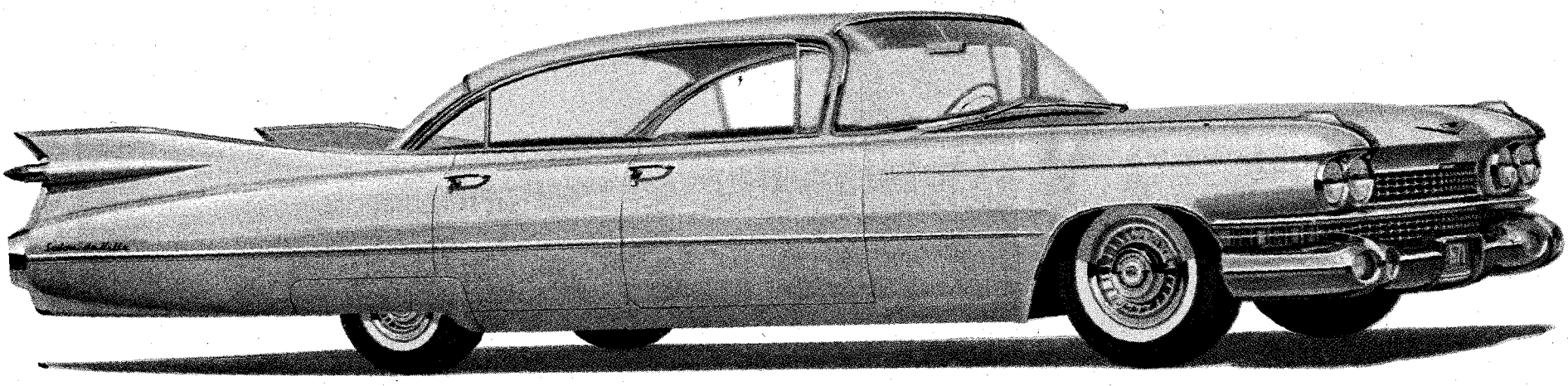
The choice without a compromise ... Cadillac



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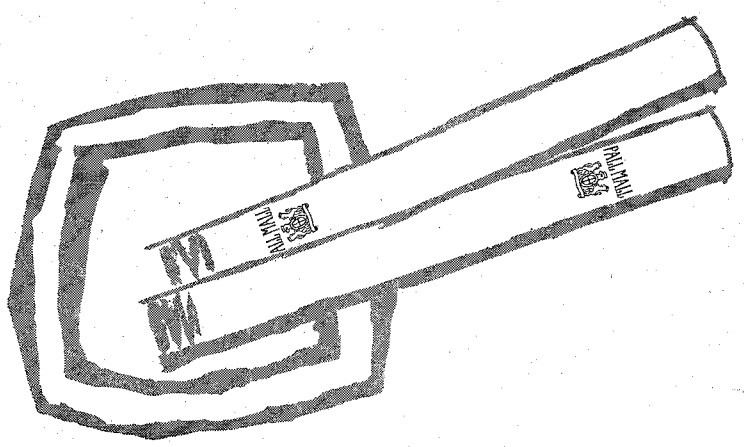

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Pall Mall's famous length travels and gentles the smoke naturally . . .

3 Travels it over, under, around and through Pall Mall's fine tobaccos!

You can light either end!

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Can Castro Save Cuba?

(Continued from Page 15)

to sweep the outside world. There was no murmur of protest in Cuba, however, except from those accused and their next of kin.

A priest who had supported the revolution explained why this was so. To the people who had had their fingernails ripped off, their eyes gouged out, their backs lacerated by the whips of Batista's soldiers and police, who had seen their sons and fathers and husbands tortured and beaten until they died, this was merely just retribution for the crimes the Batistianos had committed. In every little village in Cuba there was at least one Batista follower marked for death for his past cruelties. In the cities there were hundreds. If the revolutionary government had not carried out these swift punishments, the priest said, the people themselves would have hunted their oppressors down and slaughtered them in the streets. The trials, barbaric as they were, forestalled a greater barbarism.

It is also well to remember, the priest pointed out, that the Latin is of a more volatile and explosive nature than the North American. It is not unreasonable, to a Cuban, that a man should seek to kill a political opponent, nor that a man should be willing to die for a political ideal. It is a recklessness that particularly afflicts the young Cuban male. At an age when college students in the States are engrossed in panty raids or jamming themselves into telephone booths, Cuban students are more likely to be fighting in the streets over some matter of politics. These can be very bloody affairs, and, while a student at the University of Havana, Castro himself is said to have killed two political foes in the course of a wild melee in which much shooting and stabbing were going on. The priest does not know whether Castro killed two men or not. It would, he said, have been in keeping with his character, for he was fanatically devoted to his own beliefs.

"He was a great dreamer, a great reader of philosophy and history. Sometimes, when you spoke to him, his thoughts seemed far away. For this he was known to his fellow students as 'Loco Fidel'—Crazy Fidel. But Fidel was not crazy. His mind was occupied with matters beyond their grasp."

Is Castro at heart a dictator—or a statesman?

The priest shrugged. "From the soles of his feet to the top of his head, he is a 'strong man.' It is his character. He cannot admit defeat. In athletics it was he who rallied the basketball team when his school was being beaten. On the track he ran as anchor man on the relay team, so he could make up what others had lost. On camping trips no mountain was too steep for him to climb, no river too swift and wide for him to swim, with a rope in his teeth to pull the others across."

It was this spirit, the priest said, that made the revolution. It inspired and held together, with a kind of religious fervor, the ragged band of rebels who overthrew an army of 30,000 and liberated 6,000,000 people from tyranny. On the other hand, the priest pointed out, although it is Castro's nature to brook no criticism and bow to no opposition, his mind, conditioned by his reading, is full of democratic ideals—of concepts of freedom, justice and the rights of the individual.

A great many people, however, believe that Castro's political thinking never progressed beyond the dormitory bull-session level of his college days. He is, they think, a fuzzy-minded liberal who has been so busy fomenting revolution that he has had no time to develop a political philosophy. This, like every other fixed opinion about Castro, can be debated.

"His," said one educated Cuban, "is a political mind by nature. It is not a military mind, nor an economic mind. He has been called naïve. But he is about as naïve as was your President Franklin D. Roosevelt. He, too, was considered naïve in economic matters, and he was not a soldier. But, guided by a sure political instinct, he led you to victory in a great war, and his economic revolution changed the face of your country."

Whatever his other qualities may be, Castro is a sentimental man, with a flair for showmanship. When, in May, he decided that the time had come to announce the great land reform which was to be the capstone of his revolution, he chose to return with his ministers to his old hide-out in the steep and roadless mountains of the Sierra Maestra.

The ministers, and Mr. Castro, were airlifted to the mountain aerie by helicopter. The television and newsreel cameramen, the radio broadcasters and journalists who were to record the great event for history had to make their way by military plane from Havana to Manzanillo in Oriente Province, and by truck and jeep to La Vega, a tiny village in the foothills, where the road ended. From La Vega, by horse and mule, and on foot, stumbling on the steep and slippery trails, swearing fervently in Spanish, and sustaining themselves by frequent libations of brandy mixed with honey, in the forenoon of the third day they topped the last great ridge of the Valley of La Plata.

There they found Mr. Castro. He was taking his ease on a bed in the corner of the little thatch-roofed house which had served as his headquarters in the first days of the revolt. Around him thronged the country people—the men and women from the surrounding mountains, who tilled slopes so steep that a man could literally break his neck by falling out of his own cornfield.

The room was full of beards, and cigar smoke, and the babble of voices. A woman reached out and laid her hand on Castro's knee. "Fidel," she said, "you must solve my problem. My coffee trees are old. I must have money to plant more coffee trees."

A man interrupted. "Fidel," he said, "you must help me. A friend has stolen my cow. . . ."

Over the heads of those who crowded around the bed, those in the back passed scrawled notes, each presenting some personal plea for help. Castro, stroking his beard thoughtfully, listened to each one, read each note, and tucked it in the pocket of his green blouse.

It was, one Cuban reporter said, much as it must have been in the days when Jesus walked the roads, and the people crowded around to touch the hem of His garment, hoping to be healed; except that these people were hoping to be healed of their poverty, their isolation and their ignorance. Many were asking for money, but many, too, were asking for roads, clinics and schools.

Castro, still lying down, lifted a hand for silence and began to speak.

He told the people they were his friends. They had hidden him when he was hunted. They had fed him when he was hungry. They had sheltered him from the rain. And he would not forget this. But he could not give them money for food, for soon the money would be gone and the food would be eaten, and nothing would have been attained. It would be foolish, too, he said, to try to give them plows and tractors, for tractors could not work on these steep hills. This was a country where cattle could be raised in the valleys, and coffee grown on the slopes; but the labor must be done by hand.

He could not put a little school in every valley either, for this would be uneconomic. Nor could there be a hospital in every cove. But he had a better plan. He could see to it that good roads were built throughout the mountains, so that people could bring their cattle and their coffee to market in trucks instead of by mule train as in the past. And where these roads crossed, he would have little villages built. Here there would be a doctor and a nurse and a school, and a community center where there would be experts who could tell them about raising cattle and coffee and other things. And there would be a co-operative store, where they could sell their products, and buy food and clothing and shoes at cost.

The people listened silently, and it was hard to tell from the look on their worn, coffee-brown faces whether or not they were pleased. Castro rose and made his way through the crowded room to where a hundred others were gathered outside. A cow had been killed and cut into pieces the size of a man's fist, and the meat was being cooked in an iron pan, over an open fire, by a woman in slacks who wore a pistol in her belt. Old men with gaunt, starved faces were taking chunks of meat in their hands, spreading salt on it, and cramming it hungrily into their mouths. Pigs grunted underfoot, and lean dogs snuffed about.

Somebody brought Castro a plate of meat and a fork. He stood, talking to the crowd, waving the fork about as he talked, biting chunks from the piece of meat.

The meat was good, he said, but the people, when they had their cattle co-operative, would raise better meat. The government would provide the cows. At first, though, they would be plain cows, not fine ones, until the people had learned how to take care of cattle.

When he finished talking, he and the president, Señor Urrutia, and the ministers of state set off up a steep and slippery slope to another house farther up the hill, a house hidden in thick jungle, where the rebel radio had broadcast in the early days. Castro went up easily, with springy strides. "I could climb this mountain with my eyes shut," he said. His ministers found the going rougher, and some of the more corpulent rode mules.

There, after the signing of the land law, Castro proved that he had not been joking when he told the people they would have a cattle co-operative in the hills. At dusk, in a pelting rain, a rebel captain with a beard like a swarm of bees came slipping and sliding down the mountain on a mule. He paused at the stable where a group of tired journalists had strung their hammocks. Fidel, he said, had handed him 150,000 pesos—which is equal to $150,000—and told him to go immediately to the flatlands to buy cows for the people.

"No bulls?" somebody asked.

"One bull for each twenty-five cows," the bearded rebel said. "Fidel thinks of everything." He flogged the mule, which was not much larger than a goat, and set off over the mountain alone in the darkness and the rain, carrying the 150,000 pesos.

That night from the dirt floor beneath the hammocks, where a group of mountain men were sleeping on beds of palm fronds, there came a sputter of Spanish. A bilingual journalist in a hammock began to laugh. "They are complaining," he said in English. "They thought Fidel was going to fly over, dropping money from a plane."

The disillusionment of the mountain men, who were to receive cows instead of cash, was nothing to the anguish the landowners suffered when they read, in detail, the provision of Castro's law dividing up the land. Some land reform had been expected. Under the old pattern of ownership, a few hundred hereditary owners, and foreign investors, owned nearly three fourths of the Cuban farmland. More than 200,000 families owned no land at all. They were squatters, tenants, sharecroppers and wandering laborers, whose lives were tuned to the cycle of the sugar harvest. In the three months of the *zafra*—the cutting of the cane—they worked in the fields at three dollars a day. There were so many hands seeking work, however, no man could expect to work every day. If he was lucky, he went to the fields one day out of every two or three. His income, therefore, ranged from $90 to $150 for the time of harvest. On this he must feed and clothe and shelter his family for the nine months of the *tiempo muerto*—the dead time—when there were no jobs. Nobody actually starved during the dead time, for there was always a coconut to be found, or a breadfruit, or a relative who would share a dish of rice and beans. But a man was always gaunt from hunger.

Under this system the country man had shriveled. He was, a survey made by the Catholic Church discovered, thirteen pounds lighter than his city brother and an inch shorter in height. He died earlier, though not from hard work, for he had too little work to do, but from tuberculosis and the intestinal parasites that drained him of his strength. In fifty years of freedom, Cuba, the survey showed, had developed the highest standard of living in Latin America. But this standard was still only a third as high as that of the poorest and most backward of the North American states.

The great landowners had waited "with their quills up, like frightened porcupines," knowing that some reform must come. The operators of the great American sugar farms were troubled, but fairly calm. They knew that most of their approximately 2,000,000 acres of sugar lands were vulnerable. But they had noted hopefully that Castro, since his return from the States, had toned down his sharp attack on his neighbor to the north. He no longer spoke of "international oligarchies" and "colonial exploiters." No longer, also, did he refer bitterly to the fact that the napalm and the bombs that Batista's planes had dropped on rebel hide-outs had been provided by the United States, nor to the fact that our ambassadors had remained friendly to Batista long after his high crimes and misdemeanors had become known. The wave of anti-Americanism that had flared in Cuba in the first days of Castro's triumph had swiftly ebbed. His friendly welcome in the States had mollified him, it seemed.

The American sugar interests, therefore, had reason to hope that the land law, as it applied to them, would be a reasonable one. The reality left them stunned.

The law ended foreign ownership of cane-producing lands. It required foreign and Cuban millowners to sell their cane lands, and it prohibited foreigners, in the future, from owning agricultural lands. It subjected to expropriation some 9,999,000 acres of land, of all types, owned both by Cubans and by foreigners. And, worst blow of all, it provided not prompt and reasonable payment, but payment in 4½ per cent peso bonds, to be retired over a period of twenty years. Nor was compensation to be based on actual value of the land, but on the value at which it

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had been returned for taxes in the past. The land thus taken over was to be divided among the tenants, the squatters, the sharecroppers and the itinerant day laborers who had worked it—a "vital minimum" of sixty-seven acres to each family.

In New York a spokesman for the sugar companies was almost incoherent in his rage. This, he said, was confiscation. It was Communism. It was lunacy, and the United States Congress, which sets Cuba's sugar quota, should take action.

In Cuba, cattlemen, coffee growers and tobacco farmers, among them men who had fought with Castro in the hills and who considered themselves as dedicated revolutionaries as Castro himself, were equally as violent in their protests.

"If Fidel goes wrong—and he is wrong in this," one bewhiskered rebel said, "I will be the first to go to the hills to fight him."

Castro, in the face of the rising storm, was adamant. "We will not change a comma of the law," he said. "Cuba is no longer dedicated solely to the service of her millionaires." Later he ordered the government to "intervene"—that is, to take over the cattle lands.

It was the letter, not the spirit, of the law which aroused the greatest criticism. It is to be administered by an Agrarian Reform Institute, whose president is Mr. Castro, but whose director is a rebel subchieftain, Capt. Antonio Nuñez Jiménez, who is known to be a dedicated leftist and believed by many to be a Communist. Under the law the institute would supervise the sale, exchange, division, and even the inheritance of the land. To help the inexperienced peasant operate his property, the institute would set up co-operatives, to dispense tractors, seeds, fertilizers, warehouse space, loans and technical aid.

How this great reform, and all the other good things which have been promised the people will be financed does not seem to perturb Castro, nor his treasury minister, Mr. Lopez Fresquet. The till was nearly empty when the revolutionary government came in, but, stirred by mingled emotions of fear and patriotism, taxpayers in great numbers have been reporting, shamefacedly, that they had made grievous errors in their tax returns in the past. This windfall of conscience money poured nearly $120,000,000, in excess of last year's collections, into the treasury in the past six months. Many big companies paid their 1959 taxes in advance to help tide the new government over, and some $20,000,000 found in the safe-deposit boxes of Batista's followers was confiscated. Another $20,000,000 came in as outright gifts to the land-reform program from school children, clerks, workers and employers. Most of this was spent by the donors themselves, to purchase tractors, plows, harrows and seed drills, which are now proudly displayed in show windows and vacant lots.

How the government will finance the great school, health and public-works programs of the future, if the predicted blight falls upon the land as a result of Castro's disruption of the sugar economy, is another matter. Castro, who seems to have a most un-Cuban distaste for gambling, believes he can double the $100,000,000 tourist trade by selling Cuba, not as a Las Vegas for gamblers, but as a beautiful and happy land where the middle-class American would want to bring his wife and family. Merely by spending tax money honestly, more than $100,000,000 a year will be saved, he argues. The little man who never paid taxes before will become a taxpayer, he says, once he owns his own land and is producing not only for his own subsistence but also for the market.

Cuba's tangled tax laws in the past were a loophole lawyer's dream. The new tax laws, according to the Columbia-educated Mr. Lopez Fresquet, who drew them up, are simpler and presumably much tougher to evade.

In both Mr. Castro's land reform and his economic measures, many conservative Cubans see a strong resemblance to the economic leveling processes practiced by the Soviet Union. Few though, other than the angriest, will accuse Castro of being a Communist, nor do they believe that Cuba is in any immediate danger of turning Red. The Catholic Church, which keeps a sharp and baleful eye on the Communists, estimates that they are weaker today than they have been in twenty years, and that under their present aging and discredited leadership, they constitute no great threat. They have lost their grip on the labor unions, in elections which saw 90 per cent of the important posts going to Twenty-sixth of July candidates, and their efforts to swing onto the coattails of the revolution have been rebuffed by Castro, who still remembers bitterly that Red labor leaders failed to support his call for a general strike in 1958.

"Fidel is no Communist, nor can he ever be," one Cuban said. "A Communist must accept the discipline of the party. Fidel cannot accept discipline from anybody."

Be this as it may, Castro obviously listens to men of strongly radical views, including his brother Raul, who commands the armed forces, and the Argentine revolutionary, "Che" Guevara. Many others of his close associates are strongly anti-American and leftist in their political views, though their attitudes seem to stem more from a fiery nationalistic pride than from Red indoctrination.

The land reform is anti-Communistic in concept, for it will make of each peasant a capitalist in miniature. To give a man land, however, and then forbid him to sell it, mortgage it or divide it among his sons, and to strictly supervise his use of it, does violence to the basic idea. To many thoughtful Cubans this is, at best, state socialism. At worst it is collectivism in the Soviet pattern.

"Fidel has said that his is not a Red revolution, it is an olive-green revolution," wrote the conservative *Diario de la Marina's* sharp-tongued columnist, "Volcano." Actually, "it is a watermelon revolution, green on the outside, red on the inside."

Before the land law divided the country, Cuba had lived in a state of happiness bordering on euphoria. In every little village there was a burgeoning spirit of hope, of anticipation, a certainty that the future would be bright. Citizens painted their houses, weeded their yards, planted flowers. Mayors ordered potholed streets paved, sewer lines laid down, water systems established. Sometimes, in their zeal, they had every street in town torn up at once, bringing traffic to a halt. Hospitals that were pesthouses under Batista, lacking medicines, mattresses and equipment, found that by calling on Castro's government at Havana they could acquire these things. Mayors asked for cement mixers, mosquito-spray machines and garbage trucks—and got them. Teams of doctors and nurses, sent out by the government, went into areas of rural Cuba where neither doctor nor nurse had ever been seen before. Young Catholic students, calling themselves Rural Commandos, walked and rode, by horse and muleback, into the roadless mountains, teaching the people basic rules of health and sanitation, making a survey of their needs, and reporting to the government.

The people, in the beginning, believed in Castro and his dream of a new Cuba. The powerful hierarchy of the church held high hopes for his reforms.

"Agrarian reform," said Monsignor Evelio Diaz, the auxiliary bishop of Havana, "falls clearly within the spirit and sense of Christian social justice that has been defended by the Popes. Let each of us who profess to be Christians ask ourselves if we can live with a clear conscience in the face of so much misery that surrounds our less-fortunate brethren. In the light of Christian charity the least we can do is to give a helping hand to those who now are undertaking the task of alleviating these people's plight by means of agrarian reform."

There is little feeling of Christian charity today in the hearts of those whose lands are to be taken by the state. Their opposition is vociferous. Time will tell whether it is also strong enough to bring down Castro's government. If that should happen, Cuba inevitably will be drenched in blood again, and the whole hemisphere will be the weaker for her failure. For Castro's revolution set hopes ablaze throughout all Latin America. If he can succeed in bringing peace, prosperity and democratic government in Cuba, other dictators—including, perhaps, the most solidly entrenched of them all, Mr. Trujillo, the feudal baron of the Dominican Republic—soon may be driven from their palaces.

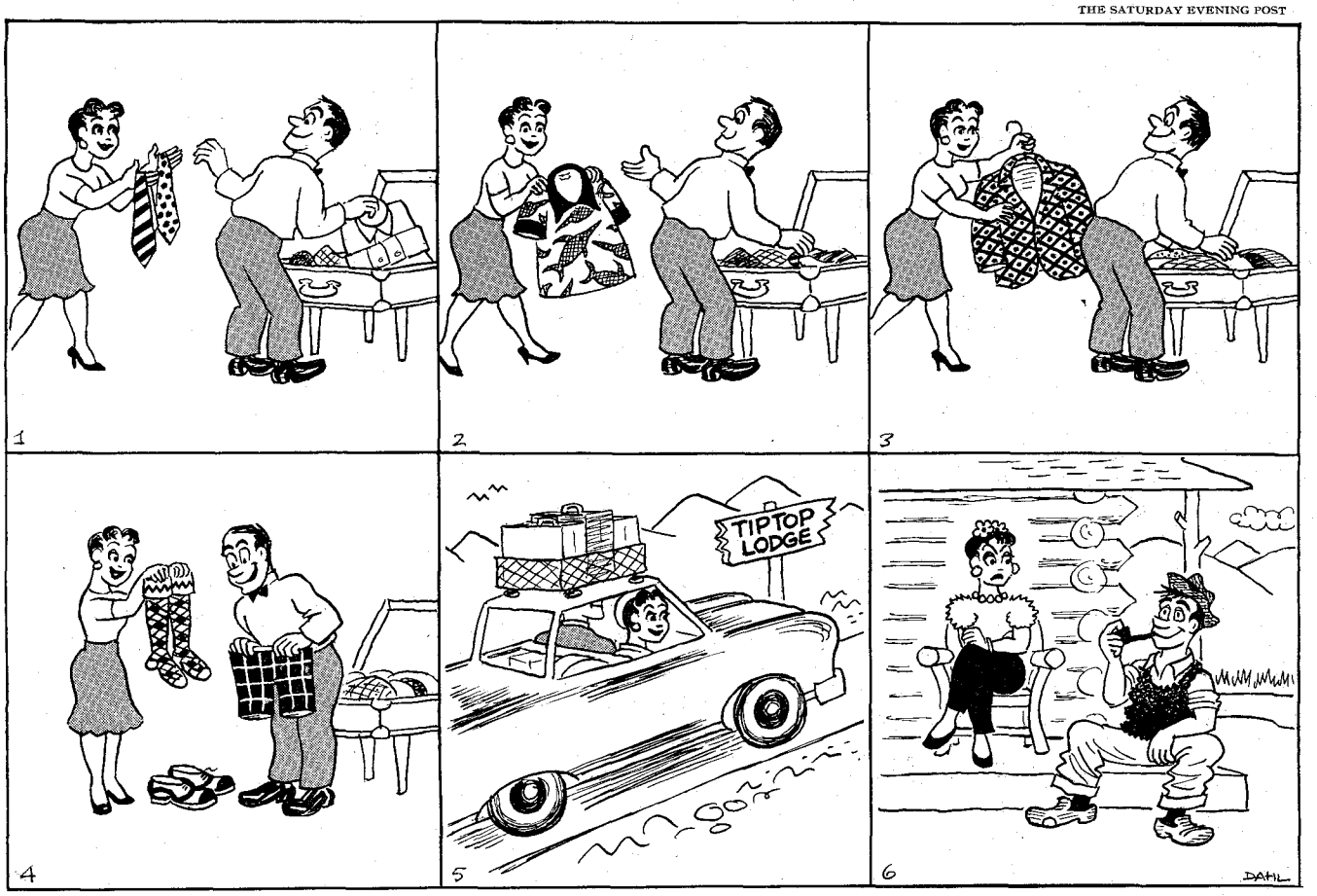
Castro has said that Cuba's destiny is to export not revolutions, but revolutionary ideas. In Miami, New York and Washington, though, wherever the hopeful Dominican and Nicaraguan exiles gather to plot and plan the liberation of their countries, they know that Cuba is friendly to their cause. Already exile armies, allegedly trained on Cuban soil, have made the first abortive moves against the Dominican dictator.

If Castro fails, as well he may—if he is killed, or in frustration kills himself, as his political idol, Eduardo Chibas, did in 1951, or if opposition to his measures forces him to become just another strong man in the ancient pattern—then the slow progress of democratic government in the Caribbean will have been set back a generation. No one yet can say which way the cards will fall.

"Not long ago," a troubled Cuban said, "when a man lifted his glass to toast a friend, he said, '*Tomar á mañana*'—Drink to tomorrow. It was a happy toast. Today he says, '*Pobreza con dignidad*'—Poverty with dignity. His friend may answer, '*Hambre con esperanza*'—Hunger with hope. There is a difference in spirit, as you can see." THE END

THE GREENWOODS **By Dahl**

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST



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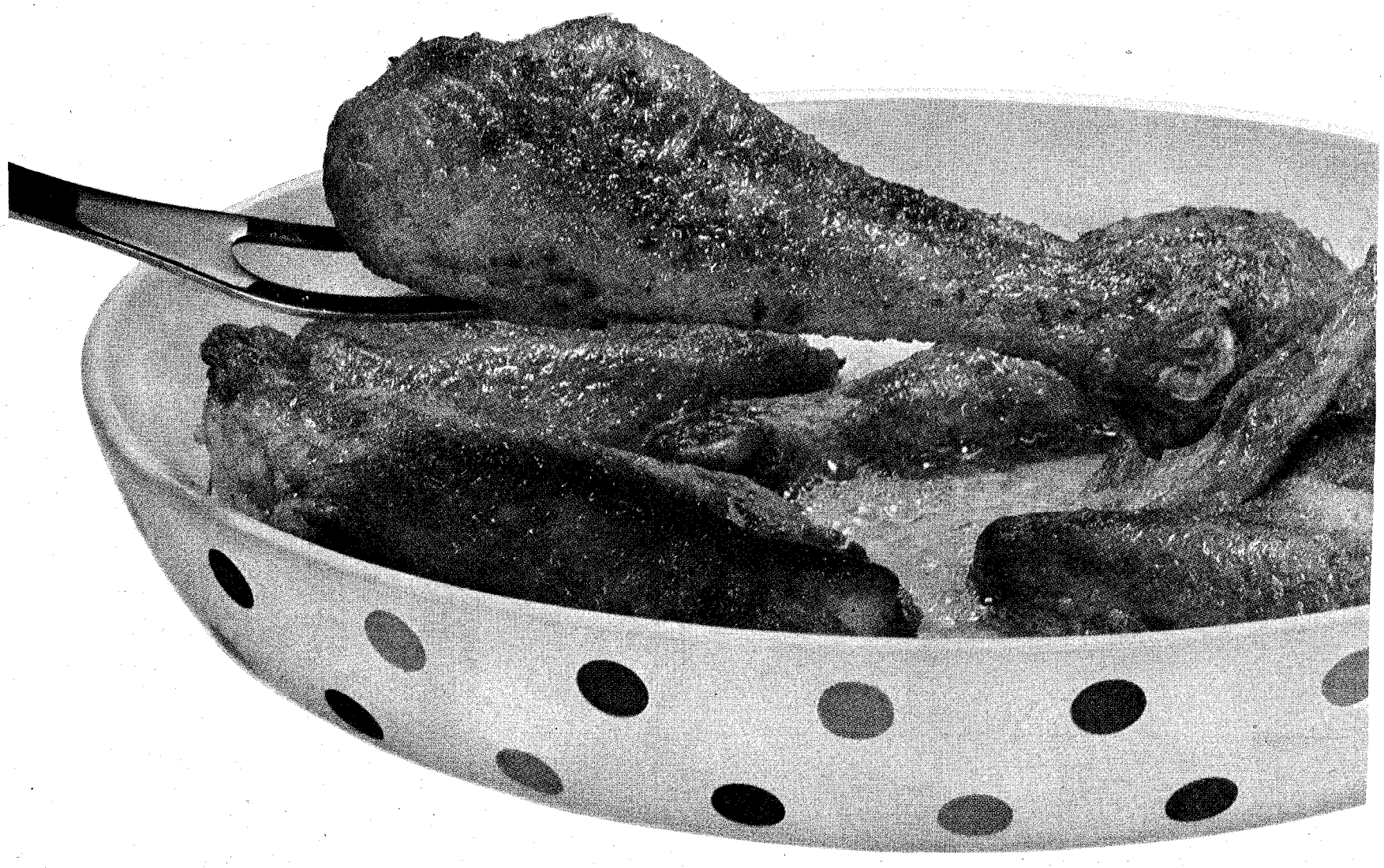

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Little Joe on Trial (Continued from Page 31)

The lawyer was a tall, thin man, dressed in funereal black. His manner was funereal too. He had a cadaverously sallow face and a long neck with a very prominent Adam's apple.

At least, Joe reflected, he had no reason to feel apologetic about the kids' appearance. Babe was as pretty as a doll in her fluffy, light blue dress with the matching blue ribbon in her fair hair. She held tightly to Joe's hand, being a shy little thing at any time, and conscious now of the stares of the crowd. She was frightened, too, because the magistrate might make them give Champ back to Bill Housman. Little Joe was more angry and defiant than frightened. His usually unruly hair—black, like his pop's—had been plastered down with water. Too much water, Big Joe thought, observing drops of moisture on the boy's neck and forehead.

As they took their seats beside Lawyer Bennett at a table near the front, Little Joe scowled at Bill Housman, who sat with his slick city lawyer at the plaintiff's table opposite. Steve Connelly was there also, ready to swear to whatever lies Bill Housman told the court.

Until the previous Saturday, Housman had not even known that Champ was alive. Everything had been serene and peaceful when Housman drove in to Joe's place that morning. The only thing Joe had cause to grumble about was that they had picked what threatened to be a blistering-hot day for the branding. The first batch of calves had been herded into the corral and Good Enough, Uncle Pete's saddle horse, was resting from his exertions, grateful for the bands of shade which the corral poles laid along his buckskin flanks.

Babe and Little Joe appeared from back of the stable, leading their pet calf. They called him Champ and, long-yearling though he was, he followed them like a big, mild-mannered dog because the kids had babied and petted him ever since they first found him, almost dead from exposure, after a spring blizzard. He was handsome now—deep-bodied and broad in the back, with short legs and meaty thighs. "A real nice hunk of Hereford," Uncle Pete called him. With the kids leading him—Babe blond and blue-eyed, dainty even in slacks and shirt; Little Joe dark and sturdy like his pop—the three of them made as pretty a picture, Big Joe thought proudly, as you would see on a calendar or the cover of the mail-order catalogue.

The kids were not normally squeamish about the necessary, brief pain that all calves had to suffer in the branding. In the case of Champ, however, they were nervous.

"Don't you dare hurt him, Uncle Pete!" Babe warned.

"Hell, Baby! He won't hardly feel it," Uncle Pete growled. His asthma was bothering him that morning and it made him more grumpy than usual. He was squatting on his haunches, poking at the small fire in which the branding irons were heating. Scrunched down that way, his scrawny figure seemed not much bigger than Little Joe's. Under his ragged hatbrim his eyes showed red and bleary. He scowled when he noticed Bill Housman's long, sleek convertible rolling grandly to a stop nearby.

"Keep your eye on the stock, Joe," he called, making his harsh voice deliberately loud. "There's a cattle thief snoopin' around."

"Pipe down!" Big Joe scolded.

Bill Housman was the wealthy owner of the Circle H Ranch which bordered Joe's lease on the south. But for all his wealth he was a fellow that you had to watch all the time. Joe had little respect for Housman as a man, but he figured that neighbors were not so plentiful that you could afford to go out of your way to quarrel with the ones you had.

With no more than a scornful glance at Pete, Housman opened the car door and sort of rolled out. He was a big and burly red-faced man who affected a loud and jovial manner, but was nevertheless a mean man to cross.

"Hi there, kids!" he boomed at Babe and Little Joe. . . ."Howdy, Joe! I noticed you was brandin' so I thought I better stop in for a look. Pete's mighty careless about whose calves he puts a hot iron on."

Joe bristled, not liking such talk in front of the kids. Before he could frame an angry reply, however, Housman said, "I was only kiddin', Joe. What I really came to see you about ——"

"*Now* what do you think of the calf you gave us, Mr. Housman?" Babe interrupted, one arm thrown fondly across Champ's neck.

... ...

It's a Constant Battle!

Left to his own devices
Regarding his hands and face,
I fear our son (aged seven)
Would be a soapless case.

Ruth Chadwick

... ...

"I—I which?" Housman gave a swift, incredulous sizing up of the calf.

"Don't you remember how Little Joe and I found him in the snow? With his mother and brother?"

"It can't be that calf!" Housman said. "I never thought ——"

"You never thought he'd live," Uncle Pete jeered. "So you give him to the kids—for a reward, you said."

Any time that Bill Housman gave something away you could be sure that it was something he considered worthless. Indeed, Big Joe had been sore about it at the time. If Housman had wanted to reward the kids for something which, after all, had been no more than a neighborly act, a dollar, or even two bits, would have been plenty. Whereas giving them a calf that was obviously dying was worse than cheap. It was cruel, because it would break their hearts when the calf died in spite of their feverish efforts to save its life.

The way it happened, a blizzard had blown up just at calving time. And the day after the storm Babe and Little Joe took it into their heads to go sleigh riding. They roped their homemade toboggan to the horn of Good Enough's saddle and started out, with Babe on the sleigh and Little Joe riding the horse. They were crossing the old Kennedy place, which now formed part of their pop's grazing lease, when Little Joe noticed a coyote sitting on its haunches on a knoll a hundred yards or so to the right. He turned the horse in that direction, whereupon the coyote got up off its haunches and loped slowly away, disappearing down the far side of the knoll.

"He wasn't just settin' there. He was watchin' somethin'," Little Joe reasoned.

When they reached the top of the knoll they discovered the object of the coyote's interest. At the bottom of the farther slope there was an old excavation that had once been Tom Kennedy's dugout stable. A cow was lying in the hole, half buried in snow.

"Looks like she's dead," Little Joe said. "But if she was, the coyote wouldn't have waited."

Babe jumped off the toboggan and hurried down the slope. "There's a calf here!" she called shrilly. "Two calves!"

The calves had identical Hereford markings. But one was huddled in the snow beside its mother while the other was standing up. It looked forlornly up at them as Little Joe joined his sister.

"It's a Circle H cow," Little Joe said.

Sometimes a young heifer would go sort of loco when it came time to drop her first calf. This one apparently had wandered away in the storm, broken through the barbwire fence and eventually fallen into the hole. Lying helpless there in the snow, she had given birth to twin calves.

"We'd better get Bill Housman," Little Joe said.

They untied the toboggan, and Babe climbed on the horse behind her brother. A half hour later, with Good Enough heaving and blowing from struggling through the snowdrifts, they arrived at the Housman ranch house and told their breathless tale. Housman and Steve Connelly, one of his cowhands, waited only to put chains on the wheels of a pickup truck and then they all set out, with the kids riding in the truck box, leading Good Enough.

"The cow's laig is broke, an' she's as good as dead, Bill," Steve Connelly said after examining the heifer. "Looks like we can save this one calf, though."

At a nod from Housman, Steve lifted the perkier calf into the truck and covered it with a horse blanket.

"Aren't you going to take the other calf?" Babe asked anxiously.

"Tell you what, kids," Housman answered, with a sly wink over their heads at Steve Connelly, "I got a mind to give you that calf for a reward. If it hadn't been for you, I'd of lost both calves, as well as the heifer."

The kids were overwhelmed by what they took to be Housman's generosity.

"Thanks, Mr. Housman!" they cried.

After the men had gone they managed to drag the poor, weak calf out of the hole and onto the toboggan. They took off their coats and wrapped them around the calf. Then they started for home, Babe riding the horse, and Little Joe walking beside the toboggan to keep the calf from sliding off.

"Crazy kids!" Big Joe scolded when they finally reached home. "You'll catch pneumonia or somethin', takin' your coats off that way. The calf wasn't worth bringin' home anyway. It's practic'ly dead, looks like."

"Otherwise Housman wouldn't of give it to you," Uncle Pete said.

The eager look faded from the kids' eyes, leaving their faces pinched and woebegone. But then Little Joe rallied. He was never one to give up easily. He was stubborn that way, like his pop.

"We won't let it die," he declared. "Me an' Babe will nurse it."

Little Joe bedded the calf in clean straw and covered it with a blanket while Babe scampered to the house to warm some milk. The calf would not drink, so Little Joe held its head up while Babe poured the milk down its throat. It was pathetic to watch them, knowing how hopeless it all was. They always went overboard for any young and motherless creature they found—more so than most kids, Big Joe sometimes thought, because they had lost their own mother.

One of them stayed with the calf while the other went (*Continued on Page 46*)

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The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

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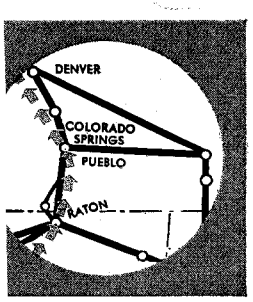
Red Ball Motor Freight of Dallas, Texas, reports standout tire savings on one of the toughest truck runs in the states:



"The toughest part of our runs from various points in Texas to Denver is through Raton Pass—*where the going is rugged and the grades steep.*

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"Yes, the Cross-Rib can take it. And talk about traction! More than once our trucks have come through heavily drifted snow on the Pass with no difficulty.

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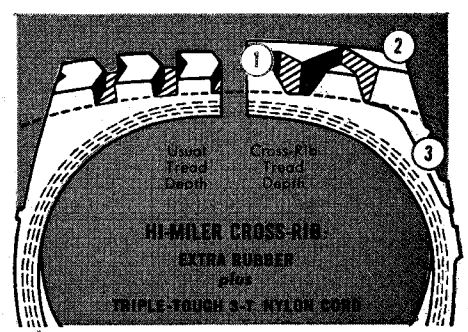

① 60% thicker nonskid tread! ② Cooler-running tread design. ③ Triple-Tough 3-T NYLON Cord. (Goodyear triple-tempers Nylon cord in an exclusive process involving Tension, Temperature and Time, to make it TRIPLE-TOUGH — for longest tire life, most recaps, lowest cost-per-mile!)

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(*Continued from Page 44*) to the house for supper. Then they both sat beside it, watching over it anxiously by lantern light until at last Big Joe made them go to bed.

"Let him rest now. He'll be better by mornin'," he said. He expected that the calf would be dead long before morning and he planned to dispose of it before the kids got up.

But they—and the calf—fooled him. The kids got up before he was even awake. They hurried out to the stable and found the calf actually standing up on its own wobbly legs. And when they put him with the foster mother they had picked for him, he took breakfast as heartily as the cow's own calf.

"I can't hardly believe it!" Joe muttered as he and Uncle Pete stood watching the delighted antics of the kids.

"Wouldn't Housman be sore if he could see that calf now!" Uncle Pete chuckled hoarsely.

And, last Saturday, Pete had a chance to rub it in, enjoying to the full the look of chagrin on Housman's red, heavy-jowled face. With the idea of needling Housman still more, Uncle Pete said, "I guess we'll put our brand on Champ first of all, kids."

Housman roused himself then. "Don't you put no Cross-Bar brand on that calf!" he said.

"An' why not?" Uncle Pete taunted.

"Because it's my calf, that's why."

"What do'ye mean, *your* calf?" Big Joe demanded. "You gave him to Baby an' Little Joe."

"I didn't do no such a thing. An' I got Steve Connelly to prove it. The kids must've misunderstood me."

It was such a brazen lie that Joe was speechless for a moment. Then, roused by the kids' gasps of consternation, he said thickly, "You're lyin', Housman." Steve Connelly would naturally back up his employer's lie, but Joe did not doubt the kids' story for a moment. "Anyway," he said, "you got to admit that you abandoned the calf."

Housman had a quick comeback.

"In law," he said, "abandonment don't necessarily mean loss of ownership. But we can reason this out without goin' to law about it, Joe. I'd be willin' to pay the kids somethin'—say, five dollars apiece—for takin' care of the calf."

"We don't want money," Babe cried indignantly. "We just want Champ."

"You're a cheap chiseler, Housman," Big Joe said.

"He always was," Uncle Pete put in.

"O.K.," Housman answered abruptly. "I was tryin' to be reasonable. The calf's mine, so I'll get him back for nothin'."

"You wanta bet on that?" gibed Uncle Pete. "I got twenty-five bucks says you'll never git him."

"O.K., sucker," Housman sneered. "I'll leave the money with Paul Brinker, in town, if you want to cover it. Meantime I'm warnin' you. You put a brand on that calf, you're goin' to be in real trouble."

"He's just bluffin'," Uncle Pete said as they watched Housman's convertible rocket away along the road to town.

"He didn't act like he was bluffin'," Big Joe said uneasily. "If I was you, Pete, I wouldn't bet no money. An' we better leave Champ unbranded until we find out where we're at."

It turned out that Housman was not bluffing. He sued for recovery of the calf. But Uncle Pete was still confident of the outcome. He duly deposited twenty-five dollars with Paul Brinker, of the Sanford Garage. "I'm bettin' that Housman will never git the calf the kids call Champ," he stipulated. "An' I'd rather take Housman's money than anybody else's I know."

Overnight, almost, the case became the talk of the town and countryside. Nobody but Housman, people said, would be so mean as to demand the return of a gift when the gift turned out to be valuable instead of worthless. And, since Housman was generally disliked, most people chuckled at the way the calf and Joe's kids had fooled him.

But Lawyer Bennett had been dubious from the start.

"We've got only the kids' story about Housman giving them the calf," he said. "Against the sworn testimony of two adults, that story may not stand up."

"So what?" Big Joe snorted. "Housman left the calf to die."

"It can be argued," the lawyer replied, "that, without a declaration before witnesses of an intention to abandon, Housman still owns the calf."

"That's crazy!" Joe protested.

Lawyer Bennett shrugged.

"Let's hope we can make the gift story stick," he said. But he did not seem very confident about being able to do it.

Joe was uneasy, therefore, as he sat in the crowded courtroom. Babe and Little Joe would take it hard if the court awarded the yearling to Housman. Uncle Pete would lose his twenty-five dollars, too, but that would be Pete's own fault. He should have had more sense than to bet against a cunning rogue like Housman.

The hum of voices and shuffling of feet quieted suddenly as Magistrate Kendall entered. He was a rotund little man with a bloated face and a liverish look in his eyes. He looked to Joe like a man who had had a bad night and anticipated a disagreeable day.

Housman's lawyer was a city man. He wore a natty gray suit and, in contrast to Lawyer Bennett, he was quick in his movements and sharp of voice and eye. He called Housman to the stand and drew from him the Housman version of the story:

Housman and Steve Connelly had found the cow in a dying condition. It was hopeless also, they had decided, to attempt to save the calf that lay in the snow beside the cow. Housman had not seen that calf again until the previous Saturday, when he discovered Joe and Pete about to put their brand on it.

Lawyer Bennett cross-examined. He got only a vigorous denial from Housman that the latter had given the calf to Babe and Little Joe.

"Why would I give them a calf that was so near dead that I wouldn't bother to take it home myself?" he scoffed.

"For a reward, you said," Little Joe burst out. And, before Big Joe could stop her, Babe cried reproachfully, "That's what you said, Mr. Housman."

"Silence!" roared the magistrate, banging his gavel. He gave the kids such a vitriolic look that Babe quailed. Her eyes filled with tears.

"Never you mind, Baby," Big Joe whispered hoarsely, scowling over her head at the magistrate. "He had no call to holler that way. But in court you mustn't say nothin' except a lawyer asks you a question."

As was to be expected, Steve Connelly corroborated Housman's story in every particular and could not be shaken. At least Lawyer Bennett was unable to shake him. Joe thought that a more aggressive man, like Housman's lawyer, might have done so.

Joe himself, as the first defense witness, told of the kids' bringing home the calf and how, to his own surprise, the calf had survived the night and had grown stronger with each passing day. This was a point which Housman's lawyer seized upon in cross-examination.

"You admit that you did not expect the calf to live through the night," he said.

"That's right."

"And yet—" here the lawyer threw a significant glance at the magistrate "—and yet you ask the court to believe that the plaintiff gave this dying calf to your kids?"

"That's what he did."

"Ridiculous!" scoffed the lawyer, with another meaningful side glance at Magistrate Kendall. "Honestly, now, does that seem to you like something a man would do?"

"Only a man like Housman," Joe answered bluntly. "He don't give away nothin' that's any good."

Titters and chuckles and a few outright guffaws showed that the spectators appreciated the truth of Joe's statement. But the magistrate banged his gavel to silence the outburst.

"That's all," said Housman's lawyer, with the air of a man who knew he had made his point.

With some misgivings Lawyer Bennett called Little Joe to the stand. In a clear voice the boy told how he and Babe had found the cow and her calves and had called Housman and Steve Connelly to the scene. He insisted that Housman had given them the apparently lifeless calf, "for a reward." It was obvious that, for most people in the room, the boy's story had the ring of truth. But the magistrate seemed in no way impressed. Most of the time he kept doodling with a pencil as if utterly bored.

Housman's lawyer rose to cross-examine.

"You don't look like a boy who would tell a deliberate lie," he began in a pleasant voice. Then in a friendly way he took Little Joe over his testimony, point by point. Little Joe was still bitter toward Housman, but he began to feel that the lawyer wasn't "so bad."

"You don't remember Mr. Housman's exact words about giving you the calf?" he asked.

"Maybe not the exact words," Little Joe admitted guilelessly. "But he said that me an' Babe could have it."

"He said, 'You can have it?'"

"Somethin' like that."

"Now, you're old enough to know how people often say, 'You can have it!' when they're disgusted about something. As, for instance, you might say to me, 'How do you like this hot weather?' And I would probably answer, 'You can have it!' So Mr. Housman might have said it about the cow and the calf."

"It wasn't that way at all," Little Joe answered. "What he said ——"

"All he said was, 'You can have it!' And you and your sister thought he meant to give the calf to you."

The lawyer went on in that vein, overriding Little Joe's attempts to set him right. He had the air of a patient man, charitably willing to believe that the kid was not actually lying, but had merely misunderstood. Pretty soon Little Joe got so impatient and angry that he started contradicting himself. All the while Big Joe fumed and suffered, watching the boy suffer.

"Even if we lose the case," he told Lawyer Bennett, "I ain't goin' to let Baby go through anything like this."

"It wouldn't help anyway," Lawyer Bennett said gloomily.

After that it was soon over. Housman's lawyer summed up deftly. He pointed out that little kids often misunderstood things they heard grownups say. Obviously Babe and Little Joe had done so in this instance. For it was incredible that his client would have given away a calf so nearly dead that the defendant himself had admitted the fact. The lawyer emphasized— and quoted precedents to support his point—that the calf still belonged to Housman even though the latter had abandoned it. And the magistrate found for the plaintiffs so promptly that he must have had his mind made up long before.

Joe sat quite still, ignoring Housman's triumphant grin, trying to summon up words of consolation for the kids while the courtroom slowly emptied.

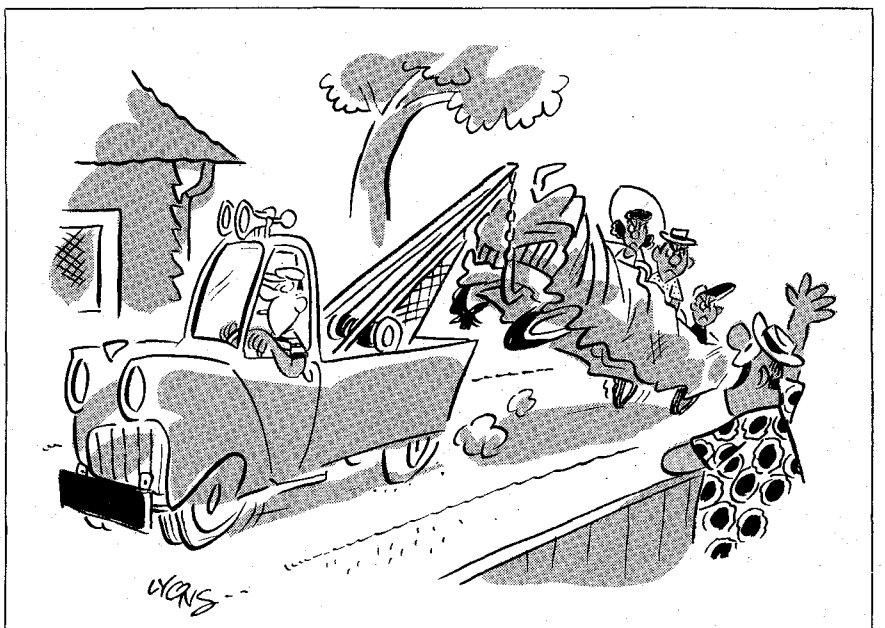
"But they lied, pop!" Little Joe cried bitterly.

"So what?" Big Joe answered. "We didn't tell no lies. So we got nothin' on our conscience."

"We ain't got Champ, neither," Little Joe said.

Joe wondered how he could make the boy understand that honesty is its own reward, with the glaring example before them of Housman making dishonesty pay. "One thing you gotta learn—there's all kinds of people in the world. Like the fellow said, it takes all kinds, good an' bad," he argued. But it did not sound very convincing or comforting.

Babe did not say a word. She just sat beside him, with tears trickling slowly down her cheeks. By and by Joe led them outside. Most of the crowd had dispersed, but on the courthouse steps they found Bill Housman in angry argument with Paul Brinker. (*Continued on Page 48*)



"How was the vacation?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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(*Continued from Page 46*) "I just won the case, didn't I?" Housman demanded.

"The way the bet was made," Brinker answered, "I'm to pay you the money when you get the calf called Champ. And Pete says you still can't have him."

Housman turned angrily on Joe. "What's that crazy Pete up to?" he snapped.

Joe did not know, but he hoped fervently that Pete would not make more trouble by defying the court.

"Where is Pete?" he asked Paul Brinker.

"He took off for home with Mark Parsons in Mark's car," Brinker answered.

"I'm comin' after that calf, Joe," Housman warned. "I guess I better bring a policeman with me."

"Maybe you better had," Joe said. He turned away, leading the kids by the hand. Little Joe had perked up noticeably.

"Uncle Pete won't let Champ go," he said.

"Listen, son," Big Joe answered; "the court says the calf belongs to Housman. You can't argue with the court or you get put in jail."

He had some groceries to buy, but he hurried, being anxious to get home to stop Uncle Pete from going completely haywire. When he and the kids arrived, Housman and Steve Connelly were pulling into the farmyard in a big red truck with the Circle H brand painted in yellow on the cab door. Constable McCartney, from Sanford, was already on hand.

"Pete doesn't seem to be here," the constable told them.

But just then Pete and Mark Parsons came around the corner of the stable, leading Champ. Babe and Little Joe instantly ran to the calf and began crooning tearfully over him, with many a hostile look at Bill Housman.

"Now look, Pete," Big Joe said, "Housman's a liar, but the magistrate believed his lies. It won't do no good to go ag'in a court order."

"Who's goin' ag'in it?" Uncle Pete answered.

"You are!" Housman charged. "You told Paul Brinker I can't have the calf."

"The court says you still own the calf the kids found," Uncle Pete said. "So you can have it if you want it."

"Well then, what ——"

"But Champ ain't the calf," Pete said.

"It ain't!" Big Joe and Housman shouted in unison.

Uncle Pete turned to Constable McCartney. "Me an' Mark started to dig Housman's calf outta the manure pile where I buried it the night it died," he said. "But we didn't git finished before you folks got here.

"I didn't want the kids to feel bad, see," he explained. "So I got another fresh-born calf that looked as near like the dead calf as I could find. The kids didn't notice the difference. An' the other day Housman didn't notice either. He was so riled at the thought he'd given somethin' valuable away that he couldn't think of nothin' else.

"Now, Housman testified his twin calves had identical markin's. If he wants to finish diggin' up the dead calf so you can check the hide with his twin, you'll find they're identical. Whereas Champ's got a little more white on his neck."

Constable McCartney looked inquiringly at Housman. But the Circle H owner, after inspecting Champ's markings, had the crushed look of a man who knew he was licked. After a moment the kids got the drift of it.

"Hooray!" Little Joe shrieked.

"You're still ours, Champ!" Babe cried, hugging the calf's neck ecstatically.

Big Joe was glad, too, of course, but he was also annoyed. "Why'n't you say so before, Pete?" he scolded. "Then we needn't have had a trial."

"But Housman wouldn't have made no bet," Pete pointed out slyly. "Besides, I didn't want the kids to know about Champ bein' a different calf from the one they brought home. An', to tell the truth, I didn't really think Housman would win the case. He turned out to be a better liar than I gave him credit for."

It left Big Joe still wondering where Pete had got the substitute calf. During calving time Pete usually stayed up at nights to keep an eye on any young heifers that were due. One of them might have had twin calves, so that all Pete would have had to do would be to use one of the twins as a substitute for the calf that died. Still and all, with a man like Pete, you never could tell.

Apparently Housman had the same idea, for all at once he demanded suspiciously, "Where'd you git the calf called Champ? If the truth was known, it's likely my calf too."

Pete grinned brazenly. "Try an' prove it!" he taunted.

The Love Letter (Continued from Page 16)

willing to say it! Heart of mine, I crave your bold glance, I long for the tender warmth of your look; I welcome your ardency, and prize it; for what else should these be taken but sweet tribute to me?

I smiled a little; it was hard to believe that people had once expressed themselves in elaborate phrasings of this kind, but they had. The letter continued, and I wondered why it had never been sent:

Dear one: Do not ever change your ways. Never address me other than with what consideration my utterances should deserve. If I be foolish and whimsical, deride me sweetly if you will. But if I speak with seriousness, respond always with what care you deem my thoughts worthy. For, oh my beloved, I am sick to death of the indulgent smile and tolerant glance with which a woman's fancies are met. As I am repelled by the false gentleness and nicety of manner which too often ill conceal the wantonness they attempt to mask. I speak of the man I am to marry; if you could but save me from that!

But you cannot. You are everything I prize; warmly and honestly ardent, respectful in heart as well as in manner, true and loving. You are as I wish you to be—for you exist only in my mind. But figment though you are, and though I shall never see your like, you are more dear to me than he to whom I am betrothed.

I think of you constantly. I dream of you. I speak with you, in my mind and heart; would you existed outside them! Sweetheart, good night; dream of me, too.

With all my love, I am,
your HELEN

At the bottom of the page, as I'm sure she'd been taught in school, was written, "Miss Helen Elizabeth Worley, Brooklyn, New York," and as I stared down at it now I was no longer smiling at this cry from the heart in the middle of a long-ago night.

The night is a strange time when you're alone in it, the rest of your world asleep. If I'd found that letter in the daytime, I'd have smiled and shown it to a few friends, then forgotten it. But alone here now, a window partly open, a cool late-at-night freshness stirring the quiet air—it was impossible to think of the girl who had written this letter as a very old lady, or maybe long since dead. As I read her words, she seemed real and alive to me, sitting—or so I pictured her—pen in hand at this desk, in a long, white, old-fashioned dress, her young hair piled on top of her head, in the dead of a night like this, here in Brooklyn almost in sight of where I now sat. And my heart went out to her as I stared down at her secret, hopeless appeal against the world and time she lived in.

I am trying to explain why I answered that letter. There in the silence of a timeless spring night it seemed natural enough to uncork that old bottle, pick up the pen beside it, and then, spreading a sheet of yellowing old notepaper on the desk top, to begin to write. I felt that I was communicating with a still-living young woman when I wrote:

Helen: I have just read the letter in the secret drawer of your desk, and I wish I knew how I could possibly help you. I can't tell what you might think of me if there were a way I could reach you. But you are someone I am certain I would like to know. I hope you are beautiful, but you needn't be; you're a girl I could like, and maybe ardently, and if I did I promise you I'd be true and loving. Do the best you can, Helen Elizabeth Worley, in the time and place you are; I can't reach you or help you. But I'll think of you. And maybe I'll dream of you, too.

Yours,
JAKE BELKNAP

I was grinning a little sheepishly as I signed my name, knowing I'd read through what I'd written, then crumple the old sheet and throw it away. But I was glad I'd written it—and I didn't throw it away. Still caught in the feeling of the warm, silent night, it suddenly seemed to me that throwing my letter away would turn the writing of it into a meaningless and foolish thing; though maybe what I did seems more foolish still. I folded the paper, put it into one of the envelopes and sealed it. Then I dipped the pen into the old ink, and wrote "Miss Helen Worley" on the face of the envelope.

I suppose this can't be explained. You'd have to have been where I was and felt as I did to understand it; but I wanted to mail that letter. I simply quit examining my feelings and quit trying to be rational; I was suddenly determined to complete what I'd begun, just as far as I was able to go.

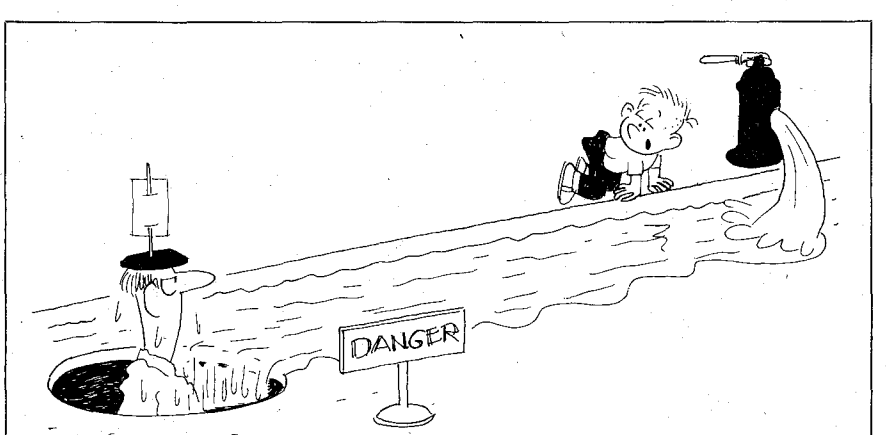
My parents sold their old home in New Jersey when my father retired two years ago, and now they live in Florida and enjoy it. And when my mother cleared out the old house I grew up in, she packed up and mailed me a huge package of useless things I was glad to have. There were class photographs dating from grammar school through college, old books I'd read as a kid, Boy Scout pins; a mass of junk of that sort, including a stamp collection I'd had in grade school. Now I found these things on my hall-closet shelf, in the box they'd come in, and I found my old stamp album.

It's funny how things can stick in your mind over the years; standing at the open closet door, I turned the pages of that beat-up old album directly to the stamps I remembered buying from another kid with seventy-five cents I'd earned cutting grass. There they lay, lightly fastened to the page with a little gummed-paper hinge; a pair of two, mint condition two-cent United States stamps, issued in 1869. And standing there in the hallway looking down at them, I once again got something of the thrill I'd had as a kid when I acquired them. It's a handsome stamp, square in shape, with an ornate border and a tiny engraving in the center; a rider on a galloping post horse. And for all I knew they might have been worth a fair amount of money by now, especially an unseparated pair of two stamps. But back at the desk I pulled one of them loose, tearing carefully through the perforation, licked the back and fastened it to the faintly yellowing old envelope.

I'd thought no further than that; by now, I suppose, I was in almost a kind of trance. I shoved the old ink bottle and pen into a hip pocket, picked up my letter and walked out of my apartment.

Brock Place, three blocks away, was deserted when I reached it; the parked cars motionless at the curbs, the high, late moonlight softening the lines of the big concrete-block supermarket at the corner. Then, as I walked on, my letter in my hand, there stood the old house, just past a little shoe-repair shop. It stood far back from the broken cast-iron fence in the center of its wide weed-grown lot, black-etched in the moonlight, and I stopped on the walk and stood staring up at it.

The high-windowed old roof was gone, the interior nearly gutted, the yard strewn with splintered (*Continued on Page 52*)



"Hi."

SCOTT TABER THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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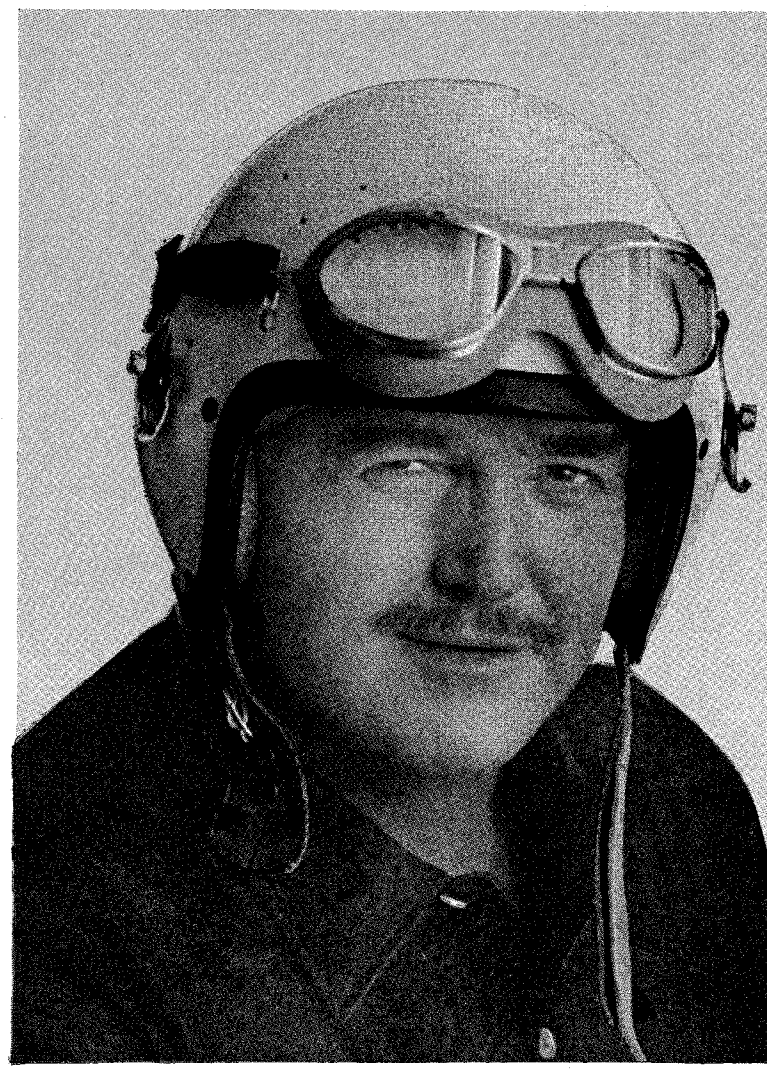

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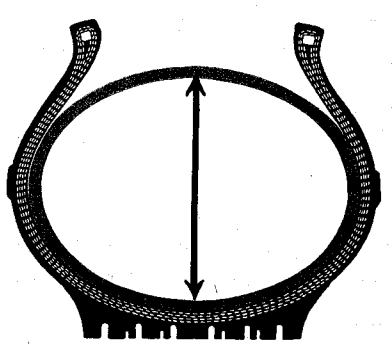

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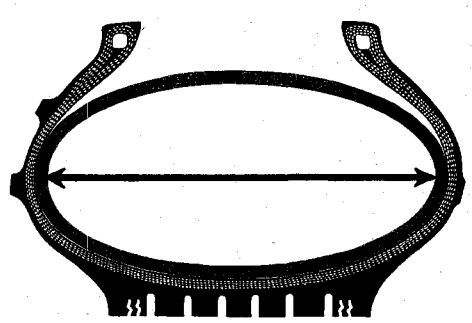

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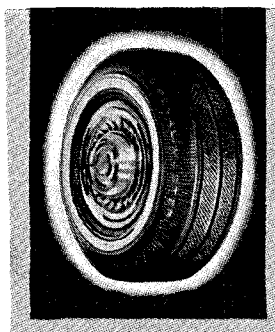

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- **SAFER AGAINST TIRE HEAT THAT CAUSES ORDINARY TIRES TO BLOW OUT!**
- **GIVES YOU SAFER CONTROL ON TURNS AND CURVES!**
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(*Continued from Page 48*) boards and great chunks of torn plaster. The windows and doors were all removed, the openings hollow in the clear wash of light. But the high old walls, last of all to go, still stood, tall and dignified in their old-fashioned strength and outmoded charm.

Then I walked through the opening where a gate had once hung, up the cracked and weed-grown brick pavement toward the wide old porch. And there on one of the ornate fluted posts, I saw the house number deeply and elaborately carved into the old wood. At the wide flat porch rail leading down to the walk, I brought out my ink and pen, and copied the number carefully onto my envelope; 972 I printed under the name of the girl who had once lived here, BROCK PLACE, BROOKLYN, NEW YORK. Then I turned toward the street again, my envelope in my hand.

There was a mailbox at the next corner, and I stopped beside it. But to drop this letter into that box, knowing in advance that it could go only to the dead-letter office, would again, I couldn't help feeling, turn the writing of it into an empty, meaningless act; and after a moment I walked on past the box, crossed the street and turned right, suddenly knowing exactly where I was going.

I walked four blocks through the night, passing a hack stand with a single cab, its driver asleep with his arms and head cradled on the wheel; passing a night watchman sitting on a standpipe protruding from the building wall, smoking a pipe; he nodded as I passed, and I nodded in response. I turned left at the next corner, walked half a block more, then turned up onto the worn stone steps of the Wister postal substation.

It must easily be one of the oldest postal substations in the borough; built, I suppose, not much later than during the decade following the Civil War. And I can't imagine that the inside has changed much at all. The floor is marble; the ceiling high; the woodwork dark and carved. The outer lobby is open at all times, as are post-office lobbies everywhere, and as I pushed through the old swinging doors I saw that it was deserted. Somewhere behind the opaque blind windows a light burned dimly far in the rear of the post office, and I had an impression of subdued activity back there. But the lobby itself was dim and silent, and as I walked across the worn stone of its floor, I knew I was seeing all around me precisely what Brooklynites had seen for no telling how many generations long dead.

The Post Office has always seemed an institution of vague mystery to me; an ancient and worn but still functioning mechanism that is not operated, but only tended by each succeeding generation of men to come along. It is a place where occasionally plainly addressed letters with clearly written return addresses go astray and are lost, to end up no one knows where and for reasons impossible to discover, as the postal employee from whom you inquire will tell you. And its vague air of mystery, for me, is made up of stories—well, you've read them, too, from time to time; the odd little stories in your newspaper. A letter bearing a postmark of 1906 written half a century ago, is delivered today—simply because inexplicably it arrived at some post office along with the other mail, with no explanation from anyone now alive. Or sometimes it's a postcard of greeting—from the Chicago World's Fair of 1893, maybe. And once, tragically, as I remember reading, it was an acceptance of a proposal of marriage offered in 1901—and received today, a lifetime too late, by the man who made it and who married someone else and is now a grandfather.

I pushed the worn brass plate open, dropped my letter into the silent blackness of the slot and it disappeared forever with no sound. Then I turned and left to walk home; with a feeling of fulfillment; of having done, at least, everything I possibly could in response to the silent cry for help I'd found in the secrecy of the old desk.

Next morning I felt the way almost anyone might. Standing at the bathroom mirror shaving, remembering what I'd done the night before, I grinned, feeling foolish but at the same time secretly pleased with myself. I was glad I'd written and solemnly mailed that letter, and now I realized why I'd put no return address on the envelope. I didn't want it to come forlornly back to me with NO SUCH PERSON, or whatever the phrase is, stamped on the envelope. There'd once been such a girl, and last night she still existed for me. And I didn't want to see my letter to her—rubber-stamped, scribbled on and unopened—to prove that there no longer was.

I was terrifically busy all the next week. I work for a wholesale-grocery concern; we got a big new account, a chain of supermarkets, and that meant extra work for everyone. More often than not I had lunch at my desk in the office and worked several evenings besides. I had dates the two evenings I was free. On Friday afternoon I was at the main public library in Manhattan, at Fifth Avenue and Forty-second, copying statistics from half a dozen trade publications for a memorandum I'd been assigned to write over the weekend on the new account.

Late in the afternoon the man sitting beside me at the big reading-room table closed his book, stowed away his glasses, picked up his hat from the table and left. I sat back in my chair, glancing at my watch. Then I looked over at the book he'd left on the table. It was a big one-volume pictorial history of New York put out by Columbia University, and I dragged it over, and began leafing through it.

I skimmed over the first sections on colonial and precolonial New York pretty quickly, but when the old sketches and drawings began giving way to actual photographs, I turned the pages more slowly. I leafed past the first photos, taken around the mid-century, and then past those of the Civil War period. But when I reached the first photograph of the 1870's—it was a view of Fifth Avenue in 1871—I began reading the captions under each one.

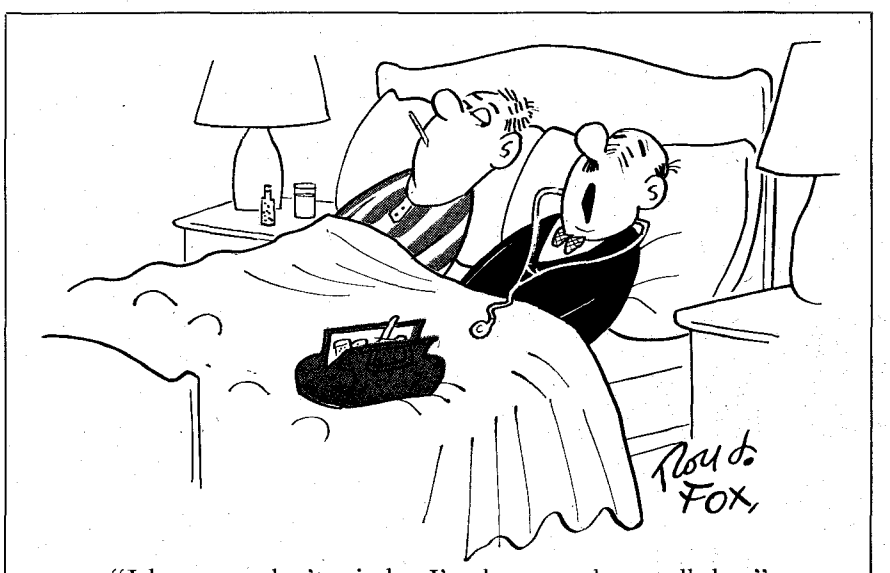
I knew it would be too much to hope to find a photograph of Brock Place, in Helen Worley's time especially, and of course I didn't. But I knew there'd surely be photographs taken in Brooklyn during the 1880's, and a few pages farther on I found what I'd hoped I might. In clear, sharp detail and beautifully reproduced lay a big half-page photograph of a street less than a quarter mile from Brock Place; and staring down at it, there in the library, I knew that Helen Worley must often have walked along this very sidewalk. "Varney Street, 1881," the caption said; "A typical Brooklyn residential street of the period."

Varney Street today—I walk two blocks of it every night coming home from work—is a wasteland. I pass four cinder-packed used-car lots; a shabby concrete garage, the dead earth in front of it littered with rusting car parts and old tires; and a half dozen or so nearly paintless boardinghouses, one with a soiled card in its window, reading MASSAGE. It's a nondescript joyless street, and it's impossible to believe that there has ever been a tree on its entire length.

But there has been. There in sharp black-and-white, in the book on the table before me, lay Varney Street, 1881, and from the wide grass-covered parkways between the cut-stone curb and sidewalks, the thick old long-gone trees rose high on both sides to meet, intertwine and roof the wide street with green. The photograph had been taken, apparently, from the street—it had been possible to do that then, in a day of occasional slow-trotting horses and buggies—and the camera was aimed at an angle to one side, toward the sidewalk and the big houses beyond it, looking down the walk for several hundred feet.

The old walk, there in the foreground under the great trees, appeared to be at least six feet wide; spacious enough easily for a family to walk down it four or five abreast—as families did, in those times walk together down the sidewalks under the trees. And beyond the walk, widely separated and set far back across the fine old lawns, rose the great houses, the ten-, twelve- and fourteen-room family houses, two or more stories high, and with attics above them for children to play in and discover the relics of childhoods before them. Their windows were tall, and they were framed on the outside with ornamented wood. And in the solid construction of every one of those lost houses in that ancient photograph there had been left over the time, skill, money and inclination to decorate their eaves with scrollwork; to finish a job with craftsmanship and pride. And time, too, to build huge wide porches on which families sat on summer evenings with palm-leaf fans.

Far down that lovely tree-sheltered street—out of focus and indistinct—walked the retreating figure of a long-skirted puff-sleeved woman, her summer parasol open at her back. Of the thousands of long-dead girls it might have been, I knew this could not be Helen Worley. Yet it wasn't completely impossible, I told myself; this was a street, precisely as I saw it now, down which she must often have walked; and I let myself think that yes, this was she. Maybe I live in what is for me the wrong time, and I was filled now with the most desperate yearning to be there, on that peaceful street—to walk off, past the edges of the scene on the printed page before me, into the old and beautiful Brooklyn of long ago. And to draw near and overtake that bobbing parasol in the distance; and then turn and look into the face of the girl who held it.



"I hope you don't mind—I've been on the go all day."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

I worked that evening at home, sitting at my desk, with a can of beer on the floor beside me; but once more now Helen Elizabeth Worley was in my mind. I worked steadily all evening, and it was around twelve-thirty when I finished; eleven handwritten pages which I'd get typed at the office on Monday. Then I opened the little center desk drawer into which I'd put a supply of rubber bands and paper clips, took out a clip and fastened the pages together, and sat back in my chair, taking a swallow of beer. The little center desk drawer stood half open as I'd left it, and then, as my eye fell on it, I realized suddenly that of course it, too, must have another secret drawer behind it.

I hadn't thought of that. It simply hadn't occurred to me the week before, in my interest and excitement over the letter I'd found behind the first drawer of the row; and I'd been too busy all week to think of it since. But now I set down my beer, pulled the center drawer all the way out, reached behind it and found the little groove in the smooth wood I touched. Then I brought out the second secret little drawer.

I'll tell you what I think, what I'm certain of, though I don't claim to be speaking scientifically; I don't think science has a thing to do with it. The night *is* a strange time; things *are* different at night, as every human being knows somewhere deep inside him. And I think this: Brooklyn has changed over seven decades; it is no longer the same place at all. But here and there, still, are little islands—isolated remnants of the way things once were. And the Wister postal substation is one of them; it has changed really not at all. And I think that at night—late at night, the world asleep, when the sounds of things as they are now are nearly silent, and the sight of things as they are now is vague in the darkness—the boundary between here and then wavers. At certain moments and places it fades. I think that there in the dimness of the old Wister post office, in the dead of night, lifting my letter to Helen Worley toward the old brass door of the letter drop—I think that I stood on one side of that slot in the year 1959, and that I dropped my letter, properly stamped, written and addressed in the ink and on the very paper of Helen Worley's youth, into the Brooklyn of 1882 on the other side of that worn old slot.

I believe that—I'm not even interested in proving it—but I believe it. Because now, from that second secret little drawer, I brought out the paper I found in it, opened it, and in rust-black ink on yellowing old paper I read:

Please, oh, please—who are you? Where can I reach you? Your letter arrived today in the second morning post, and I have wandered the house and garden ever since in an agony of excitement. I cannot conceive (*Continued on Page 54*)

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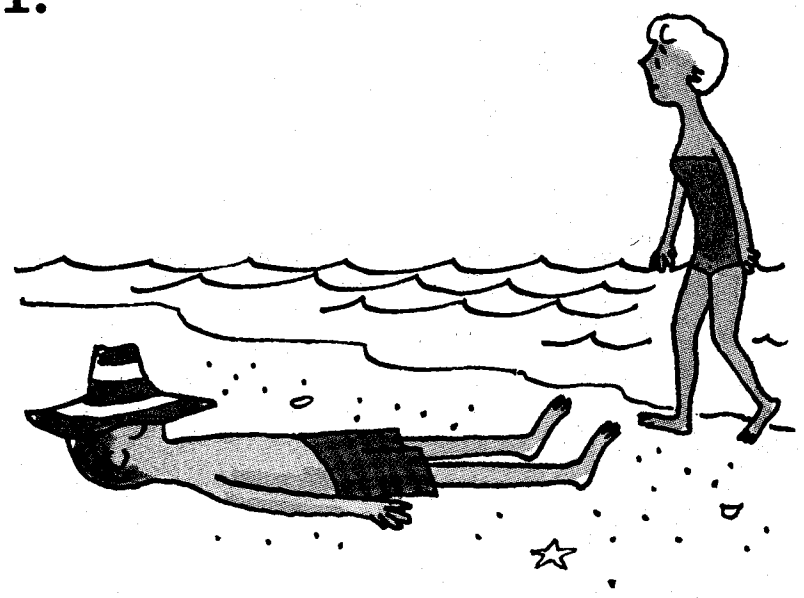
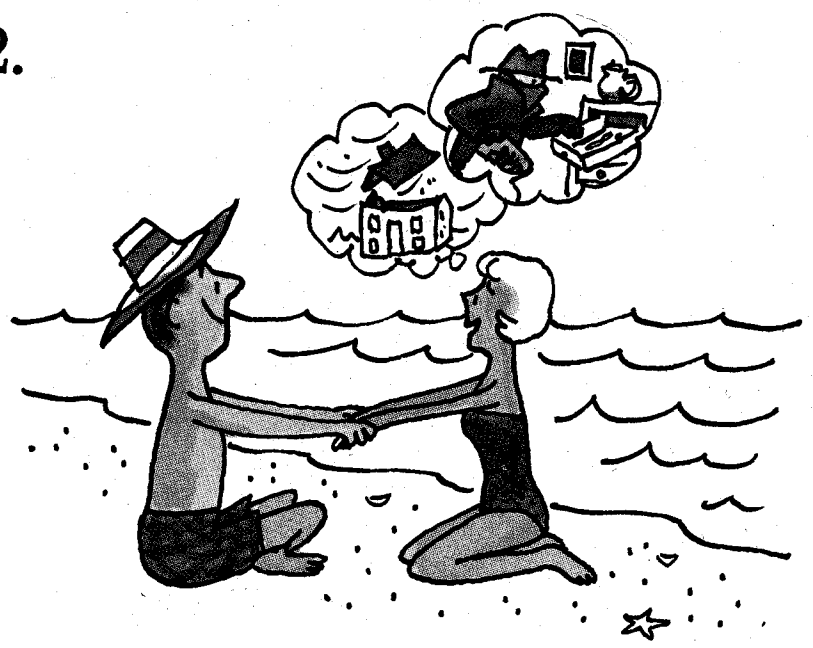
Don makes sure the sun will shine

1.



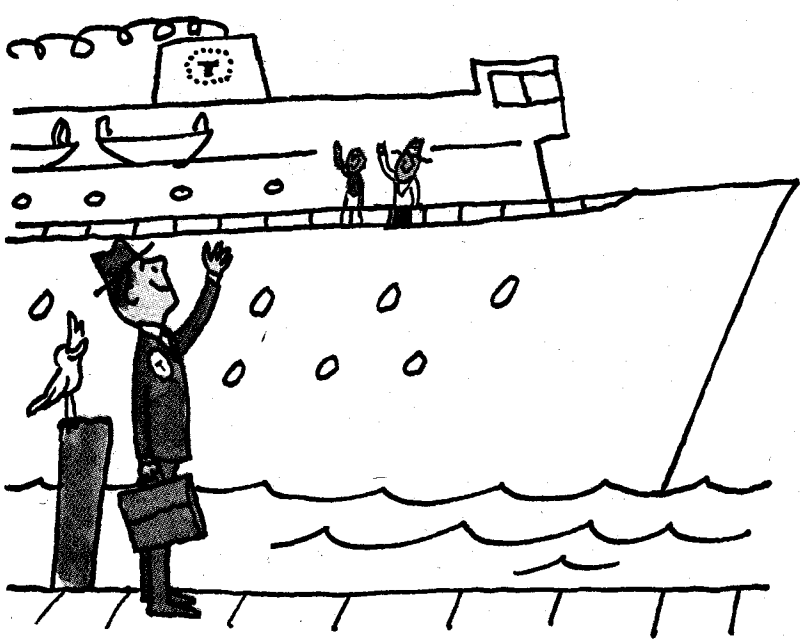
The seaside sun shone brightly down. Don Lane lay in the shade.
The joyous waves, the zephyr's sigh, sang him their serenade.
And *sweet* was his vacation sleep—dull care had fled his dome;
His worried wife awakened him. "You *sure* all's safe at home?"

2.



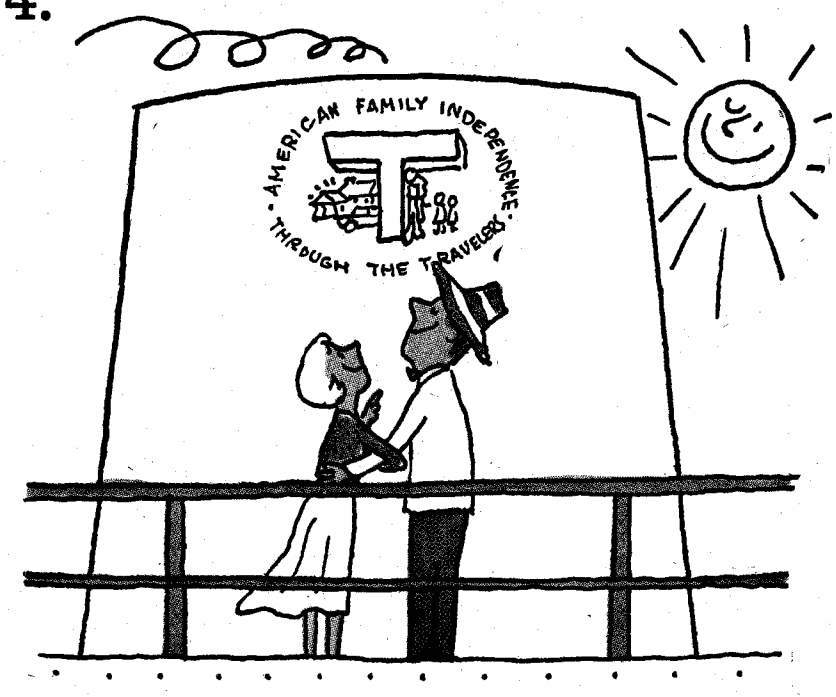
"Don't fret, my pet," soothed Mr. Lane, "The Travelers covers all.
In hamlets, towns and cities Travelers men are on the ball.
So if a thief invades our home—or nature cuts some capers—
We'll have our agent by our side before it hits the papers.

3.



"With Travelers life insurance to pay off our mortgaged home,
Or take us in retirement years across the briny foam . . .
We've balanced, sure protection. We can face the future free—
For life, health, home and auto nestle under Travelers' 'T'."

4.



We leave the Lanes beneath the sun—the place where they belong;
American Family Independence makes their life a song.
It can be *yours*, made painless in a monthly payment plan
To fit your needs and income. Call your trusty Travelers man.

You can protect your *whole* good way of life through

THE TRAVELERS
Insurance Companies
HARTFORD 15, CONNECTICUT

All forms of personal and business insurance including Life • Accident • Group • Fire • Marine • Automobile • Casualty • Bonds

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(*Continued from Page 52*) how you saw my letter in its secret place, but since you did, perhaps you will see this one too. Oh, tell me your letter is no hoax or cruel joke! Willy, if it is you; if you have discovered my letter and think to deceive your sister with a prank, I pray you to tell me! But if it is not—if I now address someone who has truly responded to my most secret hopes—do not longer keep me ignorant of who and where you are. For I, too—and I confess it willingly—long to see you! And I, too, feel and am most certain of it, that if I could know you, I would love you. It is impossible for me to think otherwise.

I must hear from you again; I shall not rest until I do.

I remain, most sincerely,
HELEN ELIZABETH WORLEY

After a long time, I opened the first little drawer of the old desk and took out the pen and ink I'd found there, and a sheet of the note paper.

For minutes then, the pen in my hand, I sat there in the night staring down at the empty paper on the desk top; finally, then, I dipped the pen into the old ink and wrote:

Helen, my dear: I don't know how to say this so it will seem even comprehensible to you. But I do exist, here in Brooklyn, less than three blocks from where you now read this—in the year 1959. We are separated not by space, but by the years which lie between us. Now I own the desk which you once had, and at which you wrote the note I found in it. Helen, all I can tell you is that I answered that note, mailed it late at night at the old Wister station, and that somehow it reached you, as I hope this will too. This is no hoax! Can you imagine anyone playing a joke that cruel? I live in a Brooklyn, within sight of your house, that you cannot imagine. It is a city whose streets are now crowded with wheeled vehicles propelled by engines. And it is a city extending far beyond the limits you know, with a population of millions, so crowded there is hardly room any longer for trees. From my window as I write I can see—across Brooklyn Bridge, which is hardly changed from the way you, too, can see it now—Manhattan Island, and rising from it are the lighted silhouettes of stone-and-steel buildings more than one thousand feet high.

You must believe me. I live, I exist, seventy-seven years after you read this; and with the feeling that I have fallen in love with you.

I sat for some moments staring at the wall, trying to figure out how to explain something I was certain was true. Then I wrote:

Helen: there are three secret drawers in our desk. Into the first you put only the letter I found. You cannot now add something to that drawer and hope that it will reach me. For I have already opened that drawer and found only the letter you put there. Nothing else can now come down through the years to me in that drawer, for you cannot now alter what you have already done.

Into the second drawer, in 1882, you put the note which lies before me, which I found when I opened that drawer a few minutes ago. You put nothing else into it, and now that, too, cannot be changed.

But I haven't opened the third drawer, Helen. Not yet! It is the last way you can still reach me, and the last time. I will mail this as I did before, then wait. In a week I will open the last drawer.

JAKE BELKNAP

It was a long week. I worked, I kept busy daytimes, but at night I thought of hardly anything but the third secret drawer in my desk. I was terribly tempted to open it earlier, telling myself that whatever might lie in it had been put there decades before and must be there now, but I wasn't sure, and I waited.

Then, late at night, a week to the hour after I'd mailed my second letter at the old Wister post office, I pulled out the third drawer, reached in and brought out the last little secret drawer which lay behind it. My hand was actually shaking, and for a moment I couldn't bear to look directly—something lay in the drawer—and I turned my head away. Then I looked.

I'd expected a long letter; very long, of many pages, her last communication with me, and full of everything she wanted to say. But there was no letter at all. It was a photograph, about three inches square, a faded sepia in color, mounted on heavy stiff cardboard, and with the photographer's name in tiny gold script down in the corner: *Brunner & Holland, Parisian Photography, Brooklyn, N.Y.*

The photograph showed the head and shoulders of a girl in a high-necked dark dress with a cameo brooch at the collar. Her dark hair was swept tightly back, covering the ears, in a style which no longer suits our ideas of beauty. But the stark severity of that dress and hair style couldn't spoil the beauty of the face that smiled out at me from that old photograph. It wasn't beautiful in any classic sense, I suppose. The brows were unplucked and somewhat heavier than we are used to. But it is the soft warm smile of her lips, and her eyes—large and serene as she looks out at me over the years—that make Helen Elizabeth Worley a beautiful woman. Across the bottom of her photograph she had written, "I will never forget." And as I sat there at the old desk, staring at what she had written, I understood that, of course, that was all there was to say—what else?—on this, the last time, as she knew, that she'd ever be able to reach me.

It wasn't the last time, though. There was one final way for Helen Worley to communicate with me over the years, and it took me a long time, as it must have taken her, to realize it. Only a week ago, on my fourth day of searching, I finally found it. It was late in the evening, and the sun was almost gone, when I found the old headstone among all the others stretching off in rows under the quiet trees. And then I read the inscription etched in the weathered old stone: HELEN ELIZABETH WORLEY—1861–1934. Under this were the words, I NEVER FORGOT.

And neither will I. THE END

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Bird Dog
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the only FIRM mattress with the EXTRA level of Tension-Ease coils!
A firm mattress is good for you. Your body needs firm support. But an ordinary firm mattress is not enough. You need to unwind . . . to sleep the day's tensions away. The Englander Tension-Ease is designed to give you firmness . . . *and* relief from tension.
The Englander Tension-Ease is the only mattress available in Innerspring or genuine Airfoam†. Airfoam, made by Goodyear, is the finest of foam latex—and it's exclusive with Englander. It airs itself—never loses its shape—stays cool in summer—and is non-allergenic. Choose Airfoam or Innerspring . . . $79.75.
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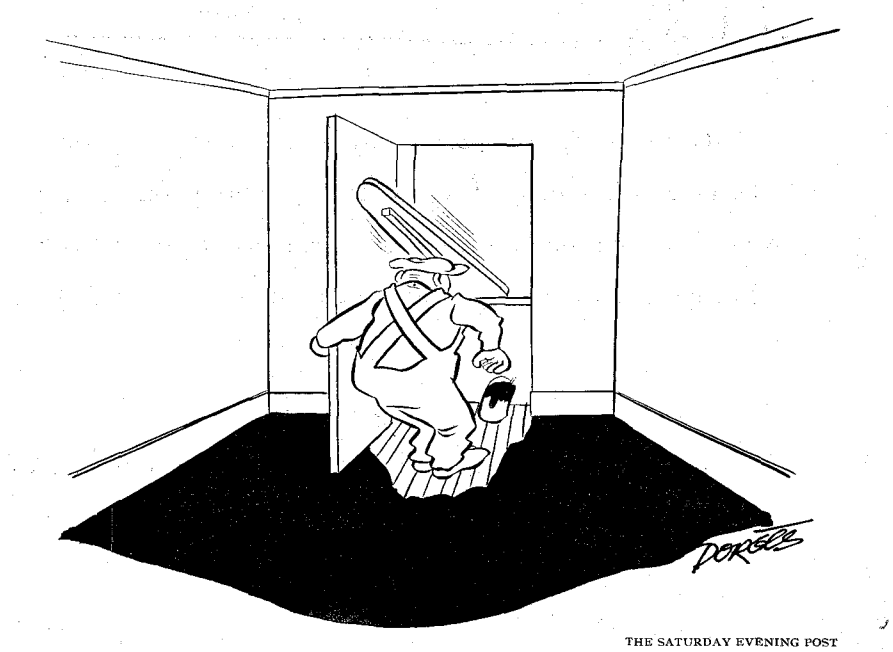

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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The Real John Paul Jones

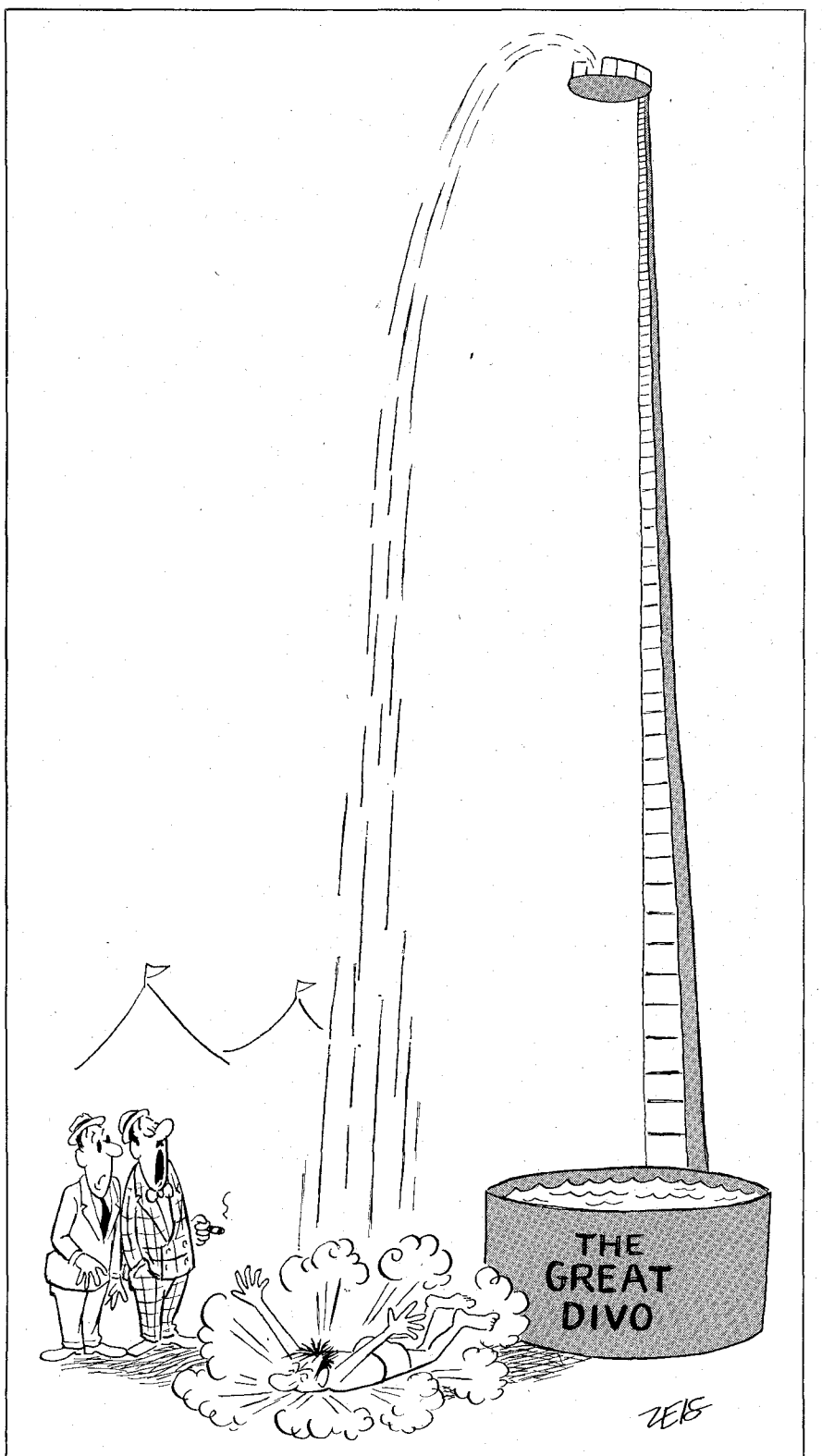
(Continued from Page 27)

the Naval Academy Museum. But I was pleased to find, as I went about Europe following Jones's trail, that he is far from forgotten there. Paris has marked the house where he died and the site of the cemetery where his remains rested for over a century. Libraries in England and Scotland collect old chap-books about "Paul Jones the Pirate," illustrated by alleged portraits of him in Napoleonic-style naval uniform and cocked hat, complete with black beard and mustachios; for he became a sort of seagoing Robin Hood to the British small boy. The district of Galloway is proud of her native son; and Kirkcudbright, where he spent a couple of days in the tolbooth (local jail), regards him as one of her famous men. Sir Walter Scott remembered to his dying day the consternation at Edinburgh when the approach of "Paul Jones"—as the British called him—was announced, and mentions the "degrading" spectacle of the local panic, in his introduction to a late edition of *Waverley*. Lord Selkirk, First Lord of the Admiralty, a collateral descendant of the Earl of Selkirk with whose silver Jones made off, placed *H.M.S. Wave* at my disposal to examine the site of the great battle off Flamborough Head. A cannon ball which *Bonhomme Richard* playfully fired at Bamburgh Castle, when sailing close to the Northumbrian shore, is treasured by descendants of the man who picked it up. Whitehaven, the English port raided by Jones in the *Ranger*, an exploit for which he was fiercely denounced at the time, recently asked for and obtained a bust of the "pirate" to place in her public library. A dozen popular ballads about him were published; and of one, which is still sung by school children in Holland, I was able to obtain both words and music. Even the Soviet Navy remembers Kontradmiral Pavel Ivanovich, who won two victories for the Imperial Russian Navy against the Turks; the best account of Jones's cool courage and human kindness is found in a narrative which a Russian officer took down from the lips of one of the admiral's Cossack sailors in his old age.

It is no wonder that authors have romanced about Jones, because he was a chivalrous figure. Take, for instance, his raid on St. Mary's Isle near Kirkcudbright when in command of *U.S.S. Ranger*. Jones was deeply concerned with the fate of American naval and merchant-marine P.O.W.'s languishing in English prisons. The British Government at first refused to exchange them for Englishmen captured by American warships and privateers. Jones therefore conceived the plan of kidnaping the Earl of Selkirk, whose seat was on St. Mary's Isle, and holding him hostage to compel his government to release American prisoners. The raid had an unexpected outcome. Jones landed on the isle from a boat with Master Cullam, Lieutenant Wallingford of the Marine Corps, and a dozen bluejackets. They gave out to the gardener, who asked their business, that they were a press gang from the Royal Navy. That caused all the able young men on the isle to make themselves scarce. But it turned out that the earl was away, and the mansion inhabited only by the countess and her younger children. Jones was about to retire, frustrated as usual, when his officers and men insisted that they be allowed to loot the mansion. He compromised by giving them permission to carry off the family silver if they would promise to molest nobody and neither steal nor destroy anything else. They kept their promise and made off with the Selkirk family plate. But that was not the end of it. From France Captain Jones wrote a long letter to the Countess of Selkirk, begging pardon for the intrusion and promising to return the silver at the first opportunity. That he did, paying the *Ranger's* crew several hundred dollars as their share of the "lawful prize," to redeem it, returning the lot at the end of the war and exchanging polite letters with the absent earl. The age of chivalry was not dead, as far as these romantic Scots were concerned; no wonder that it was celebrated, and in a sense revived, by Sir Walter Scott.

A few days after this raid *Ranger* captured *H.M.S. Drake*—an action in which Lieutenant Wallingford was killed. Jones thus acquired more than a hundred Royal Navy prisoners, who through Franklin's diplomacy were used to persuade the British Government to release the same number of American P.O.W.'s. And most of these Americans were so grateful to Jones that they enlisted in *Bonhomme Richard*, the next ship placed under Jones's command.

But Paul Jones was no mere ship-to-ship fighter or sentimental raider. He had broad views of naval organization and strategy, far ahead of those of his rival captains in the United States Navy. He saw that the best strategy for an inferior naval power, such as the United States then was, would be to make diversionary raids on enemy coasts. That is what Jones wanted to do, but the only support for this strategy that he could get was from Franklin and Robert Morris. Jones begged again and again for a strong task force to burn British shipping in harbor, and pin down forces that would otherwise be used to fight Washington's armies. Besides the attack on Whitehaven—the only one of this kind he managed to pull off—he proposed to raid Liverpool, Leith, Hudson's Bay, St. Helena, and sundry points in the British West Indies; but the Marine Committee of Congress never gave him the means or the chance. He would have left commerce-destroying to the privateers, which were better equipped for it than naval vessels, and concentrated on hit-and-run forays. The Jones-Franklin-Morris strategy was adopted in World War II by the British in the period of building up their strength after Dunkirk; their Commando raids on St. Nazaire, Dieppe and other enemy-held ports will be remembered. We used the same strategy against the Japanese in our build-up after the Pearl Harbor strike; examples being Adm. Wilson Brown's carrier attack on Rabaul and the Halsey-Doolittle raid on Tokyo. On the other hand, Germany, which relied on commerce-destroying to win two world wars, lost both.



"Well—that's show business."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

In 1773 when John Paul, master mariner, was about to cash in on his profitable voyages to the West Indies in the English merchantman *Betsy*, he had to jump ship and flee to the continent of America as a result of a mutiny in Scarborough Harbor, Tobago. In self-defense he had run his sword through the body of the mutineers' ringleader, who happened to be a popular local character. Captain Paul's planter friends advised him to leave the island incognito lest he be lynched, and return after the furor had died down to stand trial and secure his property. He could not sail directly from Tobago to the continent, as no ships followed that route; he had to take a packet schooner to a bigger island, like Barbados, where he could take passage. That was the reason for his adopting the name of John Jones, which had the additional advantage of being a very common name in the British merchant marine. It protected him from being extradited to Tobago from some other West Indian island.

Exactly how "Mr. John Jones," as he was then called, got to Virginia and what he was doing there for two years before he entered the Navy is still a mystery, probably because everyone who has searched for traces of him in the local records has done so under the wrong name. As a Scots lowlander from the old kingdom of Galloway, he found fellow Galvidians in almost every port. One, named David Sproat, gave him hospitality in Philadelphia; another took him in later in New York; and at Edenton, North Carolina, he found Robert Smith, junior partner of the leading shipping firm of Hewes and Smith, whose brother James had nominated him for membership in the Masonic Lodge in Kirkcudbright, Galloway. The senior member of this firm, Joseph Hewes, was a delegate from North Carolina to the Continental Congress and also a member of the Marine Committee which, late in 1775, was organizing the Continental Navy. It was he who obtained for our hero a commission as first lieutenant in the Navy after he had been in Philadelphia for several months, helping to fit out our first flagship, the *Alfred*. Presumably Lieutenant Jones, finding that there was a John Jones in almost every city block in Philadelphia, decided to use his original surname as a middle name; and in the Navy he became John Paul Jones. After he became famous, he was known as Paul Jones, and so signed his name.

Although his being a Scot from Galloway and a Freemason helped Jones to get into the Navy, it did not help him to get on in the Navy which, in those early days, was largely a family affair. Capt. Esek Hopkins of Rhode Island, a sixty-year-old merchant mariner and privateersman, was made naval commander in chief because he was brother to Stephen Hopkins, chairman of the Marine Committee of Congress; and his son John B. Hopkins also obtained a command. The ships built in Philadelphia went to local celebri-

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ties such as Biddle and Read; command of the one ship built at Baltimore was given to Capt. James Nicholson of the Eastern Shore; popular local shipmasters in Yankee seaports, who could persuade men to enlist, were given the New England-built frigates. Since Scots were unpopular in the Thirteen Colonies, John Paul Jones had one strike against him from the start; and as he had no family or domicile in America before the war, inherited nothing from his brother, the town tailor of Fredericksburg, and in fact never owned an acre of land or a slave, Congress regarded him as a mere penniless adventurer. Until he had proved his prowess as a sea fighter, no member of Congress except Hewes would do anything for him. Hence, when the Marine Committee drew up a seniority list of naval captains in October, 1776, at a time when Hewes was absent, Jones found himself down near the anchor, No. 18. Having already made a brilliant cruise as captain of the armed sloop *Providence*, he was outraged at being passed over in favor of men who had never yet been to sea. And he continued all his life to inveigh against the injustice of this seniority list.

The reader may well infer that Jones was an egotist. He was indeed a colossal egotist. To read his letters one would suppose that he was almost the only fighting captain in the Navy. The only executive officer to whom he ever gave any credit was Richard Dale, the attractive young officer from Virginia who served as first lieutenant in the *Bonhomme Richard*.

Jones's first experience in the Navy took place on board *Alfred*, Commodore Hopkins' flagship, in the famous raid on Nassau in the Bahamas. Jones was first lieutenant and gunnery officer. In his account of this expedition, written many years later, he claimed to have been the commodore's strategist, operations officer, mastermind, and pilot to the landing place on New Providence, although he had never been in those waters before, and several of the officers senior to him had. No doubt he did give the flag captain and the commodore plenty of advice. While still a lieutenant he began writing to Joseph Hewes on how to run the Navy, and continued to write in this vein to other congressmen all his life. I must add, however, that his alleged letter on the qualifications of a naval officer—that he should be a gentleman and scholar, know French and Spanish and international law and a little of everything else—is a pure invention of Augustus C. Buell.

Besides being an egotist, John Paul Jones was a good deal of a snob. After receiving command of the *Ranger*, but before sailing for France, he adopted a coat of arms and had it painted by some local artist. Therein the arms of a Paul family of England are quartered with those of a Jones family of Wales, the shield being surmounted by the Jones crest. He had a heraldic seal cut to match; but in France, after he had been made *Chevalier de l'Ordre du Mérite Militaire* by Louis XVI, he had a new seal cut, in which the stag crest is replaced by a coronet. Thereafter our hero often signed himself, and liked to be addressed, as Chevalier Paul Jones. John Adams and John Langdon, with whom he quarreled, were described in his letters to others as mere shopkeepers not worthy to give orders to an officer and gentleman like himself. Like many other stout sea fighters, Jones despised and detested democracy in all its aspects. He was more at home in the France of the old regime, in a stratified society of royalty, nobility, gentlemen and commoners, than in the brawling seaport towns of America. At the same time he never forgot his humble origin or his family, but attempted to send money to his mother during the war and corresponded with his sisters in Scotland.

Although some of the leading American statesmen of that era, notably Franklin, the Morrises, John Hancock, Hewes and Jefferson, steadily supported Jones; others, such as Washington, whose favor Jones cultivated assiduously, were indifferent to him; and one faction in Congress was inimical to him. This was the group led by Sam Adams, Arthur Lee and his brother Richard. These men and their political allies worked incessantly to pull Jones down, and Franklin with him. They were responsible for giving Pierre Landais, a half-mad Frenchman, command of the *Alliance*, hoping to build him up as the Lafayette of the Navy and Jones's rival. Landais, when placed under Jones's command in the *Bonhomme Richard* task force, obeyed or disobeyed orders as he chose; and in the famous battle with *H.M.S. Serapis* directed his gunfire at the commodore's flagship, hoping to sink her, then capture the English frigate and emerge as hero of the battle. And he killed several of the *Richard's* crew. After the battle, Jones got the story of why Landais did this from one of his French marine officers. It seemed so preposterous that few men except Franklin believed it. Franklin deprived Landais of his command, but Arthur Lee helped him to regain it by stealth; and both he and Sam Adams continued to promote Landais' interests and to disparage Jones on every occasion.

Captain Jones knew thoroughly all the rudiments of his profession, from splicing to gunnery. He was outstanding as a navigator and ship handler, and expert in all the ruses of war that eighteenth-century sailors practiced. He saved *Ariel* from crashing on the Penmarch rocks by bold maneuvers that astonished even the sailors of Brittany. He fitted out his ships with great care and skill, and insisted on having plenty of spare yards, sails and other parts on board. He caused the armament, masting and rigging of every vessel that he commanded to be radically altered so that she would sail faster and fight more efficiently. For the health and welfare of his people he was always considerate, providing extra rations and grog out of his own pocket, advancing pay when in foreign waters, and fighting both French bureaucrats and American politicians to get the prize money that was due to his sailors. Although there are plenty of complaints on record by Jones's seamen of being worked too hard and of his outbursts of bad temper—such as kicking Midshipman Fanning down a hatchway—nobody ever complained of the food on board his ships. That is significant, as the first thing sailors growl about is their "chow." Despite all he did for their welfare and glory, Jones was unpopular with his Yankee crews because he tried to maintain taut Royal Navy discipline; when he was relieved as captain of *Ranger*, her officers and men were delighted. But for *Bonhomme Richard* he recruited sailors, soldiers, beachcombers and desperadoes of six or seven different nations. They recognized him for the great leader and fighter that he was and enabled him to win a glorious victory.

Paul Jones liked to do things a little differently from other American naval officers. Navy regulations prescribed a blue uniform coat, with red waistcoat and blue breeches; Jones didn't like this outfit and fitted out his officers in *Bonhomme Richard* with blue coats, white waistcoats and breeches, as in the Royal Navy; a practical change because it enabled his ships to masquerade as British, close the enemy to short range and surprise him. Navy regulations allowed captains one gold epaulet, but Jones wore two. Even his flags were different. He revered the Stars and Stripes as the "Flag of Freedom"—his favorite phrase—but the stripes on the American ensigns flown by his ships were red, white and blue.

Although Paul Jones's naval career was studded with victories and marred by no defeat, he looked upon his service in the United States Navy as a series of disappointments. There was his low place on the seniority list, to start with. Congress tried to make up for this by giving him a task force of four or five sail to raid the West Indies; but some of the ships were blockaded in port by the British, and others could not get crews in competition with the privateers, which offered more money and less danger.

He did go to sea before the end of 1776 as captain of *Alfred*, with sloop *Providence* in company, and made a successful prize-taking cruise in the Gulf of Maine; but he could not get command of one of the new frigates, because they were wanted by local celebrities whom their congressmen promoted. In 1777 he was sent to France in command of the new sloop of war, *Ranger*, partly to bring news to Franklin of the surrender of Burgoyne. He arrived at Nantes in high spirits, "wafted by the pinions of the gentlest and most friendly gales," as he described the voyage in a letter; only to find that a French merchant vessel had beaten him with the good news. In France he had been promised command of a fine new frigate then being built for American account in Holland; but the Dutch authorities raised objections, and the frigate finally went to Commodore Gillon of the South Carolina state navy, who lost her to the British. Neither Congress nor anyone except Franklin thanked Jones for having raided Whitehaven and captured *H.M.S. Drake;* he was left fuming at Brest for months before he obtained another command, and that command was *Bonhomme Richard*, a converted French East Indiaman almost as old as her new captain, and she needed months of work done before she was fit to go to sea. Neither the king of France nor Marie Antoinette had anything to do with obtaining this ship for Jones; he was not even formally presented to them until *Bonhomme Richard* was no more. Franklin is the one who did it, by enlisting the aid of Le Ray de Chaumont, an important French civilian, and the French Minister of Marine.

Perhaps the worst disappointment of Jones's career was the cancellation of an amphibious operation against the British Isles, in which he was to command the ships, and his friend Lafayette, the troops. The task force organized under Commodore Jones in *Bonhomme Richard* which was to have done this, did finally get to sea. But Captain Landais of *U.S.S. Alliance*, and the French commanders of the other attached ships—excepting Captain Cottineau in *Pallas*—thwarted almost everything that their commodore tried to do; and *Pallas* was the only ship of the squadron that helped *Bonhomme Richard* in her fight with *H.M.S. Serapis* and *Countess of Scarborough*. Against the commodore's judgment, acting on orders from Chaumont, they put into Dutch waters after the big battle and there were detained for months. The new British frigate *Serapis* which Jones captured was taken away from him, and sold to the French. Captain Landais, with Arthur Lee's encouragement, then got away with the *Alliance*. Jones borrowed sloop of war *Ariel* from the French Navy and sailed her to Philadelphia with munitions badly wanted by Washington's army, just failing to capture a faster and more powerful British vessel en route. His abilities were now suitably recognized by Congress, but too late to do the enemy any harm or himself any good. He was given command of *America*, our only ship of the line, then building at Portsmouth; but before she was ready to be launched, Congress, to save the expense of completing and operating her, presented *America* to the King of France. In compensation Congress voted Jones a gold medal for his brilliant victory off Flamborough Head, and Louis XVI presented him with a gold-hilted sword; but owing to the jealousy of other American naval officers, Congress denied him the flag rank to which he was entitled and which he coveted more than any other distinction.

He accepted service in the Imperial Russian Navy six years after the War of Independence was over, because the Empress Catherine made him a rear admiral. But his Russian naval service turned out to be another story of frustration. His concern for the American merchant seamen imprisoned by the Barbary pirates was finally recognized by Jefferson, who persuaded President Washing-

"I had almost counted myself to sleep when along came this funny old sheep labeled forty per cent dacron."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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ton to give him a commission to go to Algiers and negotiate for the prisoners' release. But the news of this last striking evidence of his country's esteem, which would have rendered Jones's last days happy, did not reach Paris until after his death.

Thus to John Paul Jones, his naval career seemed in retrospect a story of bad luck, hostile intrigue and ingratitude. "When *America* was taken from me," he wrote bitterly, "I was deprived of my tenth command by my adopted country." Yet that same career added up to imperishable glory, owing largely to his extraordinary victory in *Bonhomme Richard* over *Serapis*.

Jones has even been made a monkey of by his hero-worshipers, by having him utter his defiant words, "I have not yet begun to fight," at the close of his battle with the *Serapis* when it was touch and go whether he could keep the old *Bonhomme Richard* afloat. At that point in the fight it would have been a futile and foolish boast. Lieutenant Dale, who told the story of his captain's immortal phrase, properly places the episode halfway through the battle, when the British captain, after silencing *Richard*'s main battery, called on Jones to surrender. But nobody can ever exaggerate Jones's ability to estimate a situation and to adjust his tactics to fit his own strength and his enemy's weakness. The best example was in this same Battle off Flamborough Head. Grappled board to board as the ships were, the Englishman's greatly superior fire power was neutralized, while Jones's tough sailors and French marines cleared the decks of *Serapis* with small-arms fire and even threw hand grenades down open hatchways. And the commodore with his own hands served one of the surviving cannon on *Bonhomme Richard*'s quarterdeck, loading it with chain-and-bar shot and aiming at the enemy's mainmast. When that mast began to totter, and an exploding hand grenade killed most of the British gunners, Captain Pearson decided to strike his flag.

Captain Pearson, the vanquished, was better rewarded than Captain Jones, the victor. He received the freedom of several cities, gifts of silver plate, and a knighthood from George III; but Captain Jones was not even promoted. Fortunately the story of Jones's remark, when told of Pearson's knighthood at a dinner party in Paris, is true: "Let him come out and fight me again," he said, "and I'll make him a lord!"

Frustration, however, did not follow Jones in what he called the "tender passion." His youthful love for a fair daughter of Virginia did not survive her marriage to Patrick Henry; although she, in the intervals of bearing nine Henry children, may have wished that her parents had allowed her to marry the handsome young sailor. Mythmakers have been unusually busy over Jones's love life; your historian has had a difficult if amusing task untangling his series of affairs and identifying the mysterious Madame T ——, as he discreetly called her, and for whom Buell invented the name Aimée de Telison. Jones is supposed to have loved but never won this lady because she was of royal blood. Actually Jones had a succession of very attractive French mistresses. He had a way with the ladies—even captivated the austere Abigail Adams. After his exploits many titled ladies of Paris were ready to throw themselves into his arms, and a number did so; but the one he wanted most, the Comtesse de Lowendal, who was of royal blood, he never won. Obviously he was the eternal type of sailor who is satisfied with casual love affairs. But he was always writing to his friends about marrying some "fair daughter of liberty" and adopting a life of "calm contemplation and poetic ease" on an American farm. Possibly, had he lived, he would eventually have bought landed property with the big packet of prize money that he had gained, and really settled down.

The meeting of John Paul Jones, the American Navy's greatest lover, with the Empress Catherine of Russia, most beloved of crowned heads, has naturally intrigued the novelists and stimulated the mythmakers. The opportunity for a grand love affair is too great to be missed. Actually there was nothing between them but the professional relationship, and not much of that; Jones was indeed impressed by the empress's charm and sagacity; but she was fat and sixty, and at the time he met her, had installed a lusty young guards officer as her official lover. Jones was promptly received by the empress at Tsarskoe Selo, and promptly sent to his command in the Black Sea. There he fought two of the most interesting sea battles of his naval career; but he could not get on with his superior in command, Field Marshal Potemkin, who put him "on the beach"; and when he returned to St. Petersburg, the empress gave him a cold reception.

Equally untrue is the story, spread over American newspapers some twenty years ago, that Jones had an affair with a Russian princess, who bore him a son. This yarn was concocted by a Russian refugee who claimed descent from Jones in order to obtain a visa for the United States. Jones's only recorded love affair in Russia was a rather sordid one with a thirteen-year-old girl. This "Lolita" apparently was sent to his lodgings by his rivals in the Russian Navy in order to get him into trouble; and the game succeeded.

When dismissed from the Russian Navy, Jones, still in excellent health and only forty-two years old, returned to Paris by easy stages. There he spent two more years very unhappily, as all his old friends had emigrated and he detested the French Revolution. In the summer of 1792, the consequences of his long quarterdeck vigils in wet and wintry weather caught up with John Paul Jones. First jaundice, then nephritis, and finally bronchial pneumonia developed; and alone, except for his *valet de chambre*, he died at the age of forty-five.

Thus, John Paul Jones was not altogether an enviable or a happy person. No "founder" or "father" of the American Navy, he was a young lieutenant with neither pull nor public, who rose to the top through sheer grit, guts and merit. And he is justly considered our greatest naval hero of the American Revolution because, in addition to the battles that he won and the prizes that he took, he had correct views of naval strategy and foretold the day when the United States Navy would be strongest in the world. Even in this age of ballistic missiles and nuclear fission, what Jones wrote to Robert Morris in 1776 is still true: "Without a Respectable Navy—alas America!"

THE END

NEXT WEEK

A Noted Military Expert Charges:

OUR FIGHTING MEN HAVE GONE SOFT

By Hanson W. Baldwin

I COACH THE HOT CORNER

By Frank Crosetti of the Yankees

SO YOU WANT TO LIVE IN PARIS

Apartment Hunting in the French Capital

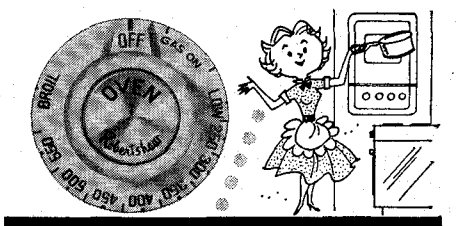
IN COLOR:

THE NORTH SALEM MYSTERY

The Secret Caves of a New Hampshire Hillside

SET UP FOR MURDER

A New Serial by Richard Stern



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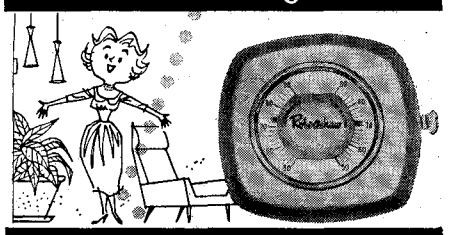
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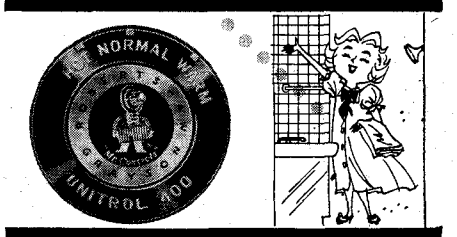

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So I Escaped From the Bullpen

(Continued from Page 25)

Since the ball was hopped up forty years ago, only three American League pitchers have completed a full season with an E.R.A. of less than two runs. Hal Newhouser and Spud Chandler did it during wartime; Bill Pierce was the last to do it, in 1955. Five men—Grover Alexander, Dolf Luque, Carl Hubbell, Mort Cooper and Howie Pollet—have shaded the mark in the National League since 1919.

Sure, I was pitching over my head. It was too good to be true. I've learned one thing, though, in spending nearly half my life playing ball for a living. There are periods of feast or famine. The time to fatten up your record and bear down hardest is when the breaks are going your way, because you won't get them indefinitely.

Sometimes it seems the toughest thing is getting the chance to prove you can do the job, particularly when you carry a specialist label, as I did. Such a label can hold a man back in any field. A fellow tabbed as a salesman may be passed up when his firm is looking for an executive. Actors constantly complain that type casting confines them to the same sort of roles and never permits them to develop their talents. In baseball, men who happen to break in on weak teams often get branded as second-division ballplayers, although no one really knows how a man will react to the pressure of a pennant drive until he is exposed to it.

As for me, I was considered strictly a relief specialist until last year. This label was put on me when I joined the New York Giants as a rookie in 1952. I always had been a starter in the minors, and had led two leagues in total innings pitched. However, manager Leo Durocher decided I would be more useful to the team in the bullpen.

Don't get me wrong; I'm not griping. I was tickled to death to stay in any capacity with a team that had won the National League pennant the previous season. I was lucky enough to wind up with a fifteen-and-three record in 1952, and moneywise, the Giants couldn't have treated me better. Two years later I realized the ambition of every ballplayer when the Giants won the world championship. I was completely satisfied during my five years with the Giants, except for one thing. There was a nagging desire in my mind to be a starting pitcher.

I'm not a clubhouse lawyer. I never asked Durocher or Bill Rigney, his successor, for a starting shot, although I talked about it with Wes Westrum, my catcher, and a few veterans. I suppose word got back to the front office, but nothing came of it. I can't criticize Durocher or Rigney for keeping me in the bullpen. A manager doesn't experiment with a competent relief pitcher today.

An outstanding relief pitcher is more essential to a team than a .350 hitter, a twenty-game-winning starter or a great defensive shortstop. Pennants have been won by clubs without such assets, but no team in recent years has finished on top without a guy who could come in and put out a fire in the closing innings.

You don't have to look farther than my own team, the Orioles, for convincing proof of a relief pitcher's value. At midseason this year we were last in batting and seventh in fielding, but Billy Loes kept us within reaching distance of first place by winning four games in relief and saving at least ten more. There was a similar situation on the Pirates, where Roy Face represented the difference between being in sixth place and having a chance for the jack pot.

Actually, relieving for a contender demands more skill and, perhaps, more guts than being a starter. The relief specialist generally is called in when his team is in a jam and one mistake can cost the game. When I appeared in seventy-one of the Giants' 154 games in 1952, the physical wear and tear wasn't nearly as rough as the mental strain of trying to avoid making a single bad pitch with men on base.

One rap against relief pitchers is their supposed inability to last nine innings. In my book a pitcher's record of complete games is overemphasized. Any pitcher in shape can throw with a nice, loose motion all day or night. Lasting nine innings is an achievement only if you win.

When Bobby Bragan, then Cleveland's manager, gave me the green light for my first big-league start last year, I'd heard a lot about how pitchers in the majors had to pace themselves to go the route. I wondered privately whether I could make the adjustment. After all, I hadn't worked nine innings in a row since 1951, my last season in the minors. The majority of my relief jobs had been limited to a couple of innings. However, I promptly found out that my doubts were groundless. I went eleven innings against the Red Sox, and still had all my stuff when I was taken out for a pinch hitter with the score at two all.

Since then I've been pouring it on all the way without worrying about saving myself for the homestretch. If I have to be bailed out after the sixth inning with the score tied or the Orioles one run behind, I feel I've done an acceptable job. As it was, during those first wonderful months this year, eight of my nine straight wins were complete games, and the other was an eight-inning effort.

There are a number of mistaken ideas about pitching, but nothing has aroused more cockeyed notions than my meal ticket, the knuckle ball. It is generally conceded to be the most baffling ball to hit, yet there are so many scare stories about it that no more than a dozen major-leaguers are throwing it today. And most of them use it as an extra pitch.

The confusion about the knuckle ball begins with its name. Actually the knuckles never touch the ball. They stick up when the pitch is thrown. The ball generally is held with the index and middle fingers dug into the seams like claws, and it is released with a slight snap of the wrist.

The knuckle ball behaves differently from other pitches because it does not rotate on the way to the plate. It floats up there, fluttering with the wind like a butterfly in flight. In fact, ballplayers call the knuckler the butterfly ball, which is really a more accurate description.

Hitters are not the only ones who are kept guessing by the knuckler. I've been throwing the thing for twenty years, and it is the absolute truth that when the ball leaves my hand I don't know whether it will break to the right or left. Most of my knucklers fall away, like a ball rolling off a table, but occasionally one will take off, or rise like a fast ball.

The big problem, of course, is getting the knuckler over the plate with fair consistency. Many guys find it impossible and quit after a few trials. The knuckler must have come naturally to me as a kid, because I wasn't conscious of working any harder on control than boys who threw curves and fast balls.

Today I seldom give more than three walks a game. But I can't pinpoint the ball to an exact spot, and I never heard of a knuckle-baller who could. When I'm ahead of the hitter I try to hit a corner of the plate, but as a rule I just aim for the strike zone.

One question comes up all the time, so I might as well answer it here. I don't throw the knuckler on every pitch. I try to keep the hitters guessing by also giving them curves, sliders, sinkers and, once in a while, my imitation of a fast ball. Like any breaking pitch, the knuckler is most effective when the wind is blowing toward the mound. Under those conditions 90 per cent of my pitches may be knucklers. However, there are days when the ball seems to hang, and I use the slider and sinker to try and escape in one piece.

The knuckle ball has been running in cycles of popularity for nearly half a century. The Washington Senators just missed pulling a tremendous upset with it in 1945. After finishing dead last the previous season, they came within a game and a half of winning the pennant. Four veterans between thirty-two and forty years old—Dutch Leonard, Roger Wolff, Mickey Haefner and Johnny Niggeling—won sixty games with the butterfly that year.

Gene Bearden accounted for twenty wins as a freshman with Cleveland in 1948. However, when I came up to the majors four years later, the only prominent pitchers who threw the knuckler were Early Wynn and Murry Dickson.

Although I've had some good years with it, my success hasn't set off any new trend. Only a handful of rookies or experienced pitchers ever have asked me for tips on throwing the knuckler. The one convert I've made is my kid brother Gary, who was signed by the Orioles in June after he finished his hitch in the Army. Gary, who is twenty-three, has had no professional experience, but the Orioles gave him a contract on the strength of his fair knuckler. He is learning the trade at Bluefield, West Virginia, the Baltimore farm in the Appalachian League.

Pitchers steer shy of the knuckler, I believe, because of the false propaganda circulated about it. Many scouts and coaches warn kids that the knuckler puts a strain on the arm. Hogwash! The knuckler does not involve the sharp wrist snap of a curve ball, or the big explosion required for a fast ball. If anything, it is the least tiring pitch to throw. Dutch Leonard held a job in the majors with it for twenty years, and Freddie Fitzsimmons lasted only a couple of years less.

Some self-appointed authorities insist the knuckler isn't worth the time and trouble it takes to master it, because you need a variety of stuff to win in the majors. That's a laugh to the many pitchers who have made big money with one specialty. When Sal Maglie was in his prime everybody in the ball park knew he would throw his curve to get out of a jam. Robin Roberts relied almost exclusively on his fast ball during the years when he was the National League's No. 1 pitcher. Carl Hubbell made the Hall of Fame with his screwball. One of the very few men with three or four equally effective deliveries is Whitey Ford of the Yankees. He has shown me as much as any pitcher I've ever seen. But guys like Ford always have been as rare as left-handed shortstops.

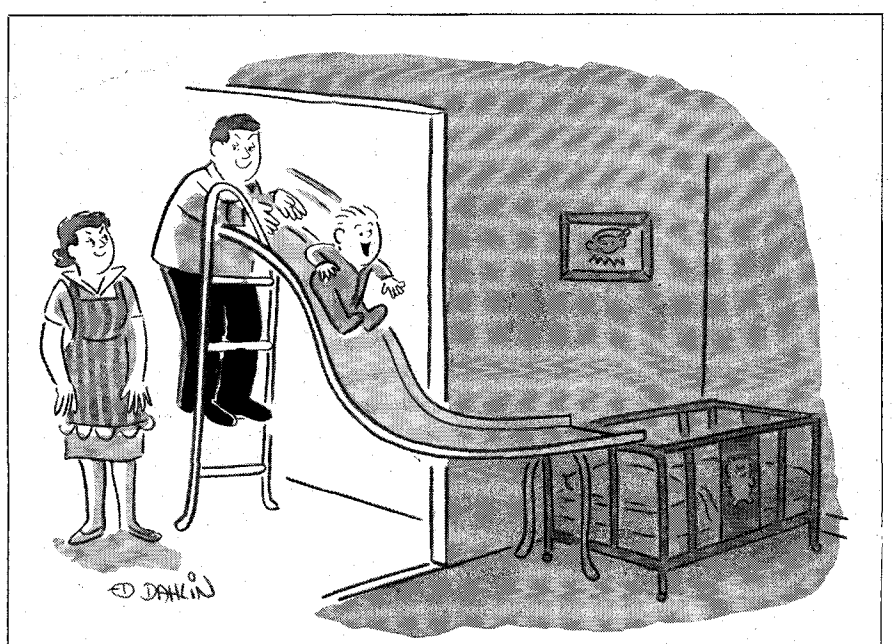
The secret of the pitching business is variety, all right—but of speeds, not types of pitches. The most deceptive delivery will be solved eventually if it comes up the same way all the time. The trick is to keep hitters off stride by changing the rate of speed, and this can be done to good advantage with the knuckler. My hard knuckler breaks more sharply and closer to the plate than my medium-speed butterfly. I can slow it down to low gear by releasing the ball with a soft flick of the wrist.

The commonest, and silliest, argument against the knuckler is that it makes trouble for the catchers. I don't doubt that they dislike sparring with a pitch that moves so unpredictably. So what? Hitters hate going up against wild fireballers, second basemen don't like getting belted by base runners on double plays, outfielders are not fond of colliding with concrete fences and pitchers find no pleasure in dodging line drives. But if that's a part of making your living as a professional ballplayer, you go out and do the best you can.

A few weeks ago Paul Richards, my manager, who worked behind the bat as a player, was talking about the knuckler from a catcher's viewpoint. "I caught Dutch Leonard at Atlanta and Jim Tobin at Detroit," he recalled. "The first time Leonard threw the darned thing I was dead. I came out of the game feeling as though I'd been put through a meat grinder. The more I caught knucklers, the more I dreaded what was coming.

"No matter how good a catcher is, he's got to look bad handling a knuckle-baller. He's bound to be charged with passed balls and stolen bases. When he sees a base runner take off, he can step into a fast ball or a curve and unload a snap throw. With the knuckler he's always throwing flatfooted, because he's got to wait for the ball to break."

"So what do I do with men on the bases?" I asked. (*Continued on Page 60*)



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(*Continued from Page 58*) "Keep on throwing knucklers," Richards said. "I'd rather see a runner advance on a passed ball than a triple."

I've read a lot in the newspapers about catchers' headaches with knuckle balls, but not one of my receivers ever has beefed to me or tried to duck an assignment, and I've given them plenty of grief. I have the distinction, if it can be called that, of putting two catchers in the record book with four passed balls in a game.

First it happened at Cleveland last year to J. W. Porter. Then on April twenty-sixth in New York this year Gus Triandos, my battery partner on the Orioles, was charged with four passed balls. The next day a Baltimore columnist devoted his entire story to the hard time I had given Gus. But all Gus himself talked about on the ride back from New York was the fact that we had swept a double-header with the Yankees.

At times the knuckler has been costly to me too. I once struck out four men in an inning in Minneapolis, but was charged with two runs that scored on passed balls. I especially remember a big game against the Dodgers in 1953. Wes Westrum and Sam Calderone, the Giant catchers, both had been hurt, and Ray Noble had been brought up from Minneapolis in the emergency. The game went into extra innings. In the tenth I fanned Pee Wee Reese, the lead-off man, on a knuckler, but he reached first base when Noble failed to hold the third strike. Reese went to second on a bunt that was booted, and moved to third on a pitch that escaped Noble. Then he scored the winning run on the third passed ball of the inning.

I can't kick about catchers, though—not when I've had men like Westrum and Triandos behind the bat. Triandos, who was voted the American League's catcher for the All-Star game this year, stops runners from taking too many liberties on my knuckler with the best arm in the business. Bases are stolen on me, not Triandos. But a man must get on before he can steal. My main idea with the knuckle ball is to keep the opposition off the bases.

When I was in high-school ball at Cornelius, North Carolina, I didn't know there was so much prejudice against the knuckler. It wouldn't have mattered to me anyway. I soon realized I had to develop a special pitch if I was to make the grade with the pros. Practically every team we met had a pitcher whose fast ball and curve were better than mine.

I never had seen a knuckle ball, or even heard of it, until 1939, Dutch Leonard's biggest year with Washington. We received radio broadcasts of the Senators' games, and Leonard's success with the knuckler gave me a hunch it might be what I needed. One day a newspaper carried an illustrated story showing how he held the ball. That was the only instruction with the knuckler I've ever had.

I began using it in high-school games and, although my control was erratic, the ball had a sharp break when I got it over the plate. After I was graduated from Cornelius High in 1942 the Mooresville team in the Class D North Carolina State League signed me at eighty-five dollars a month.

At one early point Jack Hicks, the team's manager and catcher, suggested that I lay off the knuckler and stick to stuff I could control better. I followed his advice in a game with Statesville and lost. That convinced me I had to stay with the knuckler if I was going to get anywhere, and I proceeded to win nine in a row, winding up with a ten-and-three record before I was called into the Army.

That ended my pitching for the next three years. I was lucky it didn't stop permanently. I was shipped overseas with the 99th Division just in time for the Battle of the Bulge. We were spearheading a drive to the Rhine when a burst of shrapnel hit me in the back and in the right hand—my pitching hand. Fortunately my wounds were superficial.

When I got back to baseball in 1946, I had a twenty-one-and-eight record with Mooresville. It was twenty and seven in 1947. But the scouts were ignoring me. No team was willing to take a flier on me even for the Class D draft price of $2500.

That was when I first learned what it meant to be stuck with an undesirable label. Most scouts aren't interested in a pitcher unless he throws the ball exceptionally hard. Whether he wins is not as important to them as his speed. Next comes control. A pitcher is considered to have satisfactory control if he fans more men than he walks. By that rule of thumb I was well above average—my strike-outs more than doubled my passes—but the knuckler was the same as a quarantine sign hung around my neck.

Mooresville finally sold me for a few thousand dollars at the end of 1947 to the Braves, who put me on the Evansville roster in the Three-I League. Then the Giants drafted me on the recommendation of Sammy Bell, who managed Hickory in the North Carolina State League. I went on to have winning seasons at Knoxville, Jacksonville and Minneapolis. I was eligible to be drafted for $5000 or $10,000, but I was passed up every year. The Giants did not bother to take me to training camp until 1952.

The first inkling that I might stick with the Giants came from a sports writer. I ran into him in the lobby of the Adams Hotel in Phoenix, Arizona, after one of Durocher's press conferences.

"Leo is thinking of using you in relief," the newspaperman said. "How does the idea strike you?"

I said it sounded fine. The Giants had a strong staff, with Sal Maglie, Larry Jansen, Jim Hearn and Dave Koslo on the starting line and George Spencer as the No. 1 man in the bullpen. I was pushing the age of twenty-nine and couldn't afford to be choosy.

During the first three weeks of the season Durocher called for me several times in close games, but yanked me when a man got on base. I suppose he was afraid a knuckler would get away from the catcher and put the runner in position to score on a single. The payoff for me came in a game with the Cubs early in May. With two out, two on and the score tied in the ninth, I was flagged from the bullpen. I walked Bob Addis to fill the bases. I looked into the Giant dugout. Durocher was staring at me. I fanned Frank Baumholtz, and the Giants won the game in the tenth.

"I had to find out if you could get out of a jam," Durocher told me in the clubhouse. "Now I know."

Durocher was a daredevil gambler who would go for broke with a man once he had confidence in him. His attitude and his use of me in the clutch were as helpful to me as my knuckler. I led the league in winning percentage with a fifteen-and-three record, and in earned-run average with 2.43. They said it was the first time a rookie had ever topped either major league in both these departments.

The Giant front office gave me a nice bonus in midseason, and more than doubled my salary in 1953. I had the rewards of a starting pitcher, but not the inner satisfaction. There were times when I'd be working several days a week, and then periods when I'd see little action. Five years of this began to take the edge off my knuckler.

After the Giants dropped to sixth place in 1956, Bill Rigney, Durocher's successor, was looking for starting pitchers. He traded me to the Cardinals. I had been labeled a relief pitcher so long that it didn't occur to Rigney, or anybody else, that I might be an answer to his shortage of starters.

The Cardinals were a surprising runner-up in 1957, but I contributed very little to the surge. For some reason that never was explained to me, manager Freddy Hutchinson used me a total of only fifty-five innings in forty games. A week before the season ended I was waived out of the National League and sold to Cleveland.

I took a long, hard look at myself during the winter. I was bouncing from one team to another, which is usually the tip-off that a ballplayer is at the end of the line. Yet my arm, which never had given me any trouble, felt as good as ever. I decided I was so rusty from lack of work that I had forgotten how to pitch.

When Herb Score was sidelined with a sore arm early in 1958, leaving a hole in the Cleveland staff, I thought it was high time I made my move before I really was over the hill. I asked Bobby Bragan for a starting shot, and he was agreeable. On May 4, 1958, I finally started my first major-league game after 363 relief appearances. The two runs I allowed the Red Sox in eleven innings induced Bragan to give me five more chances, but the only game I completed was a 3–2 loss to Detroit. The Indians evidently decided the noble experiment had not panned out, and sold me to Baltimore on waivers late in August.

Paul Richards, who has a reputation of being the shrewdest handler of pitchers in the business, asked me if I wanted to start or relieve when I joined the club.

"I'll go either way," I said, "but if you're giving me a preference I'd like to start."

He nodded. "We'll work it out. Our bullpen is in pretty good shape with Loes and Zuverink, but I always can use another starter." He laughed. "Who the heck can't?"

Richards had in mind a starter who could win, a specification I did not exactly fill. I lost games to the Red Sox and Tigers, by 3–2 and 3–1, the former on the first balk that had ever been called on me. Then I blew another one to the White Sox on a balk. Richards hollered bloody murder on both decisions, with the usual result. He lost the arguments.

When I went against the Yankees in Baltimore last September twentieth, it was a cinch that I would have to begin producing if I was to figure in the Orioles' future plans. Midway through the game I was aware the Yankees had got no hits, although I had given up two walks. However, Don Larsen also had a shutout, so the score was my only concern. Then Gus Triandos put us ahead, 1–0, with a homer in the seventh, and it dawned on me that I needed only six more outs for a no-hitter.

The first was a big one—a great stop by Billy Gardner on Norm Siebern's hard grounder wide of second base. The Saturday crowd was yelling up a storm as I went along. But the impact of what was happening didn't really hit me until Hank Bauer, the last man, stepped into the batter's box. I was too numb to move off the mound when Bauer bunted the first pitch. It rolled foul. Then he cut at a knuckler. Gardner ran into short right field, caught the ball, and that was it.

The game had been telecast on the N.B.C. network, and I received so many calls from fans and old friends that it wasn't until an hour later that I was able to telephone my wife, who was in Charlotte, North Carolina, with our three children. She was waiting for the call because it was our seventh wedding anniversary, but she never expected the news I had for her.

That no-hitter—my first complete-game victory in the majors—was a wonderful thing, but in a way it put me on an annoying spot. It started a streak for me against the Yankees in which I held them to two earned runs in five successive games. After I pitched a one-hitter against them in April this year, a group of sports writers asked me for an explanation of my effectiveness against the Yankees. They quoted me as saying Casey Stengel's club was a soft touch.

Well, I have too much respect for ballplayers who have won nine pennants in ten years to pop off in such an idiotic way. The Yankees finally ended that soft-touch nonsense themselves by beating me 4–1, on June thirtieth.

I've seen too many pure accidents in baseball to take anything for granted. For example, I hit a home run my first turn at bat in the big leagues in 1952. Seven years later I'm still waiting for another one. It's all right with me if it takes seven more years. All I want is for the opposition also to go without homers on the days when I pitch. THE END

"Don't tell me I don't hang up my clothes."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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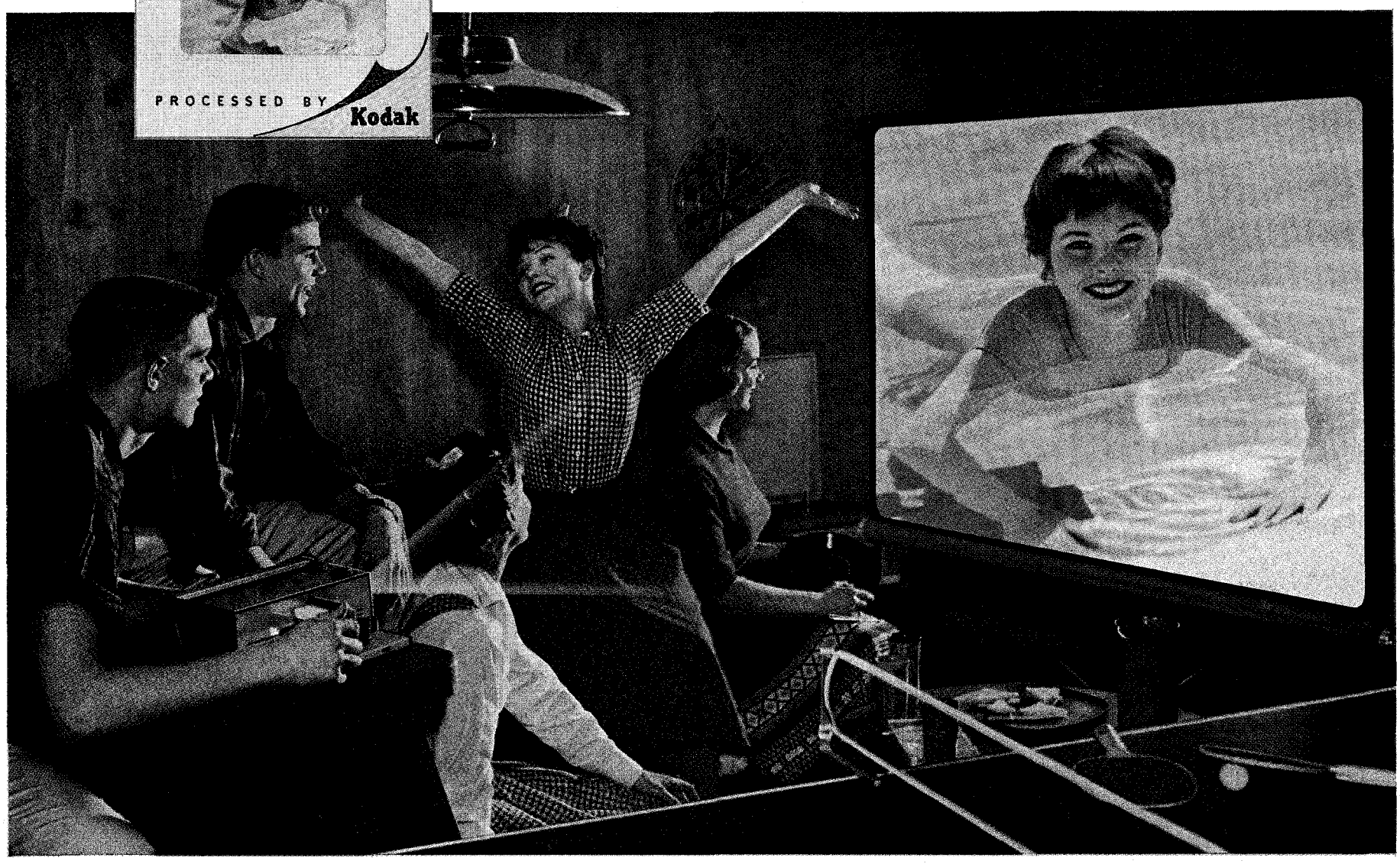

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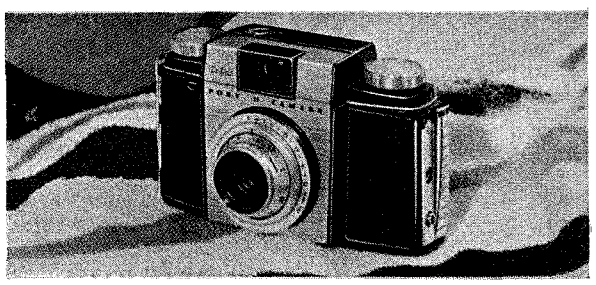

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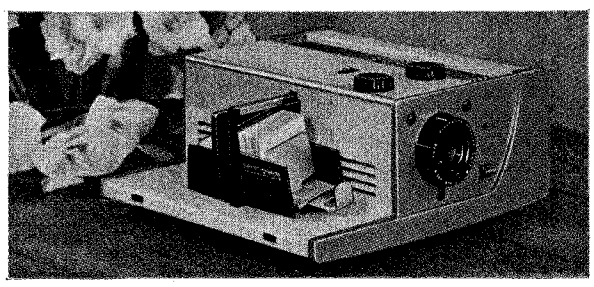

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Mark of Treachery (Continued from Page 28)

the skill of an intercollegiate champion. No more was necessary. The first gangster lay still, half under the mahogany secretary; the second lay on his face before the hair-cloth sofa.

Avery, in some sort of daze, not yet able to be astonished at himself, strode across the room to Nebo.

"Pull up my right pants leg," commanded the fat man.

Avery obeyed. There, strapped to the enormous calf, was a curiously shaped knife in a sheath. Avery drew it out and saw it glitter. It was a double-edged weapon, needle sharp at its point. With it he cut the ropes that secured Nebo. The released man took the knife from Avery's fingers, replaced it in its sheath and got ponderously to his feet. He stared bleakly down at the man under the secretary and, apparently, deemed he needed no further attention. He ambled across the room to peer at the citizen who had received Avery's knockout punches. He drew back his foot and kicked this one savagely in the ribs.

"A man," he said unctuously, "must have some small satisfaction. . . . Let us betake ourselves elsewhere, while, as the argot of the day expresses it so aptly, the going is good."

They walked back through the silent house to the stairway and down to the side driveway where Avery's car stood waiting. Parsifal grunted his way into the front seat. Avery walked around and got behind the wheel. He started the motor, backed out of the driveway and drove down the street.

Mr. Nebo uttered a bass purring sound. "Young man," he said benevolently, "you were adequate. It may be true that breeding counts in men, as well as in race horses. You have gained a measure of my respect, and, what may be of magnitude as the future unfolds, my gratitude."

"Suffering catfish!" Avery exclaimed in sudden relief and relaxation. "Whoosh!"

"There are more resources dormant in the human ego," said Mr. Nebo, "than are dreamed of in thy philosophy." He rode in silence for a time and then spoke again. "In some measure, Mr. Truslow, you and I may not see eye to eye. There may be rivalry between us. There may be well-nigh irreconcilable differences and necessities. But, my friend, and I do not often use that term, if ever it be possible for me to favor you, or in some degree to ameliorate my antagonism, you may rely upon it that I shall conduct myself to your advantage. . . . We both reside in the same hotel, I believe."

Avery put away his car and walked to the elevators beside Mr. Parsifal Nebo. Nebo alighted first. "Sleep well, sweet prince," he said. "A not unamusing evening, sir."

The door clanged shut behind his bulk. Avery alighted at his floor, unlocked his door and snapped on the light. His room had the appearance of having been vexed by some giant agitating machine. The contents of drawers were scattered. Upholstery had been slashed. Rugs had been torn up and thrown into corners. It was a shambles.

A sense of outrage possessed him almost equal to that he had felt because of his kidnaping. But there came a ray of thankfulness that he had been granted the foresight to remove from the apartment the contents of the briefcase Felicia Sewell had entrusted to him. He had no doubt that that was the object of the ruthless search.

He made his bed as best he could and got between the sheets. He found himself trembling with delayed reaction.

"What kind of people," he demanded of himself, "and what sort of events have I got myself mixed up with?"

He thought about Parsifal Nebo. He tried to read the meaning from known facts. First in importance to him was the fact that Felicia Sewell was afraid of the huge man and had taken the trouble to warn him, Avery Truslow, against him. Second, was the titbit that Parsifal had invaded his room and asked questions and had, in a most indirect way, been threatening. Third, was that noon when he had followed Gwen Silver to her meeting with Tom Skeen and Henry Greet, of GPHR-TV, and Nebo had appeared, to their dismay.

And lastly in order, but surely not in importance, were the events of this night, when his abductors had pushed him into that room where Parsifal Nebo was a prisoner, tied in a chair.

As he was being forced toward that house and that room he had, fumbling for a reason, been inclined to guess that the thing had been instigated by Nebo. But that theory had been blasted. So what conclusions could he reach? Where did Nebo stand? Was he friend or foe? Those questions reached on to bewilderment. One point not to be overlooked was that Felicia Sewell knew Nebo before she had come to Van Buren. Also, Nebo was urgently interested in the slavey who had thumbed her way from Long Island to Van Buren in Avery's car. Some tentacles led from both these people to the house of Hubert Aldrich on Long Island and to his murder. But—and this nonplused Avery—though Felicia knew Nebo, Nebo seemed not to realize that Felicia and the fugitive slavey were one and the same person. The monster of a man had not, so far, recognized her in her present incarnation.

So, what was Avery to deduce from all this, and from Parsifal's manner toward him after his astonishingly dynamic reactions in that room of imprisonment tonight? Parsifal's manner had been sincerely grateful. In his circumlocutory way he had promised Avery aid and comfort, come the need for it.

All of which brought him to the most dumfounding development of all: Who was the individual or the coterie of individuals who would find it to their interest to abduct both Avery Truslow III and Parsifal Nebo, whose interests seemed to be so conflicting?

Deke O'Brien's face wore an expression of suspicion as he sank into the chair beside Avery Truslow's desk.

"You don't," he said, "know all our employees by name yet, of course."

"I'm putting together more names and faces every day."

"Do you happen to know a man in the sales department by the name of Larkin—Fritz Larkin?"

"Don't think I've ever spoken to him."

"Not to tattle," Deke said, "but he's been one of the mainstays of the whispering campaign against you."

"That," Avery said with a wry grin, "doesn't make him unique."

"He's married," Deke said.

"Most men his age are," said Avery.

"If you don't know him, how come you're familiar with his age?"

"What's this cross-questioning aiming at?" Avery demanded testily.

"His wife's in the hospital," Deke said.

"Too bad. What's wrong with her?"

"Operation."

"Serious?"

"And expensive," Deke said. "Larkin's up to his ears in debt. But he's got his wife in a private room with day and night nurses. And Norton to operate. How does he afford it?"

"Installment plan," Avery said.

"You don't get hospital rooms and nurses on weekly payments."

"It's none of our business," Avery said.

Deke wriggled in his chair and lighted a cigarette. He was saturnine. "In the first place," he asked, "how did you know she had to have an operation?"

"Doesn't your department keep you busy?"

"I've always time to snoop. How did you find it out?"

"Office gossip, I presume."

"Did office gossip take you to the hospital and make you arrange for nurses and private room and Doc Norton?"

Avery was very uncomfortable. "One of our employees, isn't he?"

"The station can't afford to pay the bills. So they're coming out of your pocket. Does Larkin know it?"

"Of course not," snapped Avery.

"You, my boss and friend," Deke said tartly, "are ninety-nine per cent nincompoop." He uncoiled, got up abruptly and lunged out of the office.

Well before seven, Avery picked up Deke at the motor court where he lived and drove with him to Judge Morningstar's home. Avery was amused to see his friend's increasing perturbation as they neared the handsome old house, set well back from the street among towering elms. O'Brien, usually a hard-bitten and cynical young man, seemed to be coming apart at the seams at the prospect of spending an evening with the lovely, but reputedly glacial, Phryne.

"I tell you," he kept mumbling, "it's not my dish. What I'm not is elite. Me, I'm at home with dandelions, not hothouse orchids. What'll I talk about?"

"Be witty about microwaves and transistors," Avery said. "Or jape about stabilization amplifiers."

When the girls appeared, there was contrast. Phryne was taller than her guest, very erect and perfect in every detail. As one looked at her it was impossible to imagine her in anything but a state of static perfection. Her dark hair was a burnished helmet. Her gown draped itself in folds that seemed to have been set by a sculptor. There was reserve and dignity—beauty certainly, but a beauty to be looked at admiringly and never touched.

Felicia Sewell was all that Phryne was not. Hers was a spontaneous beauty, alive and natural and warm. Although her face was mobile, and humor lurked in her eyes and the curve of her lips, underneath this surface of vividness was a foundation not easily read or translated into words.

But of this Avery was certain: Two lovelier or more desirable young women never stood side by side on any veranda in the cool of a balmy evening.

Deke O'Brien's face was long, lugubrious and set as if carved from stone as he clumsily helped Phryne into the rear seat of Avery's car. She moved daintily, primly as she took her place and gathered her skirts about her knees, sitting very erect and correctly. Deke, with manifest reluctance, took his place beside her and maintained grim silence. Felicia was more nimble as she flipped into the seat at Avery's right. They swung out into the street and turned northward, toward the lake which was their destination. Avery's attention was upon his driving; Felicia sat at ease and contented, feeling no need for conversation, or preferring silence. Nobody spoke for several blocks, and then it was Phryne who broke the silence with her crisp staccato voice.

"Nature," she said tonelessly, "abhors a vacuum. Phryne Morningstar detests a silence."

Deke swallowed loudly.

"Ah," Felicia said, "a *bon mot!* Can he also grunt and clear his throat? I have been deceived Mr. Truslow. I have been informed that the lower orders are highly articulate. Is this one an exception?"

Deke O'Brien's ears were fiery and he pushed himself as far as possible into the corner of the seat. He was hating Avery for compelling him to make this expedition.

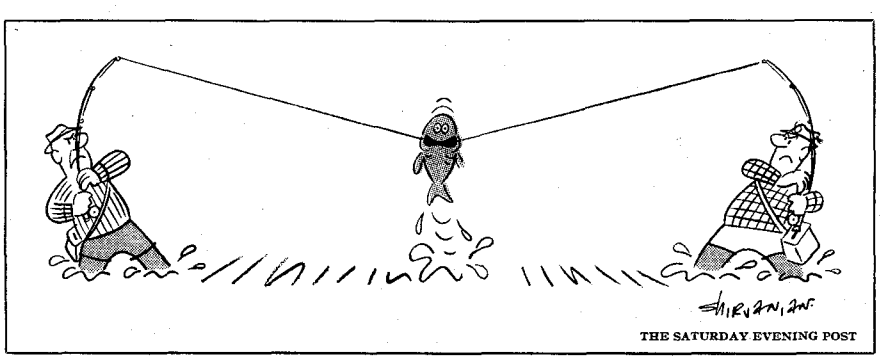
"Here am I," Phryne continued, "a member of the elite of Van Buren. A girl cultivated and cultured and trained in decorum by the most exclusive finishing school in America. Prepared to meet and cope with social emergencies, and never to be at a loss no matter what contretemps befalls! But I find myself nonplused."

Rage commenced to thread its way through Deke's abysmal embarrassment.

"I endeavor to mingle with a member of the proletariat," Phryne went on. "With what results? I find that 'East is East, and West is West, and never the twain shall meet.' It was an error to attempt *rapprochement*." She leaned forward and touched Avery's shoulder. 'I asked for it, Mr. Truslow. Indeed I insisted upon it, but I find myself inadequate. Please tell me confidentially, is he acquainted with the parts of speech, such as verbs and nouns and split infinitives?"

Avery, becoming a bit worried himself about the situation, considered a foray to Deke's rescue. But it proved to be unnecessary. Deke's rage broke its bounds. He turned blazing eyes upon the lovely young woman who tormented him.

"Miss Morningstar," he said evenly, "I was forced to come on this outing. I had seen you before. I had even met you briefly. My judgment then, Miss Morningstar, was that you were a brat. My opinion was that you were a snob of the most objectionable breed. I thought it a shame that so much physical loveliness should be wasted upon a creature whose hoity-toityness made it about as warmly desirable as a statue of Venus carved from a cake of ice. I, Miss Morningstar, am undoubtedly crude, clumsy and lacking in artificial graces. But by the great horn spoon, I'm human and capable of the whole set of human emotions from love to disgust. And I thank whatever gods there be that I was not born into your caste, but came into the world a living, breathing untouchable and not a beautiful, polished surface having one dimension and incapable of holding con-



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tents. . . . And so, Truslow, if you will stop this chariot I will cease to contaminate and revert to my native slime."

He reached for the door. Avery did not slacken pace. There was silence, and then it was Phryne Morningstar who was the first to speak.

"My beamish boy!" she exclaimed delightedly. "What a slapping down! What lovely words, syllables and phrases!" She thrust out a hand toward him. "Shake, pal," she said with enthusiasm. "Now that we've broken the ice and reached clean, sweet understanding, let's let down our hair and explore each other's natures, reactions, capers and shenanigans. . . . To commence with, and to set us on the right road, I promulgate a new commandment. And, mister, you better obey it. Namely and to wit: Thou shalt have no other girl before me. Period."

Deke took his hand off the door and turned incredulous eyes upon Phryne's alive and eager face.

"Gosh all fishhooks," he said in a dazed sort of way.

"A truer word was never spoke," Phryne said.

"Sit back," ordered Deke, "and shut up, and let me parse you. It'll take more than a casual glance. But, oh, Miss Morningstar, if you're genuine and not fool's gold, what gorgeous, soul-warming fights we can have. What I say, and I say it hesitantly, the hell with *noblesse oblige*, and three cheers for *savoir vivre*."

"Shake, troglodyte," said Phryne, "and now, cautiously, turn your ugly head and see who is following us so persistently."

They looked back along the road. Perhaps a hundred yards behind them were headlights which maintained an even distance. Avery slowed and the following headlights slowed; he accelerated and the headlights maintained their distance.

Avery had been so delighted and fascinated by Phryne's fantastic courtship that he had paid scant attention to his own companion. But now, made suddenly aware that they were being followed doggedly, the mystery of Felicia Sewell came back to him in a rush of doubts and dubieties. It came back to him how she, however unwittingly, had embroiled him in her affairs to the point of actual danger to himself. She was no mere dinner companion; no mere social acquaintance to be enjoyed, and afterward to be forgotten or to be cultivated as fancy directed him. She was an important part of his affairs, and a hazardous one. That the following car was proceeding in all innocence he did not believe; nor that it was primarily interested in himself, Avery Truslow III. If tonight there was a quarry, that quarry could well be Felicia Sewell.

So what was it all about? Why had she been a fugitive in disguise? Was she on the side of the angels or was she implicated in some activity upon which the law would frown? Had her flight from Long Island to do with the strange killing of Hubert Aldrich? Also, who and what was Aldrich, and why had it been necessary for some man to deprive him of life and ransack his premises?

He glanced aside at the girl, so nonchalant, so lovely and full of zest for life, zest for the pleasures of that evening. She was, then, a paradox. As the following lights shone in his mirror, he knew that she was a paradox which it was indispensable for him to solve.

Common sense dictated that he take her into a corner and demand an explanation. It demanded that he should relate to her the melodramatic events of last night and command her to tell him how come. And that he resolved to do. Or he would sternly resign as her cat's-paw and return to her the packages she had foisted upon him, and which, he was now thoroughly convinced, were loaded with danger.

They drove through woodlands, past cultivated fields, around hillsides, until they came out upon the shores of a wide and comely lake. Ahead and across a bay they could see the lights of the resort where they were to dine and dance. Still, the pursuing car drew no nearer. It was contented merely to follow, as if to make sure of their destination. Avery came to a stop in the parking space beside the old resort hotel with its weathered-shingle exterior and its wide verandas, on which were spaced tables for patrons of the place. The pursuing car did not immediately draw in beside them.

They were received at the top of wide steps by the headwaiter, who verified their reservations and conducted them to a corner table, dimly lighted.

Phryne, no longer a junior grand dame, but completely an uninhibited gamin, was chattering to Deke O'Brien. O'Brien was not what could be truthfully described as at his ease. He was in a state of flabbergastation, but he liked it. He was learning how the other half, in the person of Phryne Morningstar, really were constructed—not physically, but mentally and emotionally. It was a revelation. It frightened him a little, but he had reason enough remaining to be aware that he was losing his head. She was acute to perceive his plight and impish enough to twit him with it.

"Losing the old proletarian balance?" she jeered. "Being lured to destruction by the siren voice of sweet sophistication? In other and quainter words, Mr. O'Brien, are you falling for a spoiled, proud beauty of the hated nobility?"

"If you're playing a cute, smart, two-faced little game with me," said Deke, "get ready to duck. An aristocrat may grin and bear shenanigans, but such as I am is apt to turn nasty and cut up rough."

"Friend," she said, "there's one sure way to find out."

He nodded. "Take the long chance and play the fifty-to-one shot?"

"Exactly."

They were conscious of someone standing over their table, and four faces turned upward to see who it might be. Avery saw the most striking man he ever had set eyes upon. It was not an impressively large man, more in the light-heavyweight class, with the build of an Olympic champion. His face was ivory. His eyes were almond in shape and of a liquid brown. His nose might have been modeled by Praxiteles and his mouth by Michelangelo. He was not handsome, he was beautiful. He bowed with grace from the waist.

"Your pardon, *messieurs*, *mesdames*, but I take the liberty of greeting an old acquaintance—I may even boast, an old friend. Miss Sewell, it is a joy to see you again. So far from London and Paris and the capital of your own so-wonderful land."

Felicia's face became static, frozen. Avery, glancing at her, was sure she was not frightened, but was moved by some other and equally unpleasant emotion.

"Mr. Philidor," she said gravely, "one is surprised to see you so far from your natural habitat."

He laughed a charming laugh. "And where, my lady, is my natural habitat?"

"Wherever statesmen gather," she said. "Wherever there are chancelleries to corrupt, or departments of state to suborn. Wherever there is information to buy or sell, secrets to steal, or stealthy commissions to earn."

"You are amply specific," Philidor said, still with a charming smile. He spoke to the three others. "You will conceive," he said, "that Miss Sewell and I do not sup out of the same diplomatic dish. . . . And how is your dear father, the late undersecretary? Who, if I recall, is somewhat beclouded."

Felicia disregarded the barbed thrust. "Mr. Philidor," she said, "enjoys the peculiarity of having but one name. Just Philidor. No more. Not John or Charles, or Henry, or Maximilian. Only Philidor."

"A trade-mark, ladies and gentlemen," Philidor said with a shrug.

"Did you, sir," Avery asked, not offensively, "follow us here?"

"At least I was not far behind."

"For some purpose, or merely in obedience to a whim?" Avery asked.

"I have, Mr. Truslow, as Mr. Oliver Herford once said of his wife, 'a whim of iron.'"

Still the soul of courtesy, Avery turned to Felicia. "Are you charmed to be greeted by Mr. Philidor?"

"I detest it," she said.

"You regard his presence as an intrusion?"

"Distinctly so."

"Why, then, Mr. Philidor," Avery said suavely, "I would think that a gentleman of your graciousness would withdraw a presence that so patently is offensive to a charming young lady."

"Am I, Mr. Truslow, to assume that you are officious?"

"Mr. Philidor," Avery replied, "I even contemplate resolving mere officiousness into dynamics."

Philidor laughed. "Never," he said, "have I heard a threat couched in more amiable language. . . . But, lest there be an unpleasant contretemps, I suggest that you cast your eyes over my shoulder. I am a timorous man, I seldom travel unattended."

Behind the beautiful man were two contrasting types—one tall, thin, almost of chocolate complexion; the other broad, brawny, of a somewhat Mongolian cast of countenance, yet not a Chinese.

"Singh," Mr. Philidor said, "amuse the company."

The Hindu produced by legerdemain a white silken scarf. He made play with it, causing it to come alive and writhe from hand to hand, flicking flamelike in patterns, deft and graceful and somehow malignant. Singh displayed his peculiar art for a couple of moments, and then the scarf disappeared as magically as it had come into view.

"I hope you were diverted," Philidor said musically.

"Diverted indeed," Avery answered; "I had thought that practitioners of thuggee had been eliminated."

"A few, a very favored few, have been preserved," Philidor said. "Upon which instructive note I bid you good evening."

He bowed, turned on his heel and followed his two strange attendants off the porch and into the night.

When Avery arrived at his office in the morning he found an employee waiting for him, sitting stiffly on the leather sofa. He did not get up as Avery entered. His face was set and expressionless.

"Good morning," Avery said tentatively.

"My name," said the man, "is Fritz Larkin."

"Yes, Mr. Larkin, I know. What can I do for you?"

"Listen, Mr. Truslow," Larkin said gruffly, "you know I'm a friend of Tom Skeen's."

"I have heard so," Avery answered.

"You know I was sore when he got the gate and you were shoved into his place."

Avery smiled. "You were not alone in that," he said.

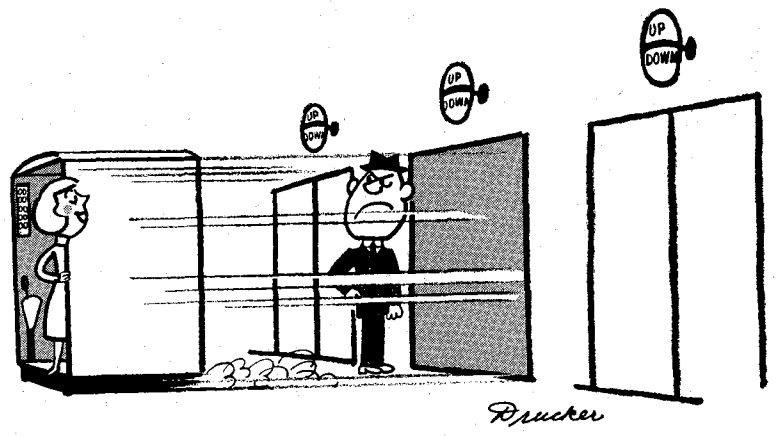
"But you knew it. Maybe you know I've shot off my mouth."

"At least I had an idea," Avery said, "that you weren't overly friendly."

"How did you find out my wife was in the hospital?"

"A little bird told me," Avery said.

"You went to the hospital to ask about her," Larkin said. "They wouldn't tell me you did, but a friend of mine saw you."



The Perfect Squelch

To most elevator operators Mr. Hamus was just another of life's nuisances—like tent caterpillars and head colds. They usually ignored his constant complaints and shrugged aside his inevitable impatience with the slowness of service.

But this operator was new, as well as being young and pretty. So when Hamus stamped into her car and began his usual complaints, she was understandably irritated.

"I've been waiting for five minutes," Hamus growled. "Where have you been?"

"Where," the operator asked with quiet logic, "can you go in an elevator?"

Paul A. Theis

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"Yes," Avery admitted. "I inquired about Mrs. Larkin."

"Now I'm asking you, and I want a straight answer. Did you order a private room for her, and private nurses and retain that high-priced surgeon to operate?"

Avery showed embarrassment.

"Did you?" insisted Larkin.

"Well," Avery said hesitantly, "there seemed to be things she needed."

"And you guaranteed payment?"

"The hospital insisted upon it."

"Not the station, but you, personally, made the guarantee?"

"They preferred it that way."

"Why," snarled Larkin, "did you stick your nose into my business?"

Avery shrugged and made no reply.

"You knew I couldn't afford it all."

"Our payroll showed it might be inconvenient," Avery answered.

"You never saw my wife?"

"No, sir," Avery said.

"Then, what I want to know, Truslow, is why the devil you did it?"

"It seemed like a good idea, Mr. Larkin."

"And you expect me to fall on your neck and blubber," Larkin said.

"Mr. Larkin," Avery said coldly, "I don't give a tinker's damn what you do. . . . There are a couple of people waiting to see me. Will you excuse me now?"

Larkin got scowlingly to his feet. "I don't get it," he said. "It don't make sense." And with that, he turned his back and marched out of the office.

The first visitor was a very belligerent individual who operated a secondhand-car lot. He was sponsor for a popular Western film which featured a singing cowboy. The commercial was recited by this Mr. Iverson, who stood, legs spraddled, glaring at Avery. Avery had been informed by the head of his sales department that Iverson was a very vain man and that he was spending his money in large part to exhibit himself rather than his automobiles. He regarded himself as a comic and utilized every second of the time permitted for commercials to project his rather regrettable personality to the viewing audience.

"Listen, you," he said. "We got company for dinner last night to watch our program and listen to me giving off. We was all set and I had learnt a spiel that was a humdinger. So what happens? I'll tell you what happens. No sooner do I come on the screen than I look like in one of them mirrors that twist you and make you look ridiculous. And then the sound is nothing but a gobble. And then there's nothing but streaks and flashes. That's what happens, and I come here now to cancel. I'm through. Things like this didn't happen when Skeen was running this station ——"

"Mr. Iverson," Avery said, "I'm very sorry indeed if your program was spoiled last night, and your guests were deprived of the pleasure of seeing and hearing you. This is the first I have heard of it. Of course, allowance will be made for what happened. In a station like this, dependent upon delicate electrical equipment, things will go wrong occasionally ——"

"They didn't go wrong when Skeen was here!" Iverson roared. "I'm through with you. I cancel. I'm taking my business over to GPHR."

"But, Mr. Iverson ——"

"That's final," the man said, and flung himself out of the room.

Avery rang for his secretary, who came in, sleek and delectable. She was pleased about something. Her lips were bent in a half-smile. Avery eyed her a moment before speaking. He wondered if she had heard what had passed between him and the disgruntled Mr. Iverson.

"Please," he said, "ask Mr. O'Brien to come here."

"Yes, Mr. Truslow," Gwen Silver said. "Right away, Mr. Truslow." Her tone reached the very edge of impertinence.

He looked up at her. "You like your job here, Miss Silver?"

"It's a living," she said tartly.

"I will drop a thought in your ear," Avery said quite pleasantly. "Please ponder over it at your leisure. When patience is overstrained, Miss Silver, it is apt to break with an explosion that jars the lipstick and disrupts the foundation cream. Mr. O'Brien, please."

The girl went out less cockily than she had come in, but with a flirt of the skirts that asserted her independence.

In two minutes Deke O'Brien slouched in, his homely face darkened by a scowl.

"I just heard," he said. "So Iverson got a crick in his vanity and canceled."

"Deke," Avery said grimly, "a few more shenanigans like this and HARP-TV goes *boom*. We've got to find out if this monkey business is done inside or outside."

"I think it is both," Deke answered. "I think that jamming last night was rigged outside. I was talking to a smart electronics lad and he made a suggestion." Deke raised his brows. "In answer to a purely hypothetical question. I didn't want the news to get around that we're being gimmicked."

"Yes?"

"Know what a passive reflector is?"

"Not the least idea."

"Well, it's a device to bend impulses sent out by a transmitter. For simplicity: there's a screen up on a pole or a tower. You're sending a program. Let's say there's an obstruction in the way, a building or something. So you shoot from your transmitter up to the screen and the screen bounces it off at right angles. Like throwing a ball against a wall and letting it bounce. Now here's the thing tough for the layman to grasp."

"I'll try," Avery said dryly.

"The heavens above us," Deke explained, "are thick with meteors and meteor trails. Maybe millions of them. They are always present. So, believe it or not, these meteor trails act as a passive reflector. Say another station, no friend of ours, wants to jam our transmission. It transmits impulses on our frequency, which we'll say is 192 M.C. This impulse goes up, bounces off the meteor trails and returns to earth. Radiating back. And what it does to our transmission is just too bad. They can transmit so as to ruin or jam a program for a full half hour, or they can use a pulse-type transmitter which is one half second on and one half second off. And just naturally jiggle the daylights out of what we're sending."

"For that the enemy would use a sound truck?"

"Exactly."

"It looks as if we'll have to neglect running a television station and take on the job of being private detectives."

"Unless," said Deke flatly, "we want to sit with folded hands and watch ourselves be abolished."

"So far," Avery said, "they've just meddled with a couple of programs. What if they take it into their heads to put us out of business for a whole evening, or for a whole week?"

"That would have to be done inside the station. Probably in the control room."

They discussed technicalities. They delved for methods to detect the saboteurs if such creatures existed. At last, Deke went back to the control room to stare at cabinets full of devices—lights, tubes, wires—as if he would wrest some secret from them by mere determination. Avery, restless, walked up the stairs and aimlessly poked his head into cubicle after cubicle, exchanging a few friendly words with each occupant. In some offices he was received stiffly, in others with studied indifference. Only once or twice was there a smile of welcome. Out in the corridor he all but collided with the scurrying Footsy Bundle, and grasped the boy by the shoulders.

"Hey, Footsy," he said. "How's it coming—the commercials?"

"Aw, Mr. Truslow, say! Gosh, I been workin' hard, and them real announcers have been givin' me tips. I bet you I make the grade." His expression changed. "Say, Mr. Truslow, it ain't true, is it, that somebody's doin' you dirt? Heavin' monkey wrenches in the machinery?"

"It could be, Footsy. Bad things have happened."

"Blast 'em," Footsy said savagely. "Just you lemme ketch one of them at it. What I mean, Mr. Truslow, anybody does you dirt he's my enemy, see?"

"Why, thank you, Footsy. First thing you know, you'll be my right-hand man."

"Aw, gee, Mr. Truslow!" Footsy, in a torment of embarrassment, twisted away and ran down the stairs. Avery grinned after him.

When Avery returned to his office he was informed by the receptionist that a Mr. Newman, representing an electronics company, had arrived to see him. Avery was acquainted with no Mr. Newman, but he did know that a considerable part of the equipment of the station had been manufactured by the corporation he represented.

"Show the gentleman in," he directed, and in a moment Mr. Newman entered.

"Mr. Truslow?" he asked.

"I am Mr. Truslow. Won't you be seated, Mr. Newman? I understand—I'm somewhat new in this position, as you doubtless know, but I'm informed that a considerable portion of our equipment was supplied by your firm."

"Yes, Mr. Truslow. I understand that you are new in your position. It is about the equipment supplied by us that I have come to see you."

Avery was puzzled. "But I have made no complaints, Mr. Newman. It is true we have had unfortunate mechanical difficulties, but I do not believe it is the fault of your products."

"Nor do we, Mr. Truslow. We are disturbed. We feel that your troubles may—mind I only say *may*—be chargeable to unskilled operation. To carelessness or incompetence."

"Or something more unethical."

"Eh? Eh? What do you say?"

"To sabotage," Avery said gravely. "To malicious mischief."

"Oh, nonsense, Truslow. That sort of thing happens only in melodramas. Not in actual business. Er—I had not expected to hear so ridiculous an excuse."

"I do not regard it as ridiculous," Avery said. "But, for the moment, that is beside the point. What is the reason for your visit this morning?"

"Have you examined your books to find how much of the equipment supplied by us was on credit?"

"I am not familiar with the total sum."

"The amount due at this date, sir, is a hundred and ninety-six thousand dollars and seventeen cents. It was stipulated in the purchase agreement that a certain sum should be paid on the first of each month. Are you aware, sir, that there has been no payment for three months? Nor even a word of explanation or request for deferring the sums due?"

"I was aware that there was indebtedness, Mr. Newman. I knew the over-all sum owed by us to manufacturers of equipment was rather staggering. But my understanding was that we were to be afforded ample time to pay. My understanding is that long credit is a usage of the trade."

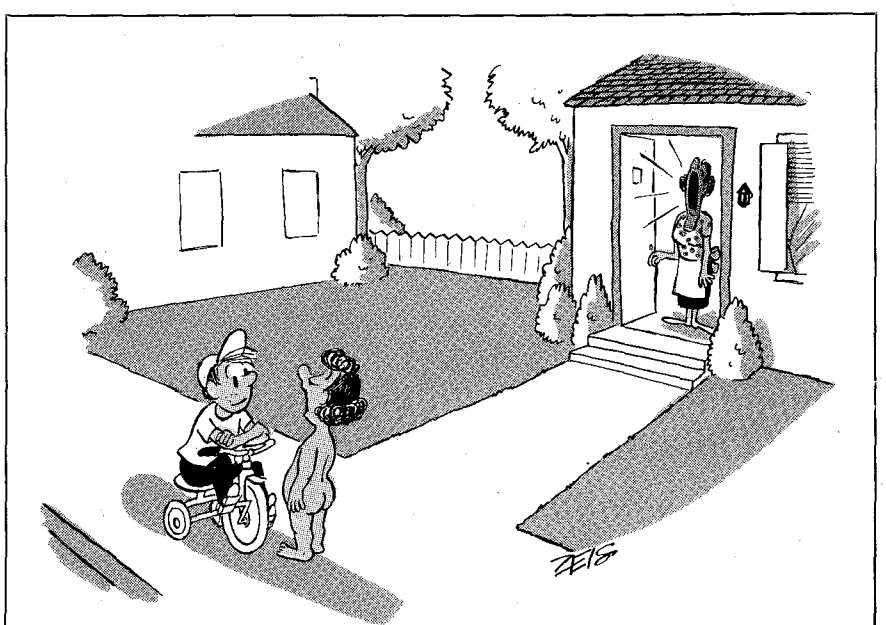
"That, Mr. Truslow, is our general practice. We are lenient. We are interested in the creation of new stations and in their success. In a measure, we are willing, in a sense, to finance them. But we expect the debtor stations to act with good faith toward us. Your station has not done so, Mr. Truslow."

"This I am distressed to hear," Avery said.

"We are also disturbed by reports received as to this operation. We are informed that there is disaffection in the organization. Resulting in inefficient operation—and I regret to say that this state of affairs is your fault. We understand you have lost important accounts. That you have failed to sell time to important national sponsors, due to regrettable bungling. In short, we feel that this station has been brought to the verge of financial disaster by maladministration, bad public relations, stupid labor relations and the like."

"And," Avery said tonelessly, "you have come to investigate these reports."

"No, Mr. Truslow, not to investigate. We feel your balance sheet makes investigation unnecessary; and your income, or lack of income. We know what accounts you have lost or failed to obtain. No, I did not come to investigate. I came to inform you that we have lost both patience with and confidence in your management. And to demand substantial



"Just a minute—I think my mother wants me for something."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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payment forthwith. At least of the monthly payments now in arrears."

"Which amount to?"

"Thirty thousand dollars."

"You demand thirty thousand dollars forthwith. What is forthwith, Mr. Newman?"

"Forthwith is within forty-eight hours."

"And the alternative?" Avery asked.

"Immediate legal steps to protect our interest."

"This is an ultimatum?"

"It is, Mr. Truslow."

"Is not this action unusually severe—and the time granted very short?"

"In the circumstances—no."

"You insist upon this large payment without making proper investigation? Without making certain that your charges against me are based upon fact?"

"We have satisfied ourselves of the necessity for taking this drastic step."

Avery sat silent and grim. "Even," he said at last, "an embezzler is entitled to trial by jury before he is sentenced. You find me guilty and impose sentence, acting as judge and jury—and upon flimsy, hearsay evidence. It is a part of our legal heritage that the accused shall be permitted to face his accuser."

Mr. Newman sat still, expressionless, unyielding.

"Forty-eight hours?" asked Avery.

"Forty-eight hours."

"Then," Avery said with polite irony, "perhaps you will go away from here—at once—and stay away until the forty-eight hours have expired. I shall be rather busy, sir, raising this large sum of money. . . . I shall not even, Mr. Newman, have a moment to reflect on the fairness of your demands, or to question your integrity, or to wonder what motive has urged you to this action. That, sir, will come later. Meantime," said Avery, rising in dismissal, "good morning to you!"

TO BE CONTINUED

Wyoming's Wonderful Women (Continued from Page 33)

This was six and a half years before Custer's Last Stand against the Sioux on the Little Big Horn, a whole half century before women were to get this far, politically, back in the effete, educated East.

When Wyoming Territory acquired statehood in 1890, the provision for equal rights was retained in the state constitution. They call Wyoming the Equality State. The equality goes far beyond politics. There has never been a time in Wyoming's history when Woman wasn't Man's full partner. She had to be. There was no room for clinging vines or fluttering Victorian types there on the hard frontier. Equality was born of frontier necessity. It has resulted in an extraordinarily buoyant female morale.

Wyoming had the world's first woman justice of the peace, square-shooting square-jawed old Esther Morris at South Pass City back in 1870, and Esther did a job any man would have been proud of. South Pass City was a rough frontier town on the Oregon Trail—today it's a ghost town. History records that "the rowdies of the place undertook to intimidate Mrs. Morris and thus force her resignation—and prove that women were unequal to the performance of political duties—but they retired humiliated and discomfited from the contest. Nearly forty cases were brought before her, and so justly did she administer them that not one was appealed to a higher court."

It was Wyoming that first seated women on a grand jury, first included women in a trial jury, first swore in a woman bailiff, all in Laramie in the spring of 1870, all experiments so radically "unnatural" that newspaper readers throughout the United States and Europe were regaled with detailed reports from the scene in anticipation of spectacle and fiasco. Laramie was a rip-roaring shanty town of "1000 law-abiding and 4000 lawless citizens" at the end of steel on the transcontinental railroad then under construction.

The first trial case was for murder. The jury deliberated two days and brought in a verdict of "guilty in the second degree," whereupon the presiding justice complimented the jurors—six men and six women—in the highest terms, saying women were fully the equal of men if not better. One male reporter did make the snide comment that the clicking of a lady juror's knitting needles had been intensely irritating to the other jury members.

The only unmarried woman on the jury was young, pretty, gently bred Eliza Stewart, recent valedictorian of the graduating class at Washington Seminary in Washington, Pennsylvania, who had arrived in Laramie alone by stagecoach to open the first school. Juror Eliza was married the following June—unwed schoolteachers seldom remain single long in Wyoming.

Two kinds of women came into Wyoming at the beginning. A few were as tough as they made 'em—the type that followed the railroad track crew, dance-hall girls and gamblers' shills, even occasional lady bullwhackers like the notorious Calamity Jane, who could handle a double yoke of oxen like a man and didn't fear hell or high water. You still find a scattering of back-country ranch women who remain crude in the old style, go round the cabin barefoot, do any work a man will do and use language colorful enough to curl your permanent.

But from the beginning Wyoming's floozies and hillbilly types were outnumbered by another brand of females who have set strong stamp upon the state's womanhood—females loaded with character, strength and virtue, equally marked by feminine gentleness and high intelligence.

These dames just don't push around. When Democrat Nellie Tayloe Ross was elected and installed as the state's—and the nation's—first woman governor back in the mid-1920's, she faced a politically hostile Republican state legislature. On an important bill involving a political appointment, the legislature sent a delegation to the governor's mansion to propose a deal—they would pass the bill if the lady governor would agree not to name a Democrat to the job. Up to now the lawmakers had known Mrs. Ross not as governor, but as the governor's wife—she succeeded her husband, who had died in office. Gracious, pliant, very much the dignified first lady, she had always seemed a negative, background character. What a change, now that she was governor in her own right! There was no deal—and the legislators went back to the statehouse and passed the bill anyway.

Mrs. Ross worked hard and capably throughout her term and was an excellent governor, but was narrowly defeated for re-election by a Republican in a contest interesting in that the Wyoming female electorate manifestly did not vote together as a sex, but split on party lines, blasting one ancient male dread that voting women would stick together against any man. Mrs. Ross turned to national politics, was active in the Al Smith campaign, became vice chairman of the Democratic National Committee, and after that was director of the Mint for twenty years. She now lives in retirement in Washington, D.C.

So many Wyoming towns have had woman mayors down through the years that this is news no longer—the latest was the same old Laramie, which has become a tranquil university city. As for school superintendents and directors of education on all levels, Wyoming's educational system has grown great, thanks to the tireless contributions of devoted self-effacing women. The state ranks near the top in money spent per capita on education.

All this in a 97,914-square-mile frontier country notable for sagebrush, rattlesnakes, gullies, rivers a mile wide and an inch deep, Indians, coyotes, cattle and sheep, antelope, big game, great gaunt chains of rocky mountains, a limitless arid world where you need thirty acres to graze one cow. In Wyoming roughly half the land is still owned by the Federal Government, and there's nearly a square mile of space for every three persons. Population 320,000, half of 'em female, and you can decide for yourself at what tender age the ripening bud is entitled to the tag "woman." I say there are 100,000 women because that's a nice round number and they have nice round shapes. It's one of the world's most exclusive clubs, because if a gal doesn't like Wyoming, you can't keep her there. Either she's crazy about it—or if she feels fleshpots are indispensable, she goes a long, long way and never comes back.

The first Wyoming woman I had a chance to get well acquainted with was twelve-year-old Frances Paton. Her father ran a dude ranch at the foot of the Big Horn Mountains, with a string of twenty-five saddle horses which were turned loose on mountain pasture every night to graze. The job of gathering up those horses early every morning is technically known as "wrangling," and it is a man's job. In fact, a man usually makes quite a thing of it—I mean he does it with a lot of noise, swagger and show-off.

Twelve-year-old Francie wrangled as if there were nothing to it. She would ride off bareback five or six miles up the mountain, gallop a mile and a half rounding up the string, and bring them down to the corral in style. When it came to putting halters on them, it was a treat to see Francie move around the corral—no swinging lariat, no wild-eyed, snorting scramble. She slipped among the horses like a shadow, put a loving hand on an unsuspecting neck, and before the nag knew what was happening he was haltered—and he liked it. As she threw the saddle on his back, she talked to him, kidding him shamelessly—and he liked that too. Young Francie could catch and saddle two horses for every one saddled by any man on the place. Then she would ride off into the red foothills, convoying a docile string of adult dudes with the aplomb of an old cowhand. Watching her, I couldn't help feeling masculine unease—made you believe there might be something to this "female-of-the-species-is-more-deadly-than . . ." stuff.

Another Wyoming woman who made a distinct early dent on me was Eleanor McKinney, who sold me a can of fly spray in a hardware store in Greybull the first time I ever visited that neighborly Western town. Eleanor is a girl easy to remember. It's more than good looks. She has poise and personality and—well, she'd stand out if she came up to you in a shop on Fifth Avenue or Bond Street, and she was a very pleasant surprise in Olsen Brothers' hardware store in Greybull.

As time went on, I got to know both McKinneys, Eleanor and husband Cleo. And what I learned about attractive Eleanor made me respect her to the heels. Eleanor and Cleo, it developed, had a modest farm on the Emblem Bench, twenty miles from town. They had two fine, growing sons—by now one of those boys is in the Air Force, the other at the University of Wyoming. Their farm wasn't big enough, in Wyoming terms, to take a man's full time, nor could it provide a first-class living for a family of four, so the boys worked the farm after school hours, and both Cleo and Eleanor worked at other jobs.

Eleanor not only clerked for Olsen's but since she had to drive to and from town she doubled up pay checks by carrying the rural mail for the Emblem route. Stopping at every R.F.D. box for twenty miles on the way home, all she had to do when she got there was cook supper and fill those male tummies, keep up with her house cleaning and take care of the washing.

They all worked equally hard, and they were all happy—and looked it. That, I concluded, was why Eleanor McKinney's face was so attractive. However hard she worked, she was a happy woman. I hadn't realized that industry, thrift and the good cheer that comes from useful hard work were still the rocky ribs of the American body politic, but the good-looking girl who sold me (Continued on Page 67)

... ...

The Broken Music Box

By Charles Lee

Though sound has ceased
Within this dainty box,
Who will presume
To say its music
Has been totally released?
Is not tinkling even now
Around this very room?
Lilts lightly in upon the
dawn—
And not by chance
Makes even darkness dance?
Ah, you must allow
When love's the key,
Mute music boxes
Blithely play
As if to prove the heart's
remembrance
Far more real than broken
steel
Or clay.

... ...

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The Friendly Store

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Gambles One-Coat Exterior Super White House Paint is a thicker, whiter paint that contains the maximum amount of Titanium—the whitening agent without equal for quality! It flows on easily with brush or roller—has excellent gloss, durability and mildew-resistance. And it's self-cleaning—chalks itself sparkling clean over the years to keep your house looking fresh and bright.

GUARANTEED quality and durability...or YOUR MONEY BACK

(30-4571)

$6.29 A GALLON

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Buy *all* your paint and painting supplies at Gambles—ladders, dropcloths, putty, scrapers, thinners, rollers and brushes. Enjoy easy terms on the whole package!

ONLY 10% DOWN!

SAVE! GENUINE TYNEX TAPERED NYLON 4-INCH BRUSH

Outwears natural bristles 5 to 1, holds paint better. Regular $2.69...now only **$1.98**
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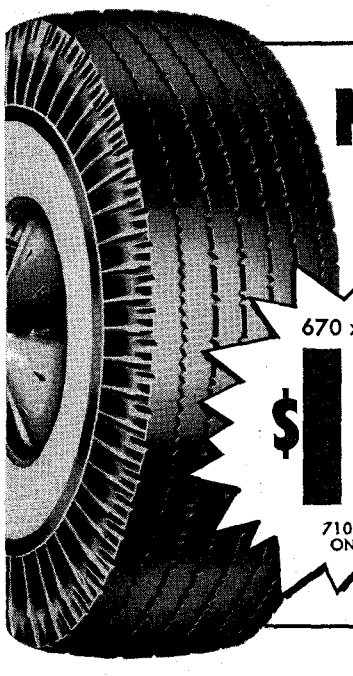

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(*Continued from Page 65*) that can of fly spray is salutary medicine if your basic faith in our country ever flutters.

Versatility, I've learned in the years since then, is a Wyoming female characteristic. Great modesty goes with it. These are virtues of the frontier personality—Wyoming is still a frontier state in spite of paved highways and summer tourists.

In any case, beware of underrating the Wyoming woman who performs menial services for the Yellowstone-bound tourist. There's a lady who spent twelve years as a trustee of the University of Wyoming who will fill your gas tank and wipe your windshield on U.S. Highway 14, about 110 miles east of the park; check your oil, too, and if you have sense enough to listen, give you fascinating homespun comment on the state of this wide, cockeyed world.

This is Lorna Patterson, former county school superintendent, a college woman and a schoolteacher by profession. She and husband George own a crossroads general store called Old Shell Lodge. Lorna also teaches the village primary school, not because she has to, but as a labor of love, and the handful of ranch youngsters who learn their letters in her room are as lucky as children can be, because Lorna is not only a pedagogue of the first rank but also a woman of striking personality.

Lorna, who could teach anywhere in the world on any level she chose, insists that she has been trying for thirty years to get away from teaching. As a schoolmarm freshly diplomaed, she came out of North Dakota to the raw Bighorn Basin because she wanted frontier adventure—the classroom was just a way to earn a living. When she promptly married Scottish sheepman George Patterson, she gave up teaching, and the newlyweds went to housekeeping in a canvas-covered sheep wagon, following 2500 woollies through the green pastures on top of the Big Horn Mountains. Lorna took to the life with enthusiasm, got used to riding horseback forty and fifty miles a day.

Then one day a hat-twisting, self-conscious deputation of ranchers and townsmen got off their horses beside the sheep wagon and told the lady sheep rancher they wanted her to take on the useful, confining, praiseworthy indoor job of county school superintendent. Wyoming, they said, had plenty of folks who could raise sheep, but women like Lorna with the drive and know-how to educate children were rare, precious and too good to lose.

So, she's been connected with the schools ever since, one way or another. She did quit long enough to bear her own daughter, but the classroom got her again, just as it still has her in Shell. "It's a challenge," she says, "and you can't pass up a challenge." Twelve years ago the big reward came when she was named a trustee of the University of Wyoming, at Laramie. She still pumps gas, though, if a car rolls up in front of Old Shell Lodge. Why not? Somebody has to.

A challenge of another sort faced Wyoming's Kitty Meloney, of Basin, when she went to the last Republican National Convention, in San Francisco. Kitty is a forceful, quick-witted, self-confident, levelheaded member of the Republican National Committee, and was a convention delegate from Wyoming. Before she left Basin, Len Hall, then National Committee chairman, called her on the phone and asked her to take on the convention's most onerous job, treasurer.

If you can think of a meaner, more thankless labor, name it. It gave her the responsibility and bookkeeping headache of administering, disbursing and accounting for funds running well into six figures—doing it, moreover, under the lunatic atmosphere of a nominating convention.

Previous convention treasurers had, Kitty discovered, been inclined to shirk most of the hard personal labor by using hired accountants and disbursing agents for that part of it, while the Honorable Treasurer sat on the convention platform with the other high brass. Unfortunately this method notoriously produced a fiscal snarl of shuddery dimensions.

Fortunately Kitty is not one to feel bound by precedent. To understand Kitty and her husband, Con, you've always got to remember that when their wedding automobile broke down and they had to catch a train seven miles away, they didn't hesitate to coast that distance downhill on a spur track, riding a small railway flatcar with a two-by-four stuck through a hole in the floor for a brake. A wild ride—but they caught the train.

Kitty and Con Meloney are professional bankers and business partners. They head the Security State Bank, of Basin, Wyoming—population 1220, elevation 3870. Kitty got into politics by being president of the State Federation of Women's Clubs, which put her in line for the Republican National Committee—she's now a vice chairman, doing real well on the national political scene.

Treasurer Kitty Meloney arrived at the San Francisco convention accompanied by partner Con plus two girls from the bank, a set of ledgers all set up, and a battery of adding machines, calculating machines and check-writing machines. She set up shop in her hotel room. No expensive suite of rented offices, no high-priced staff of hired help. Just four small-town professionals ready to work.

Did you ever try to check out some $500,000 in half a week—fat checks for big brass bands, tiny checks for taxi rides from the depot, checks for bales of bunting and checks for ham-and-cheese sandwiches delivered after midnight to smoke-filled rooms? The climax came when Kitty and staff sat up till daybreak preparing individual pay checks for each of the hundreds of Cow Palace ushers, doormen and pages, averting the unavoidable loss of thousands of dollars which traditionally disappear unaccounted for when the payoff is made in cash. When the convention ended, there wasn't a cent unaccounted for; the books were posted and balanced. And Kitty Meloney, looking as fresh as a daisy, but feeling exhausted and limp, hadn't missed a single convention session as a Wyoming delegate.

Of course, most Wyoming women lead quieter lives, get along without brushing big-time elbows on either the state or the national scene. A quarter-century ago Lillian McDonald said of herself, "I am not famous for anything, but belong to that vast number of women who have helped to make Wyoming what it is today by trying to do the best I could each day as it comes along." Lillian was a covered-wagon pioneer who lived on Willow Creek, sixty miles west of Casper, and remembered the days before paved roads or electric wires or modern kitchen appliances or motorcars.

The early days hadn't been unhappy. "The strangeness of pioneer life, the fear of unknown dangers and the simple pleasures of a new country brought the people very close to each other. All the joys and sorrows were shared. Ah, those were happy days!" said Mrs. Alfred H. Beach, author of Women of Wyoming.

I think today's women, when they, too, look back, will say the same thing. In its essence, Wyoming hasn't changed. Wyoming girls still enjoy simple rather than sophisticated pleasures. At high-school age they show off their shapes by serving as rodeo queens, homecoming queens, class queens. They burn up energy and wild elation on pep squads and in cheering sections. Drum majorettes practice for hours with the baton, love their skin-tight suits and shapely bare legs. Girls play in school brass bands and sing in innumerable close-harmony groups, TV style. The state isn't naturally musical, but it makes up in enthusiasm and noise for deficiencies in tone and harmony.

Wyoming girls, who get lots of hard work at home, don't go in for female team athletics. They ski enthusiastically, and at college level like water sports.

Rodeo, of course, is something else again. That's not athletics—that's important! Girls rope calves, ride broncs, and when it comes to trick and fancy acrobatics on horseback, they practice and perform with breath-taking dedication. And thousands of girls grow up steeped in Four-H and Future Homemaker activities, know how to feed livestock, fatten steers, grow gardens, make dresses, bake bread, put up jam.

Fishing and hunting attract hordes of female devotees to the mountains and streams—the hard, high world where you can't fake anything and performance pays off, where the only thing that counts is being all woman or all man, good afoot or ahorse, good in camp, a good stalker and a good shot, a good, cheerful soul.

I went into the Basin telephone office recently, and there behind the desk sat Hap Crane's daughter, Vera Jean, and we got to talking about Lake Solitude. Hap, a Hyattville outfitter, has a permanent fishing camp up on Lake Solitude, and this girl spent three weeks up there last summer. When she got to talking about it, that look came into her eye, that curious, gone look—the office disappeared, and I disappeared, and the street outside disappeared, and she wasn't a young woman working for the telephone company. She was just woman, and the place she wanted to be was up in the mountains.

Out in the street Steva Scott came along, driving George's big oil tanker. That tanker is so big that Steva looks tiny in the cab. "Get your elk, Steva?" I asked her.

Ruefully Steva shook her head. Outwardly the lady is a comfort-loving housewife; in the civic department she's the one who was chief supervisor of the rear-end-puncturing department when 700 kids got emergency shots during the polio epidemic; but if ever there was a passionate huntress and fisherwoman at heart, it's Steva Scott.

"Made me so mad," she said, as if she meant it. "Evelyn Beall went up in a car, spent the afternoon and came home with game. George and I camped on the mountain, and the only elk we saw came walking through our camp the night before hunting season opened—and George wouldn't shoot it. Sometimes I just hate being honest!"

A fierce primitive closeness to nature is, I think, the key to many Wyoming women. In this big-sky state the measure of womanhood is still uncomplex. When you ask the question, "Who stands out as the finest woman you know?" the answer is always like the one I got over on the South Fork of the Shoshone:

"Amanda Holman. Through all the years she lived here on the river she was the finest woman you could hope to meet. I never talked to her without feeling better when I came away. The Holmans never had an easy life. Holman was sick a lot, and there was lots of work to do on that place. But no one ever heard Mrs. Holman complain. She was as good a rider as I ever saw, and one of the best hands with horses. She knew cattle. She kept a spotless house. But other people have done those things. The great quality in Amanda Holman was her spirit. She was wonderful. It was a sad day when the Holmans grew too old to ranch and had to leave the valley."

Seventy years ago they said the same thing about Roshanna Reader, a covered-wagon pioneer. One of Mrs. Reader's neighbors wrote, "I have no words to express the gratitude I owe her. Many times when I sent for her in great anxiety over the illness of a child, she rode miles to help me. Her calm efficiency and Christian faith brought peace to my troubled heart."

Do you think the same thing doesn't go on today, just as truly and surely as it did in past generations? If you do, think again. The pioneer ideal of womanhood, unchanged, is everywhere, all over Wyoming. They start out as cutie-pies in tight pants, screaming their heads off for Greybull to beat Cody or Basin in the big high-school gyms. They live past the rodeo-queen and drum-majorette stage, and they turn into women just like the women their mothers and grandmothers were. I adore the whole wonderful lot of 'em. Wyoming's female sex is terrific!

THE END

"Well, at least he's not the kind that just honks his horn at the curb."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Persuasive Stranger (Continued from Page 24)

churches, a newspaper office that would contain exciting news of all the world, and so many saloons that it made you frown and wonder what the world was coming to.

She edged her horse to the other side of the dirt street when she passed a saloon, just as she did when she passed the barbershop that poured out the male smells of dusty cowboys and bath water and bay rum. She was a decent woman and lowered her eyes, at the same time trying to close her nose; but she was curious enough to glance at the bedizened women who walked daintily on the wooden sidewalks and smiled aloofly as they passed such places without shame.

Why, actually in front of Boyden's Saloon men raised their hats to such women and received a reserved smile in return. She had heard a rumor that in the shacks of these women, who seemed so proud and happy and were poised and well dressed, men did not remove their hats no matter what the situation, but on the street they were treated like the deacon's wife herself.

Lucy would make her way down the street, being careful that she did not ride as she did on the plain, and would pull up at one of the watering troughs that ended Main Street on each end. Here she was perfectly within the bounds of decorum to gossip with anyone who came along. And this she did so vigorously that she did not need to talk again or even dream about it for days.

If she was lucky on one of these trips, she was invited to a town home that contained a parlor, and there was given tea and small, marvelous cakes. Then she would do whatever shopping was required, looking longingly at ribbons, dresses and other things while she did so. Of course, she could not purchase frippery, but the temptation was so great that once, in the drugstore, she had actually asked permission to smell the perfume! Lily of the valley had been her favorite. Regardless of the pungent odors of medicine, lily of the valley sent off a smell as kind as flowers by a brook.

Sometimes on her charging ride back across the plain, riding now with the wind and now beside it and now against it, with the moon beginning to rise like a fierce red hand, she had felt freed and eager and strangely angry. It was only later, in bed on the rustling tick held up by poles, and with the blankets covering the disturbed heat of her face, that she shrank from the fact that she had held a remarkable yearning to know the spirit of the proud women who walked daintily around the holes in the planking in front of the saloons and rustled, with the scent of sachet springing from their garments.

Dust—a flag against the north. Lucy trembled. She held out her skirts and ran toward the advancing herald of dust, until she remembered that this trail, passing so close to her house, was another boon, but that the rider or wagon might not be Thad. But it was someone!

It could be a hard-riding parson, or a doctor, or even a friend. She backed toward her house, not to be unseemingly eager, but her eyes never left the dust, nor did her mind cease conjecture. And her heart was alive.

Out of the haze, shimmering with sunlight, like a sorcerer, came a spanking bay, jangling equipment and a swaying hack. The bay shook its head, tinkling metal, and the hack spun its spokes toward her house, the sun lancing through them. Closer, closer, and she saw a handsome man in fabulous garb and knew him as only one kind of person—a salesman.

He grinned past his waxed mustache, but said nothing as yet. He dusted his shoes, carefully wiped his face and under his high collar. He adjusted his black coat, pulled down his flowered vest and ostentatiously pulled out his watch and regarded the time. He got down and approached her, taking off his hat and pulling it against him as if it were a hand of good cards. "Good day, madam," he said.

Lucy was happy but wary. It had been a man like this that had inspired one of Thad's rare talkative and angry outbursts. Thad's hatchet-hewn face had looked wooden in its lines and angles and his low voice had been heated.

"Iffen a drummer like the one went to the Ketchums come to me, sold me a lightnin' rod like he done to them, I'd folly him and shoot right through his fancy hat. I'd be more'n glad to do that." He snorted. "Fast-talkin' dudes. A lightnin' rod on a grass house? Rod's worth more'n the house." He nodded, and glanced at the long lever-action rifle that he loved. "I'd take my gun and kill him dead. I'd be honored to do him just that way."

... ...

Fortune and I

By Richard Wheeler

When I was filled with youthful pride
I entertained the notion I'd
Succeed in winning Fortune's smile
By working just a little while.

Ah, yes, my faith in me was strong.
But something went a trifle wrong;
I've worked for ages, now, with vigor,
And all I've won is Fortune's snigger.

... ...

"'Day," said Lucy to the drummer.

He touched his mustache; his voice was resonant. "I'm going on toward town, madam. Would you be so kind as to allow me to water my horse?"

Lucy was flustered. She hadn't been very hospitable. "You do that, mister, and maybe you'd take a cup of coffee?"

"I'd be delighted," he said, giving her a little bow. Lucy watched him while he allowed his bay just the right amount of water and then anchored him in front of the door. She entered the room and, as he followed her, he rapped the door with his knuckles. "That's very fine wood."

"My husband got it up Colorado. Doin' haulin' work."

"Mighty fine wood."

"Don't have no milk for the coffee."

"Madam," he said, "I'm partial to good black coffee." He sipped from the cup she put before him. He said, "And this is good black coffee."

"Mighty pleased," said Lucy.

He looked off for a moment, then quietly pulled a cigar from his pocket. He came to himself and apologized. "Perhaps you don't approve of smoking."

"Jus' smoke if you want."

The fragrance of the cigar was masculine and rich. The drummer said, "I'd like to introduce myself. F. James Ward."

"I'm Mrs. Lucy Hawkins."

He smiled as if the name was immensely pleasing. He blew smoke away from her. "Mrs. Hawkins, I have something to say, and I hope very much that you won't take it amiss."

"Amiss?"

Mr. Ward looked at the tip of his cigar. "I want to assure you, Mrs. Hawkins, that anything I say is meant completely in the spirit of gallantry and is not meant to be offensive."

Lucy felt fascinated but suspicious. Her hand fluttered with coquetry, but her dark eyes were sharp.

Mr. Ward cleared his throat and summoned his courage. Lucy heard the measured ticking of the watch in his flowered pocket.

"You are a very pretty woman, Mrs. Hawkins," he said.

"Mr. Ward!"

"No, no," he said, waving the hand that held the cigar. "Do not be angry. You have been kind to me, and I would be devastated if you were angry. I have spoken merely as an appreciative gentleman, not as a—as a ——"

"I don't wish to hear," she said, wondering what he might have said.

After a small, clumsy pause, he got up. "Allow me to vindicate myself," he said. "Will you excuse me?"

He went out to the hack and came in with a long high box. He placed it on the table. His heavy steps had brought down the usual crumbs of dirt, and even after he sat down, dirt filtered between the poles of the ceiling of the sod house and spattered on the polished box. Mr. Ward patted the box and contemplated her. "Your modesty, Mrs. Hawkins, might not allow you to agree with me, but I can't apologize for my sentiment." With sudden speed he opened the mysterious box, reached into it and came up with a mirror. He held it toward her. "Look at yourself, Mrs. Hawkins," he said commandingly.

Lucy was taken by surprise, and her hand automatically went out and accepted the mirror. Then she was ashamed, shy and angry. Without looking into the mirror, a whole picture of her dishevelment came before her eyes. Her hair was wind-whipped, and dirt and sand were hopelessly lodged in it. Her face was dry and drawn over the young bones. But the handle of the mirror was long and tempting in her hand. And around the oval glass were pretty gilded figures. Gradually she found herself succumbing to the wonder of self, and finally she looked quickly into the mirror. Her eyes came up and met Mr. Ward's. "I have a mirror, though not likely such a pretty one."

"A pretty mirror for a pretty face."

Now she looked deeply into the mirror and shook her head in rebuke. "I certainly don't harken for a mirror to look at myself, Mr. Ward." She sounded peevish, uncertain and demanding.

Mr. Ward had the answers she needed. He dipped into the box with his swift white hands and came out with several things. He handed her a comb. She just had to take it. It was ivory and had long strong teeth. It was the kind of comb a lady in town might have on her dresser. Mr. Ward spoke as softly and as gravely as a preacher, and you couldn't imagine anything wrong in what he said. "If you'll let your hair down, Mrs. Hawkins, and comb it out."

Before she could protest, he rose and walked to the door and turned his back to her, smoking and looking out at the long flatness of the plain. Lucy felt daring; she had never combed her hair with a man in the room other than Thad. She almost giggled, but there was a dry ache in her throat that would not let it happen. The wind had scorched the springs of youth from her throat.

Sadly she looked into the beautiful long mirror and then, almost absentmindedly, let her hair fall from the bun. She cast a guilty look at Mr. Ward, but he was studying the rise and fall of the dust on the plain. Sadly she combed out her long hair. She watched it fall drably around her face that was dried and tight over the gentle bones.

Mr. Ward spoke, and she was startled, her hand with the comb moving back and holding down her hair as if it were clothing over her body. But Mr. Ward did not turn. "Mrs. Hawkins, on the table is a package of ribbons. I would suggest the red ribbon." His voice was as impersonal now as a doctor's.

In a dream she obeyed. She tied back her long hair with the bright ribbon. She looked into the mirror. There was no strain on her hair now, and the ribbon shone. The sun was on her back, and she saw youth and enchantment in the gleam of the ribbon, and saw illusion in the soft fall of her long hair.

But her face was hard, and youth reposed only in the thin structure of it. The yellow drawnness that the plains put there was all too evident.

Mr. Ward spoke without turning. "On the table, Mrs. Hawkins, there are—ah—cosmetics." Lucy felt a rush of blood to her head. "The items are marked," continued Mr. Ward without tone or emphasis. "Fruit coloring for the lips. I—ah—would suggest only a trifle, rubbed gently on with the forefinger. Then there is a boxed powder, guaranteed to—ah—emphasize the natural coloring of the cheeks, and—ah—white powder. Then there is an extract," said Mr. Ward. "This has been very successful with fine young ladies of towns and cities. I understand that in Denver it is quite popular. Denver, as you of course know, has great social rank, and young women before the ball are alert to modern means of—ah—accenting their charms and dab vanilla behind their ears. I can assure you, Mrs. Hawkins, that this is a sweet and well-known custom, and is nothing like the type of perfume used by—ah—ladies of whom we should not speak."

Lucy was no longer listening. She was like a starving person before a board spread with wonders of food. She stained her lips, put life into her cheeks and dabbed sweetness behind her ears. She held the elegant mirror with two hands and stared into it. A stark exclamation of joy broke on her lips, and Mr. Ward turned and said, "Wonderful, wonderful." With admiration he said, "Mrs. Hawkins, if you will permit me. I can't charge you the prices for these items that I would in town or city." He expanded his arms. "If only I was rich and it came within the realm of propriety, I would make you a present of them. But permit me, Mrs. Hawkins, to take only a token and to compliment you on your evident self-respect."

Then she gave him the money that was in the small box. "It's a little short," said Mr. Ward. He looked at her face. He bowed. "But my compliments."

While he drove off she stared gaily into the long-handled mirror. Only a slight constriction under her heart was evidence of the fear she had that Thad would tighten his lips when he found that their precious amount of money was gone.

Bemused, she did not hear the thunder of a wagon and team until long after she should have. Then she heard it close by and jumped up, startled and afraid. She passed around the table and the items, her hands to her lips, not knowing what to do. Then she snatched up the mirror and looked at herself, wildly seeking an

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answer. And something purposeful and grave and hearty came to her, and she stood tall and ready to meet Thad's reaction. She went outside to meet him as she always did.

It was not Thad. A woman was whipping the team with the reins, and her skirts were flung crazily in the wind and the rush of the wagon. It was Billie Nan Ketchum. Lucy cried out and waved her arms, forgetting herself. Billie Nan shouldn't be driving that way; she was deep with child.

The team came up like a barreling flame, their chests frothing, nostrils wide with an anguish that matched the set of Billie Nan's face. Lucy ran up and stopped Billie Nan from falling off the box. She helped her to the ground and into the house. The team stamped, and the wagon moved. Lucy ran out. The wagon turned to the tank. She did not wait to see if the horses drank too much water. She ran inside and quieted Billie Nan on the bed.

Billie Nan fought, and then as the ride and the wind slowly dropped its fury from her, she fell into a waking trance. She stared at the ceiling and spoke. "I cain't, I cain't, I cain't no more. Nobody's come by in a week. I cain't no more."

Lucy looked down at her. Billie Nan's face was tight and her lips were blistered. She was only twenty-one, two years younger than Lucy. Billie Nan lifted a hand and pushed at her hair. "I'm ugly and I'm gonna die. I got me a child, but I'm gonna die. I'm gonna die out there all by mysef."

Lucy looked down at her. In Billie Nan's eyes she saw the wild cry of the wind.

Lucy made broth and fed Billie Nan. She went out and made sure the team was grounded. Sometimes, unless a team had the discipline of a rope, the wind spooked it and it would run itself over the plain until the blood boiled, and then the team would stand quietly until it dropped, with the fluids in the horses white and sticky as grease.

Lucy built up the poor fire with mesquite wood that Thad hauled from afar to make sure she always had the cheer of a good blaze. It was one of the good companions, as was the hanging kerosene lamp. Thad was good to her in that way, too—a lot of women had to use grease candles stuck in the top of old containers.

The sun was sinking far off. The winds churned around the house. A coyote was crying. Lucy opened the door and listened; the coyote was far off. She would not have to take down the rifle or shotgun and stalk him, or stand around the chickens or pigs to make sure a wolf did not come in and wantonly kill.

She had a feeling about what she must do. A kind of magic had been performed on her this afternoon, and now she was cool and detached about it. She felt that she had been tricked, but it was of the kind a woman could afford. A woman needed pretty things, and one of them was her conception of herself. No matter what a man would say, a salesman like Mr. Ward could stop the wind from spinning and stop the world from turning over on its side. She felt assured and rested.

She went to Billie Nan and said, "Die? Why, Billie Nan, how could you say such a thing? You, the prettiest girl all around? I declare, you make me mad when you say such a thing. Now you just take this mirror. . . . No, you take it—hear? Ever see a mirror more elegant? Why, now, Billie Nan, that mirror can tell the truth about you. But first we have to do a few little things. Now I'm goin' to take your hair down. And see this hyar comb?—isn't it the bestest comb you ever did see? Why, Billie Nan, you just don't have no conception about how pretty you are ——"

A team and wagon were churning over the plain. Somewhere it must have passed Billie Nan's, as the girl drove back home with a light in her eyes that had seemed to make Lucy's gifts the best thing she had ever done. Lucy's hair was back in the bun, because Billie Nan had the ribbon, and Lucy had taken the paint from her face. Without the beautiful mirror and the comb she didn't have spirit for fixing up. And Billie Nan had the paint and powder, so Lucy did not want Thad to see her once in a way that he would not see her again until the day they brought in a good crop of cotton. She surely would not want to make him feel disappointed when she wasn't able to be as pretty again.

She waited as she usually did, and this time it was Thad. He drove up, and they looked at each other, which was the way it always was. Then he bedded the team and looked around. When he got in the house, she had the kerosene lamp burning, even though some distant light was left on the plain. The light was sinking into the grass, a brilliant thing going into the ground itself.

Thad said, "I saw Billie Nan. You give her some things."

"She was takin' bad," said Lucy. "She was takin' pretty bad, and she's carryin'."

Thad sat at the table and peered at her. "Billie Nan seemed pretty happy. About as happy as I've ever seen her."

Lucy was glad. But she knew that that was not the end of it.

"Reckon some drummer been here," said Thad without moving. The kerosene lamp swung a little over his head as the night winds vibrated the solid little house.

"This afternoon," said Lucy. "Came before Billie Nan." She looked at him, his long rangy form, the broken knuckles lying on the table, the squinted eyes that had looked long into sun and blizzard and dust. The deep lines in his face were like erosion on the soil, and the light deep in his eyes was impenetrable.

Most of us are willing to support our Government. It's supporting the other governments that rankles.

JACK HERBERT

He said with the deceptive softness, "You give her all you bought?"

Lucy nodded.

Thad got up. It was a slow, powerful unwinding and had purpose in it. He picked up the money box and opened it and closed it again.

"Thad?"

"Just you don't worry your mind," he said. He opened the door and went out. She hesitated, followed him and saw him saddling the horse. He led the horse around and said, "That drummer—he went toward town. Didn't pass him on my way in."

"Thad?"

He grounded the reins and passed her into the house and took down the long rifle. He fondled it a little and then went by her and swung into the saddle.

"Thad!"

"Don't you worry your heart none," he said, and spurred, and the horse leaped into the rising moon.

Her head was bent hours later when he returned. A false calm had burned around her, and now she felt like ashes. Thad hated drummers, and he had said he would kill one that swift-talked him out of his money; he had worked so hard for the little amount of money that had been in the box.

She heard the sound of the horse. The wind carried it to her and away and back again. The wind caught on the sod strips of the house and shouted at her down the chimney. The fire was wan, and the kerosene lamp was swinging.

It seemed a long time until the door opened and closed and the latch fell. She opened her eyes, but held them on the dimming fire. She heard Thad sit on the creaking chair. She heard the sound of something placed on the table.

"Lucy?"

She did not reply.

"Lucy?"

She could not tell from his voice what had happened—whether he had caught up to that drummer and killed him and was sorry, or had not caught up to him and was sorry. It was a voice that was sorry about many things, and she did not know what they were.

"Look on the table, Lucy."

She shivered, but at last she turned and looked. The rifle was not there. Instead there was a small lacquered box. She walked quietly toward it. She sat across from Thad, not touching the box.

"What is it?" she asked.

"Something I done traded for."

Her eyes came up, black and deep. "Traded?"

His face was inscrutable. "We have us a shotgun. No use to have more."

"Your rifle?"

"Jus' lift the kever on that box," he said. "Now you jus' do that."

Her hand went out, trembling. Her finger tips lifted the cover. Instantly a sprinkling of music traveled the walls of the room and in a moment fell into the springs of her heart.

"A music box!" she cried.

"Now you kin jus' wind that up and get all the music you want," he said.

But she was listening to the music. She spread out within herself, and she remembered dances and the river when it rose into swift, beautiful life above the rocks and sand and went by singing, and she remembered organs and pianos and violins; and she rose, bedazzled, and smiled and spread her skirts and danced around the room gracefully with suppleness in her young limbs—and Thad watched, waiting.

"I love you!" she cried.

He watched her, and after a while a smile creased the deep lines of his face because he no longer saw the wild winds of the plains in her eyes.

The Case for Abstract Art (Continued from Page 18)

While I strongly doubt that disinterested contemplation was as unalloyed or as popular in ages past as is supposed, I do tend to agree that we could do with more of it in this time, and especially in this country.

I think a poor life is lived by any one who doesn't regularly take time out to stand and gaze, or sit and listen, or touch, or smell, or brood, without any further end in mind, simply for the satisfaction gotten from that which is gazed at, listened to, touched, smelled, or brooded upon. We all know, however, that the climate of western life, and particularly of American life, is not conducive to this kind of thing; we are all too busy making a living. This is another cliché, of course. And still a third cliché says that we should learn from Oriental society how to give more of ourselves to the life of the spirit, to contemplation and meditation, and to the appreciation of what is satisfying or beautiful in its own sole right. This last is not only a cliché but a fallacy, since most Orientals are even more preoccupied than we are with making a living. I hope that I myself am not making a gross and reductive simplification when I say that so much of Oriental contemplative and aesthetic discipline strikes me as a technique for keeping one's eyes averted from ugliness and misery.

Every civilization and every tradition of culture seem to possess capacities for self-cure and self-correction that go into operation automatically, unbidden. If the given tradition goes too far in one direction it will usually try to right itself by going equally far in the opposite one. There is no question but that our western civilization, especially in its American variant, devotes more mental energy than any other to the production of material things and services; and that, more than any other, it puts stress on interested, purposeful activity in general. This is reflected in our art, which, as has been frequently observed, puts such great emphasis on movement and development and resolution, on beginnings, middles and endings—that is, on dynamics. Compare western music with any other kind, or look at western literature, for that matter, with its relatively great concern with plot and over-all structure and its relatively small concern with tropes and figures and ornamental elaborations; think of how slow-moving Chinese and Japanese poetry is by comparison with ours, and how much it delights in static situations; and how uncertain the narrational logic of nonwestern fiction tends to be. Think of how encrusted and convoluted Arabic poetry is by contrast even with our most euphuistic lyrical verse. And as for nonwestern music, does it not almost always strike us as more monotonous than ours?

Well, how does western art compensate for, correct, or at least qualify its emphasis on the dynamic—an emphasis that may or may not be excessive? And how does western life itself compensate for, correct, or at least qualify its obsession with material production and purposeful activity? I shall not here attempt to answer the latter question. But in the realm of art an answer is beginning to emerge of its own accord, and the shape of part of that answer is abstract art.

Abstract decoration is almost universal, and Chinese and Japanese calligraphy is quasi-abstract—abstract to the extent that few Occidentals can read the characters of Chinese or Japanese writing. But only in the West, and only in the last fifty years, have such things as abstract pictures and freestanding pieces of abstract sculpture appeared. What makes the big difference between these and abstract decoration is that they are, exactly, pic-

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tures and freestanding sculpture—solo works of art meant to be looked at for their own sake with full attention, and not as the adjuncts, incidental aspects or settings of things other than themselves. These abstract pictures and pieces of sculpture challenge our capacity for disinterested contemplation in a way that is more concentrated and, I dare say, more conscious than anything else I know of in art. Music is an essentially abstract art, but even at its most rarefied and abstract, and whether it's Bach's or the middle-period of Schönberg's music, it does not offer this challenge in quite the same way or degree. Music tends from a beginning through a middle toward an ending. We wait to see how it "comes out"—which is what we also do with literature. Of course the total experience of literature and music is completely disinterested, but it becomes that only at a further remove. While undergoing the experience, we are caught up and expectant as well as detached—disinterested and at the same time interested in a way resembling that in which we are interested in how things turn out in real life. I exaggerate to make my point—aesthetic experience has to be disinterested, and when it is genuine it always is, even when bad works of art are involved—but the distinctions I've made and those I've still to make are valid nevertheless.

With representational painting it is something like what it is with literature. This has been said before, many times before, but usually in order to criticize representational painting in what I think is a wrongheaded when not downright silly way. What I mean when I say, in this context, that representational painting is like literature, is that it tends to involve us in the interested as well as the disinterested by presenting us with the images of things that are inconceivable outside time and action. This goes even for landscapes and flower pieces and still lifes. It is not simply that we sometimes tend to confuse the attractiveness of the things represented in a picture with the quality of the picture itself. And it is not only that attractiveness as such has nothing to do with the abiding success of a work of art. What is more fundamental is that the meaning—as distinct from the attractiveness—of what is represented becomes truly inseparable from the representation itself. That Rembrandt confined impasto—thick paint, that is—to his highlights, and that, in his later portraits especially, these coincide with the ridges of the noses of his subjects is important to the artistic effect of these portraits. And that the effectiveness of the impasto, as impasto—as an abstract element of technique—coincides with its effectiveness as a means of showing just how a nose looks under a certain kind of light is also genuinely important. And that the lifelike delineation of the nose contributes to the evocation of the personality of the individual to whom the nose belongs is likewise important. And the manner and degree of insight into that individual's personality which Rembrandt exhibits in his portrait is important too. None of these factors can be, or ought to be, separated from the legitimate effect of the portrait as a picture pure and simple.

But once we have to do with personalities and lifelikeness we have to do with things from which we cannot keep as secure a distance for the sake of disinterestedness as we can, say, from abstract decoration. As it happens the whole tendency of our western painting, up until the later stages of impressionism, was to make distance and detachment on the part of the spectator as insecure as possible. It laid more of a stress than any other tradition on creating a sculpturelike, or photographic, illusion of the third dimension, on thrusting images at the eye with a lifelikeness that brought them as close as possible to their originals. Because of their sculptural vividness, western paintings tend to be far less quiet, far more agitated and active—in short, far more explicitly dynamic—than most nonwestern paintings do. And they involve the spectator to a much greater extent in the practical and actual aspects of the things they depict and represent.

We begin to wonder what we think of the people shown in Rembrandt's portraits, *as* people; whether or not we would like to walk through the terrain shown in a Corot landscape; about the life stories of the burghers we see in a Steen painting; we react in a less than disinterested way to the attractiveness of the models, real or ideal, of the personages in a Renaissance painting. And once we begin to do this we begin to participate in the work of art in a so-to-speak practical way. In itself this participation may not be improper, but it does become so when it begins to shut out all other factors. This it has done and does all too often. Even though the connoisseurs have usually been able in the long run to prefer the picture of a dwarf by Velásquez to that of a pretty girl by Howard Chandler Christy, the enjoyment of pictorial and sculptural art in our society has tended, on every other level than that of professional connoisseurship, to be excessively "literary," and to center too much on merely technical feats of copying.

But, as I've said, every tradition of culture tends to try to correct one extreme by going to its opposite. And when our western tradition of painting came up at last with reservations about its forthright naturalism, these quickly took the form of an equally forthright antinaturalism. These reservations started with late impressionism and have now culminated in abstract art. I don't at all wish to be understood as saying that it all happened because some artist or artists decided it was time to curb the excesses of realistic painting, and that the main historical significance of abstract art lies in its function as an antidote to these. Nor do I wish to be understood as assuming that realistic or naturalistic art inherently needs, or ever needed, such a thing as an antidote. The motivations, conscious and unconscious, of the first modernist artists, and of present modernists as well, were and are quite different. Impressionism itself started as an effort to push naturalism further than ever before. And all through the history of art—not only in recent times—consequences have escaped intentions.

It is on a different and more impersonal and far more general level of meaning and history that our culture has generated abstract art as an antidote. On that level this seemingly new kind of art has emerged as an epitome of almost everything that disinterested contemplation requires, and as both a challenge and a reproof to a society that exaggerates, not the necessity, but the intrinsic value of purposeful and interested activity. Abstract art comes on this level as a relief, an archexample of something that does not have to mean, or be useful for, anything other than itself. And it seems fitting, too, that abstract art should at present flourish most in this country. If American society is indeed given over as no other society has been to purposeful activity and material production, then it is right that it should be reminded, in extreme terms, of the essential nature of disinterested activity.

Abstract art does this in very literal and also in very imaginative ways. First, it does not exhibit the illusion or semblance of things we are already familiar with in real life; it gives us no imaginary space through which to walk with the mind's eye; no imaginary objects to desire or not desire; no imaginary people to like or dislike. We are left alone with shapes and colors. These may or may not remind us of real things; but if they do, they usually do so incidentally or accidentally—on our own responsibility as it were; and the genuine enjoyment of an abstract picture does not ordinarily depend on such resemblances.

Second, pictorial art in its highest definition is static; it tries to overcome movement in space or time. This is not to say that the eye does not wander over a painted surface and thus travel in both space and time. When a picture presents us with an illusion of real space, there is all the more inducement for the eye to do such wandering. But ideally the whole of a picture should be taken in at a glance; its unity should be immediately evident, and the supreme quality of a picture, the highest measure of its power to move and control the visual imagination, should reside in its unity. And this is something to be grasped only in an indivisible instant of time. No expectancy is involved in the true and pertinent experience of a painting; a picture, I repeat, does not "come out" the way a story, or a poem, or a piece of music does. It's all there at once, like a sudden revelation. This "at-onceness" an abstract picture usually drives home to us with greater singleness and clarity than a representational painting does. And to apprehend this "at-onceness" demands a freedom of mind and untrammeledness of eye that constitute "at-onceness" in their own right. Those who have grown capable of experiencing this know what I mean. You are summoned and gathered into one point in the continuum of duration. The picture does this to you, willy-nilly, regardless of whatever else is on your mind; a mere glance at it creates the attitude required for its appreciation, like a stimulus that elicits an automatic response. You become all attention, which means that you become for the moment selfless and in a sense entirely identified with the object of your attention.

The "at-onceness" which a picture or a piece of sculpture enforces on you is not, however, single or isolated. It can be repeated in a succession of instants, in each one remaining an "at-onceness"—an instant all by itself. For the cultivated eye the picture repeats its instantaneous unity like a mouth repeating a single word.

This pinpointing of the attention, this complete liberation and concentration of it, offers what is largely a new experience to most people in our sort of society. And it is, I think, a hunger for this particular kind of experience that helps account for the growing popularity of abstract art in this country: for the way it is taking over in the art schools, the galleries and the museums. The fact that fad and fashion are also involved does not invalidate what I say. I know that abstract art of the latest variety—that originating with painters like Pollock and Georges Mathieu—has got associated with progressive jazz and its cultists. But what of it? That Wagner's music became associated with German ultranationalism, and that Wagner was Hitler's favorite composer, still doesn't detract from its sheer quality as music. That the present vogue for certain types of folk music started back in the 1930's among the Communists doesn't make our liking for that music any the less genuine, or take anything away from folk music itself. Nor does the fact that so much gibberish gets talked and written about abstract art compromise it, just as the gibberish in which art criticism in general abounds, and abounds increasingly, doesn't compromise art in general.

One point, however, I want to make glaringly clear. Abstract art is not a special kind of art; no hard and fast line separates it from representational art; it is only the latest phase in the development of western art as a whole, and almost every "technical" device of abstract painting is already to be found in the realistic painting that preceded it. Nor is it a superior kind of art. I still know of nothing in abstract painting, aside perhaps from some of the near-abstract cubist works that Picasso, Braque and Léger executed between 1910 and 1914, which matches (*Continued on Page 72*)

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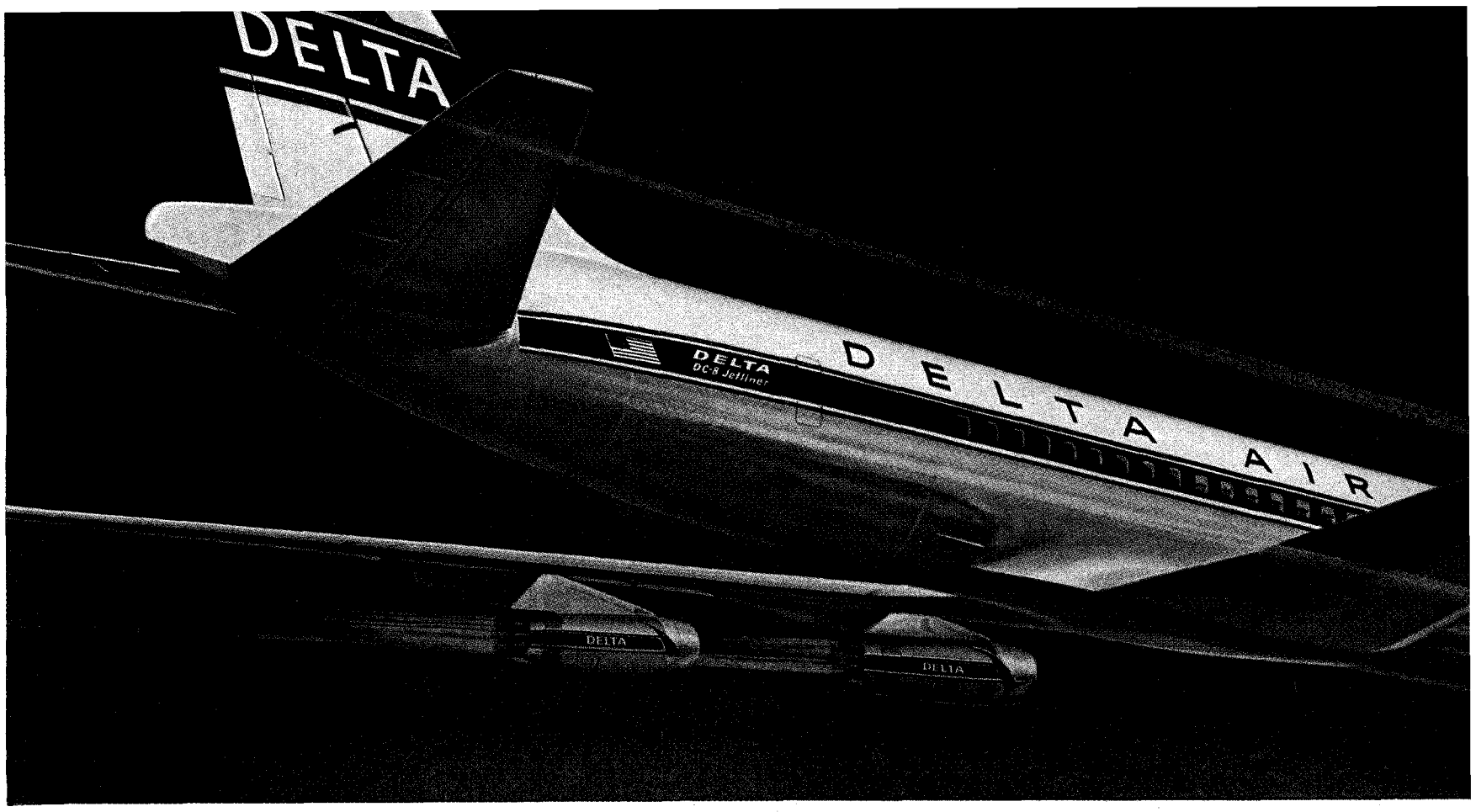

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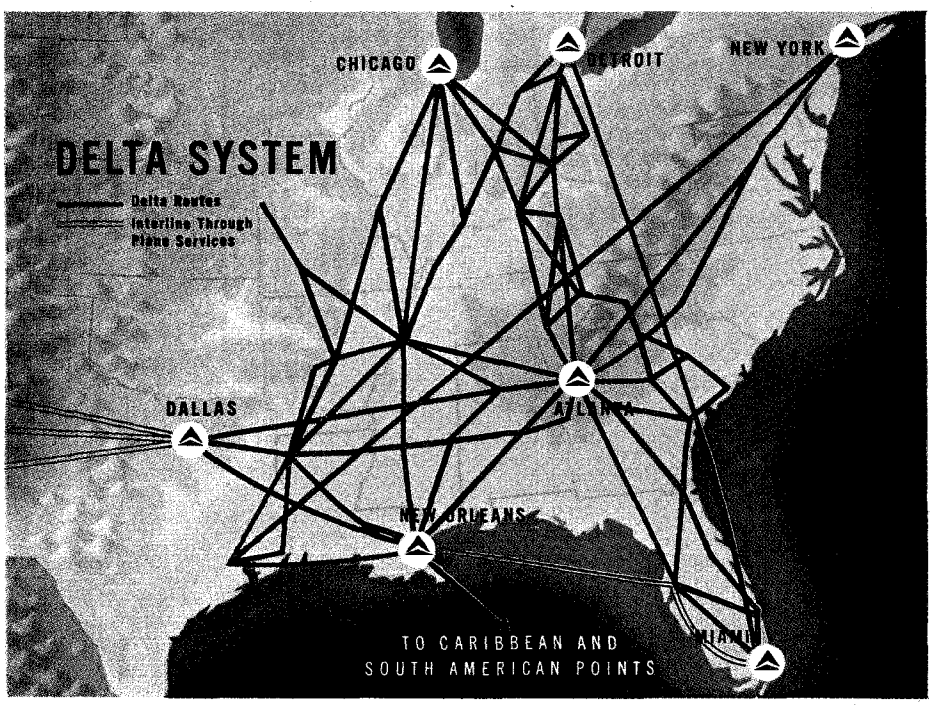

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(*Continued from Page 70*) the highest achievements of the old masters. Abstract painting may be a purer, more quintessential form of pictorial art than the representational kind, but this does not of itself confer quality upon an abstract picture. The ratio of bad abstract painting to good is actually much greater than the ratio of bad to good representational painting. Nonetheless, the very best painting, the major painting, of our age is almost exclusively abstract. Only on the middle and lower levels of quality, on the levels below the first-rate—which is, of course, where most of the art that gets produced places itself—only there is the better painting preponderantly representational.

On the plane of culture in general, the special, unique value of abstract art, I repeat, lies in the high degree of detached contemplativeness that its appreciation requires. Contemplativeness is demanded in greater or lesser degree for the appreciation of every kind of art, but abstract art tends to present this requirement in quintessential form, at its purest, least diluted, most immediate. If abstract art—as does happen nowadays—should chance to be the first kind of pictorial art we learn to appreciate, the chances are that when we go to other kinds of pictorial art—to the old masters, say, and I hope we all do go to the old masters eventually—we shall find ourselves all the better able to enjoy them. That is, we shall be able to experience them with less intrusion of irrelevancies and therefore more fully and more intensely.

The old masters stand or fall, their pictures succeed or fail, on the same ultimate basis as do those of Mondriaan or any other abstract artist. The abstract formal unity of a picture by Titian is more important to its quality than what that picture images. To return to what I said about Rembrandt's portraits, the whatness of what is imaged is not unimportant—far from it—and cannot be separated really from the formal qualities that result from the way it is imaged. But it is a fact, in my experience, that representational paintings are essentially and most fully appreciated when the identities of what they represent are only secondarily present to our consciousness. Baudelaire said he could discern the quality of a painting by Delacroix when he was still too far away from it to make out the images it contained, when it was still only a blur of colors. I think it was really on this kind of evidence that critics and connoisseurs, though they were almost always unaware of it, discriminated between the good and the bad in the past. Put to it, they more or less unconsciously dismissed from their minds the connotations of Rubens' nudes when assessing and experiencing the final worth of his art. They may have remained aware of the pinkness as a *nude* pinkness, but it was a pinkness and a nudity devoid of most of their usual associations.

Abstract paintings do not confront us with such problems. Or at least the frequenting of abstract art can train us to relegate them automatically to their proper place; and in doing this we refine our eyes for the appreciation of non-abstract art. That has been my own experience. That it is still relatively rare can be explained perhaps by the fact that most people continue to come to painting through academic art—the kind of art they see in ads and in magazines—and when and if they discover abstract art it comes as such an overwhelming experience that they tend to forget everything produced before. This is to be deplored, but it does not negate the value, actual or potential, of abstract art as an introduction to the fine arts in general, and as an introduction, too, to habits of disinterested contemplation. In this respect the value of abstract art will, I hope, prove far greater in the future than it has yet. Not only can it confirm, instead of subverting tradition, but it can teach us, by example, how valuable so much in life can be made without being invested with ulterior meanings. How many people I know who have hung abstract pictures on their walls and found themselves gazing at them endlessly and then exclaiming, "I don't know what there is in that painting, but I can't take my eyes off it." This kind of bewilderment is salutary. It does us good not to be able to explain, either to ourselves or to others, what we enjoy or love; it expands our capacity for experience.

For readers who may wish to pursue the subject further the following books are recommended:

Greenberg, Clement
MATISSE
Pocket Books
$ .50

Fry, Roger
VISION AND DESIGN
Meridian
$1.35

Hess, Thomas B.
ABSTRACT PAINTING
Viking
$7.50

Constable, W. G.
THE PAINTER'S WORKSHOP
Oxford University Press
$6.00

Heron, Patrick
THE CHANGING FORMS OF ART
Macmillan
$5.75

Venturi, Lionello
MODERN PAINTERS
Scribner
$5.00

Venturi, Lionello
IMPRESSIONISTS AND SYMBOLISTS
Scribner
$5.00

Death Walk (Continued from Page 36)

sandwich. This doctor had introduced himself, but his name slipped her mind. Fine secretary!

He was still talking. Luke Blaine, whose wife she would be in a month or two, was inclined to pontificate in this same way; the doctor looked, with his smooth pink face, remarkably like Luke.

She smiled at him and gestured with her sandwich.

"I'm sorry—the noise ——"

"Yes, of course." He raised his voice. "What matters now is to get your father and you to hospital."

"Me? But I'm all right!"

He was being very kind to her. She did wish, though, that he would not insist on treating her as a child. Now he intercepted her sandwich; she surrendered it with reluctance and watched in disapproval while he jettisoned the gnawed remnant in the cardboard cylinder under his seat. More waste—and she had learned to detest waste.

His smile was indulgent. "When we've been close to starvation, it's unwise to overload. Soups for you, young lady. A bland diet for several days."

Another misapprehension. This was a puzzling world. They hadn't been starving; Mike had fed them well. Slumped moodily in her seat, she watched the back of the red head and longed for a plate of oatmeal porridge. Presently she slept. When a change in motion roused her, roofs and streets were wheeling under the wing.

The plane nuzzled a planked float. After the elbow room of the Maxada, the float was cluttered to the point of inducing claustrophobia—people everywhere, all strangers. An ambulance waited on the dock above, its doors open. Linn stood on the float, the doctor's hand solicitous under her elbow, while ambulance attendants climbed into the plane. She would mount the gangway to the ambulance presently, since her place was with Morg; but the club had three members, and one was yet unaccounted for.

She cast about anxiously for the high red head and found it. He stood between their pilot and a brown-uniformed policeman who held his little grouse gun; they appeared to be arguing. One of the tugboatmen had lent him a blue shirt to replace the rag which had shredded off him in the final tussle with the witchwood. His hair flopped over his forehead, and he looked very grim and dour.

Two girls, one plump, dark and breathless, were coming down from the wharf. The dark one wore the air of a matron who has shooed her children off to a neighbor's, grabbed coat and handbag and lit out all of a scurry. From the way Dave Logan, their pilot, grinned at her, the plump girl would be his wife.

The other descended the gangway with unhurried grace. Linn itemized her, stubbornly resisting the hand at her elbow. Tall. Well co-ordinated—she'd be a fine dancer or skier. Nice legs, excellent figure. Wore her clothes to perfection—tailored navy suit, blue pumps, light coat shrugged over her shoulders. Her face was an exquisite oval, and she had lovely red-gold hair.

The stretcher emerged from the float plane's cabin. Morg's eyes were open. His stubbly face crinkled as the attendants jogged him toward the gangway. He attempted a wolf whistle and muttered to the strawberry blonde, "Hi, Angela!"

But this wasn't Ves Jones' shady friend. This was a girl called Alison; a pale blue envelope jammed in a cleft sapling at the top of the Maxada carried her name. And that name spoken by Mike Clendon now in gruff and weary greeting confirmed Linn's guess.

Alison's outlook on life was gay; she was neither dull nor stuffy, and took nothing and nobody too seriously. Still, with her hands on Mike's shoulders, standing needlessly close to him, she seemed to be making an exception. By the look on her face as she gazed at him, Alison would be off to pack at the mere mention of Venezuela, snakes notwithstanding.

"Please, Miss Halsted, if you'll just come along ——"

Certainly she would come along, for she mustn't keep the ambulance waiting. The red-gold head turned as she flapped past, scuffing in the tattered moccasins beside the doctor. Green eyes spoke to her in generous pity, *Why, you poor, misused, outlandish little creature!*

Linn returned that glance coldly. She had fetched a soupçon of primordial nature out of the Maxada with her, doubtless absorbed with owl broth and grizzly meat. Her fingers itched for the hoodlum gun and a hollow-point high-speed.

Two loads, she decided vindictively. One for Alison and another for her furry friend.

The Kinross Hospital was large for so small a town—one business street along the water front, a scattering of houses under the sidehills—but it served a considerable sector of the British Columbia upcoast. A man fetched badly hurt from the wilderness was no novelty at Kinross Hospital.

Mike mooched down the hill in the dark, his feet rebellious. Freed of heavy boots, they stepped high. They wished also to turn and carry him back to the room where his love lay sleeping.

The brisk matron, Miss Primrose, had allowed him to look in on Linn. She was a good scout, Primmie, competent and irreverent.

"Down for the count," she had told him. "When Number One towed her in she was walking like a duck. Her feet are cut to ribbons. She went to sleep eating."

"Did she happen to ask after me?" He put the question grouchily; against cold reason and accepted fact, his heart had ganged up with his willful feet to fetch him here.

"Well, not exactly, Mike. But she wasn't entirely rational. Strain, shock—you know, you've been through it yourself."

"Just what did she say, Primmie?"

"Only that if you should call she didn't want to see you and that when her fiancé sprung her from this trap, she would leave your check at the hotel. I told you she wasn't rational." She added brightly, soft-walking beside him down the corridor, "That was her fellow you almost trampled on the landing. He was flown in from search headquarters at Cameron River just before dark."

"That runt?"

"We can't all be monsters." Miss Primrose paused at the stairhead; somewhere a muted buzzer demanded attention. "I thought he was a handsome little man —— Mike, you look dragged through a rathole. Doctor Russell is operating, but why don't you have Number One check you?"

"I'll have no dealings with that squaw," Mike told her crankily, and she said to him, smiling, "My, my, the mood we're in!"

He had seen Halsted just for a moment as they wheeled him into surgery. He asked, "How about her dad, Primmie? What's the honest scoop?"

"Critical. But he'll squeak through."

"Informed opinion?"

"My own—from experience. He swore at me as we were cleaning him up. Called me Bedpan Betty. That kind live." She sighed, departing to answer the buzzer. "He reminds me of your partner, Mike. Except for the eyes, that man could pass for Ves Jones."

Mike wandered on down the street toward the Golden Pheasant Café. He hadn't eaten since the snack on the tugboat a number of hours ago, but he was not hungry. No use hanging around the hospital, though, and after the session with Alison he would as soon not risk bumping into her in the Kinross Hotel. The meeting on the float had been more good-by than hello, and the farewell was

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permanent. Over a drink in the hotel lounge he had made that plain.

A casual sort of parting, when he considered how heavy she had once weighed in his life. She planned to leave on the midnight steamer, and it was unlikely they'd meet again.

No use to go out to the Logan house trailer either, although Dave and Susan had urged him to visit. They'd insist on talking about his trip and about the Halsteds, and he would much prefer to forget the whole business with no more delay than need be. People, with few exceptions, were a miserable species; he much preferred grizzlies. Already he'd run into a hint or two that he might better have waited rescue than fetch the hurt man out. Well, they'd find something new to clack tongues over in a week, and anyway, he didn't propose to linger in Kinross. The counselor had arrived and would take over; he was no longer needed.

He high-stepped into the restaurant. A strapping waitress, hair bright as his own, greeted him with a despairing, "Oh, Jupiter!"

Mike straddled a stool. "What's biting you?"

"Look, Mike, if it's cheese and catchup, please eat it in the end booth. You'll lose us customers."

"Coffee." Tea was for the woods. He was out of those particular woods now.

She stared, shrugged and poured coffee. He'd been a fool to start smoking again, but he was hooked and he lighted a cigarette. His face still burned from the first shave in months; he felt as naked as a skinned marmot, ugly as a hurt grizzly.

Women, he thought, scowling at his nicked face in the mirror back of the coffee urns and discouraged pies.

"You'd better eat something, Mike. If you're broke, I'll stake you. You look like the wrath to come!"

He growled, found a bill in the wallet stored with his town gear, paid and tramped out with feet still stepping high but heart low.

Back at the hotel he thought to ask the night clerk for his summer's mail. The packet was skinny. He leafed through and then chose the envelope from University of British Columbia. Letter and check. Fifty bucks—one of the Jamieson awards. He had missed out on the five-hundred-dollar Raeburn scholarship.

Mike shrugged, and opened the letter from the oil-exploration firm. They'd offered him a good job in Venezuela last spring; it was still his if he accepted before November.

He climbed the stairs to his third-floor cubbyhole. It didn't matter much about the scholarship; he had finished his paper with a red-hot poker jabbing his side—he and his appendix due for parting. To heck with the Raeburn.

Restless, he crossed to peer from the window into a rainy blackness. The sport coat bound his shoulders, but the gray slacks were loose in the waist, nearly as capacious as Linny's rig. He guessed he had shed a good few pounds, sweating out his atonement for Ves Jones' death and Aunt Meg's, between Maxada cirque and the estuary. Unless he accepted the oil-company offer, the signs pointed to a lean winter. He had dropped about a hundred in free gold, slopping the contents of his can into a plastic sack with numbed hands, in a place and a time where a light mattered more than gold. But to heck with that.

The fifty, along with the bills in his wallet, would outfit him. He ought to return to the hospital for his tarp and blanket, but they'd probably have shoved both in their burner. He turned from the window and sat down at the desk and, on the back of the envelope that hadn't held the scholarship check, began to write a list.

"Ax." But he'd saved the head—no need to squander. He added, "Handle." Then he wrote: "Tarp."

"Blanket." She would be sleeping snug tonight in a softer bed than those of his providing. If her feet grew cold she had only to buzz for a hot-water bottle. "Oatmeal." Turned into quite a girl for her porridge, sitting cross-legged there with the tin plate in her lap and the spoon busy, the brown hair falling past her cheeks. She had turned into quite a girl. "Flour." Linny would have appreciated his bannocks ——

The nib scratted and crumpled. Mike Clendon flung the pen violently against the wall. He would stay in the Maxada country till snow flew, then be off to South America.

Morgan Halsted—short a leg, stuck with drains, bubbling with penicillin and siphoned full of blood from someone else's tank—swam up from the big bender.

He had a head like a basketball, one move and it would go bouncing. They'd made a night of it, he and Linny and Mike, Aunt Meg and good old Ves Jones and his Angela. Queer about that one. He had pictured her as platinum blonde and tiny, not tall, with a hint of red in her hair.

Couldn't remember a thing about it, really, except it had been the granddaddy of all wingdings. But they'd earned a party. They'd made it, hadn't they?

Ought to be working on his speech for the Optimists, but with this head on him, the speech would just have to wait.

"Doing famously," Miss Primrose said almost a week later, walking with Linn down the corridor to her father's room. "He hit me with a new one today. The connotation struck me as vaguely nautical. Was your father once in the Navy?"

"He was," Linn told her grimly. Her aura was collegiate. She wore a new plaid skirt and pale green sweater set. Her feet in brown loafers were no longer tender. "I'll have a word with him about his language!"

"No, no. I'm fond of him. I like a man with imagination."

Linn scolded. Morg listened. He sat propped as he had in various lean-tos, but not against a curved-frame packboard. His color was good, his broad face florid, but no longer with fever. Scolding, his daughter loved him most tenderly.

"Now, dad ——"

"Where's my boy?"

"If you mean Luke, I believe he had an appointment with the transport inspector this afternoon. Or perhaps it was with the game department or the Royal Canadian Mounted Police. You've no idea of the red tape!"

She herself had been determinedly busy for days, with Luke Blaine and alone. At times she had found herself wishing that Luke would leave the rest of it to her and fly home to Oakland. He had important cases pending and he was beginning, just a little, to fuss.

"I don't mean the legal beagle," her father said. "Where's Mike?"

"I believe he left town, dad. Susan Logan said something a day or two ago ——"

"You stand there and tell me you don't know where he is?"

"Well, I understand Dave Logan dropped him in the Maxada." She attempted lightness, a casual air. This was a sick man still. "He left equipment in there, remember? And his ore samples."

"Yeah. I remember. And you let him go."

"But, dad, how could I stop him?"

"Don't you 'but dad' me! You couldn't have stopped him." He shifted his shoulders on the pillows; he looked big again and he was talking big—his voice held undertones of thunder. "Why didn't you go with him?"

His words, driving at her like a charge of shot, pushed her off balance. She was alarmed for him and leaned to him with a frown. "Please, you mustn't excite yourself."

"It's time I excited myself." His hands whipped from the bedclothes and flapped her away. "No—you shut up! I'm sick of listening! Mike's a hero; he's a bum. Doc Russell says he saved me, even though his greasehead of a Number One blats about how I oughtn't been shifted. I've had visitors. Cops, Dave Logan who has known Mike since they were kids, even guys off the street. Mostly they agree Mike did a fine thing. Your lawyer boy friend thinks a plane would have come. What plane? They were checking hot leads two hundred miles away. My fault. It may cost me my flying license; I believe it should. Without Mike we'd be in there still."

His voice boomed. Miss Primrose appeared in the doorway.

"Beat it, Primmie!"

She rustled off, grinning.

"All right. While I'm laying helpless here, what do you go and do? I had plans for that boy—help I could give him, and not on any cash-and-carry basis. So you fix it proper. Anything I ever try to do for Mike now, he will throw right back in my face. I heard about your stinking check from the counselor. And listen, you keep that moaner out of here, or by the holy, I will! I'm sick of him crying in his beer about how maybe Mike plans to gouge us! Mike was under no bond to do anything for us except what his own decency required. He knocked himself out for us; he nearly killed himself, and he and I—and you, Linny, yes, you—knew he'd accept no pay for a rescue job. We made a gag of that to ease the miles. You want to believe he's that kind of operator, too, but you must have it all pinned down neat and tidy. So you take your damned pen in hand and write him a check!"

Her face flamed. She stood frightened and miserable, looking into a face no less fiery. She had seen Morg angry, but never, never like this.

The evening Doctor Russell released her from hospital, she had left the check at the Kinross Hotel desk. Not quite a dollar a pound an hour, but large enough to deplete her personal account and underwrite a comfortable, even luxurious college year for Mike Clendon. Next morning, Luke beside her, the day clerk had passed her the same envelope, but bulging. She had opened it, and a familiar, prickly object of pink-and-black plastic had dropped into her hand while paper scraps showered at her feet. Luke had tweaked up his trousers and crouched to retrieve the dismembered check, while she stared at Mike's lucky piece, the bosomy mermaid fish plug with its blood-rusted hooks. It was hers now, to have and to hold, even to sit on. He had made his point savagely.

Luke, rising, had asked her, "What on earth is that object, dear?" And for the first time in their soon-to-be-joined lives, she had blasted him. "Stop looking at me like that!" she'd snapped. "Mind your own business, will you?"

There had been a coolness since.

She said now, weakly, "Dad, if you'll only listen ——"

But he was sitting bolt upright, ranting on. "Quiet! You listen! I know things about him you d never find out. We had fine talks, jogging along, and nights when you were sleeping. You remember the good camp where we had the trout? Did you know he lay there for a week in June with a busted appendix incision pulled together with thread from his kit? He made me a joke of it. Ves Jones operating on himself with an ice anesthetic. Hah! I won't dwell on the times I felt his knees buckling and tried to make myself lighter ——"

She ventured a protest. "But you did try. You did well with those crutches."

"Sure, for how long? Remember him sloping back for your purse? For a mess of junk and another guy's ring? Did your check cover that? Did it?"

Doctor Russell stood gray-haired in the doorway, with Miss Primrose behind

"Can't we discuss something just once without being reasonable?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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him. The doctor nodded, smiled and departed.

"And another thing. Perhaps it comes of lacking a mother, Linny, but whoever gave you the facts of life stopped halfway. You have a brain which you don't use, but I've wondered what you carry in place of a heart. He was in love with you. . . . Don't gape at me that way; we both know it. And you—you made it hard for him. You snuggled in his arms on a rock pile on that glacier—I was awake, I saw!—and you spent cozy evenings with him and slept with your feet in his back. He'd sweated a quarter of a year in those boondocks, not seeing a soul, let alone an attractive woman. You're lucky the boy was dead tired. Or maybe you weren't lucky and Mike was!"

She was weeping. He continued to drive words at her ruthlessly.

"Yes, and you were in love with him too. It wasn't the sort of thing should happen, so you decide it can't happen and start running. Maybe I guessed wrong—maybe you really did want to prove he fetched us out for pay, so you'd have a nice logical excuse to keep on running from yourself. Now, for another laugh, let's consider how he stands. We'll omit his taking a second chopping from a dame and stick to economics. He didn't win the award he'd gone after—Dave Logan told me that. He lost his little gun—the cops seized it as an illegal weapon. We broke his ax—the ax he took my foot off with and saved my life. We used up his outfit and ate his grub. He pays for a plane to land him on some lake, so he can recover the samples he dropped on our account ——"

"That was free." She spoke between hands pressed to her face, the tears sliding. "Oh, dad!"

"Oh, hell! You're in love with the guy, but you wouldn't do a thing about it because you can't make it fit your pattern. You think about him working part time this winter, kid, to finish his education. Some filthy job no labor stiff would touch—probably living on oatmeal. Always provided he don't chuck up everything and beat it to South America. That should hurt. I hope it does!"

He finished on a windy roaring. He sounded uncommonly like Mr. Big, stricken from the sky and bawling his anger.

"If I could get up from here, by the lovely Judas, I'd go in after that boy and do the little I could to square this with him! I wish Mike were my son and you weren't my daughter!" His hot stare bludgeoned her. "Beat it, Linny! Go marry fishface and see how warm he keeps your feet. Get out—you disgust me!"

But she didn't get. She knelt with her cheek against his heaving chest and cried like a baby.

Presently his hand began to stroke her hair.

"O.K." He spoke gruffly, but no longer in anger. "I had to tie into you, kid. It had to come out."

"I'm so very sorry ——"

"All right, sweetie. You needed a kick and you got it. Wasn't all your fault; he was pretty dense a time or two himself. Did I tell you he looked in on me the night they tidied up his ax work? Practically had to fight his way in. He said, 'Quit dragging, pop,' and he leaned over and kissed me. Right on my cheek, like he was eight years old and me his dad. I knew then that I'd make it."

Linn rose from her knees. She wiped her wet face on her cardigan sleeve. To Halsted she seemed changed, taller, firm of face. She slipped off her ring.

"I should attend to this myself, Morg, but I'm pressed for time. Give it to the counselor, will you, and thank him nicely and send him home." She dropped the ring on his chest. "Getting back to where we started. You're to stop calling the nurses outrageous names. You behave yourself while I'm gone."

"Huh? Where the devil do you think you're off to?"

"You've got a brain," she said. "Use it!" She kissed him swiftly and fled. He heard the clacking tattoo of her loafers fade down the corridor.

Halsted lay back, hands clasped behind his head, the diamond cold-winking from his chest. Luke Blaine, whose name he could remember perfectly of a sudden, was a worthy fellow, a sound operator. He would make the right woman a good husband. But this, by the holy, this was going to be a pleasure!

"How'd I do?" he demanded of Miss Primrose by his bedside.

"Swell. You almost had me crying too. You ripped her right up the back. This you must see, Mr. Halsted. She's wasting no time. Let me crank your bed."

His windows were low to the floor, and they commanded an excellent view of Kinross' main street. His daughter came into sight, still running.

A good girl, he thought; a fine girl, even if slow on the uptake. It occurred to him he'd better get Primmie to line up a parson, and he wondered, idly content, how Lohengrin would sound on the bagpipes.

The skirling was so thin, so very distant at first, that she thought it was only the chanting high-country wind. It swelled and quickened, and so did her stride. She jolted down the creek bed in her fine new boots, under the laden packframe. An ax handle, Hudson's Bay, jutted from the pack lashings, a mug and a tin pail dangled. She had foreseen a search, but this was easy—they'd spotted his new blanket spread to air on the heather bench, and the pilot had made his sloppy landing on the trout lake minutes after.

She wore blue jeans slashed at her boot tops. No shirt available in a tartan to match Mike's raggedy bagpipes, but the bold Hunting MacKinnon on her back was appropriate to this foray. In her hurry she had forgotten to buy a knife. Mike, though, had always been generous with his knife. The quiet girl swung down the creek bed, smiling, glowing like a rose.

A fine, fair evening, and perhaps a moon later. If no moon—stars. She wasn't greedy; she would settle for stars.

She continued the steep descent, the pipes shrilling louder. Close above the heather bench, she halted in the shadow of a hemlock clump. He was playing Flowers of the Forest now; he must be very sad. Mike was putting his heart into the grand lament. The happy tears set her blinking, and she wondered if he had remembered to treacle his pipes.

From here she could see him plainly. She watched with an air of indulgence this heartbroken man whose heart she had broken and soon proposed to mend. Same stagged stovepipe pants, very dirty—but he had bought a new shirt, scarlet, the color of anger. It clashed horribly with his hair, but perhaps he was color-blind. They knew so little about each other, really. But enough, quite enough. Beard gone and also the fierce mustachios, and he had found time in his ramping around Kinross to get a haircut. She could see the white strips above his ears distinctly. He paced and turned, turned and paced, to and fro past the three rain-flattened ash mounds of their distress fires. If she were a furry friend she could have ambled down and bitten him.

Linn permitted herself a final moment, not of indecision, for her head and her heart were one, but of forward-looking. It would be no easy life with Mike Clendon. Then she shucked off her pack, tossed back her hair, and wandered on down, stepping as daintily in the fine boots as a young doe deer.

The bag was sorrow's own udder. His fingers, striking flat upon the chanter holes, were out to milk it dry. For three days he had wandered like a lost soul, tracking clear into the cirque and on through Maxada Pass, halfway down to Mara Lake. Now he was back to this spot of mixed memories, to a shelter she had slept under.

He had heard a plane go over while he was beating chunks from an outcrop up the draw. It had scouted his camp site impudently. The hills were becoming crowded, and a free-miner no longer knew when fat-cat Minnesota Swedes from California were about to drop in and disrupt his life. He'd had enough of the Maxada, Mike decided, wheeling and pacing. He was off in the morning across the ice. There looked to be a fair pass south yonder where Mount Halsted leered at Mount Angela, and he would drift over into the Tantalus country ——

He saw her then, but still he paced. An odd thing, a fey thing, befell him, however. His pipes went daft, they took control, they stormed off on their own into Tel-el-Kebir as if they were back at Alamein. They frolicked their way through Corn Rigs and Monymusk; they leaped from Reel O'Tulloch straight into Highland Laddie; they caused Miss Drummond of Perth to twirl like a kitten. For the Irish in her they proffered Garryowen, and, not too sure what would tickle the Swede, flourished through Yankee Doodle.

It was the pipes' doing, not his, the blasted kist of whistles had betrayed him. He strangled the air from the bag in a sour groan.

"How the devil did *you* get here?"

His tone made it plain she was not, tonight, the little queen, though his eyes had a different story. She said demurely, "A plane dropped me."

"Logan?"

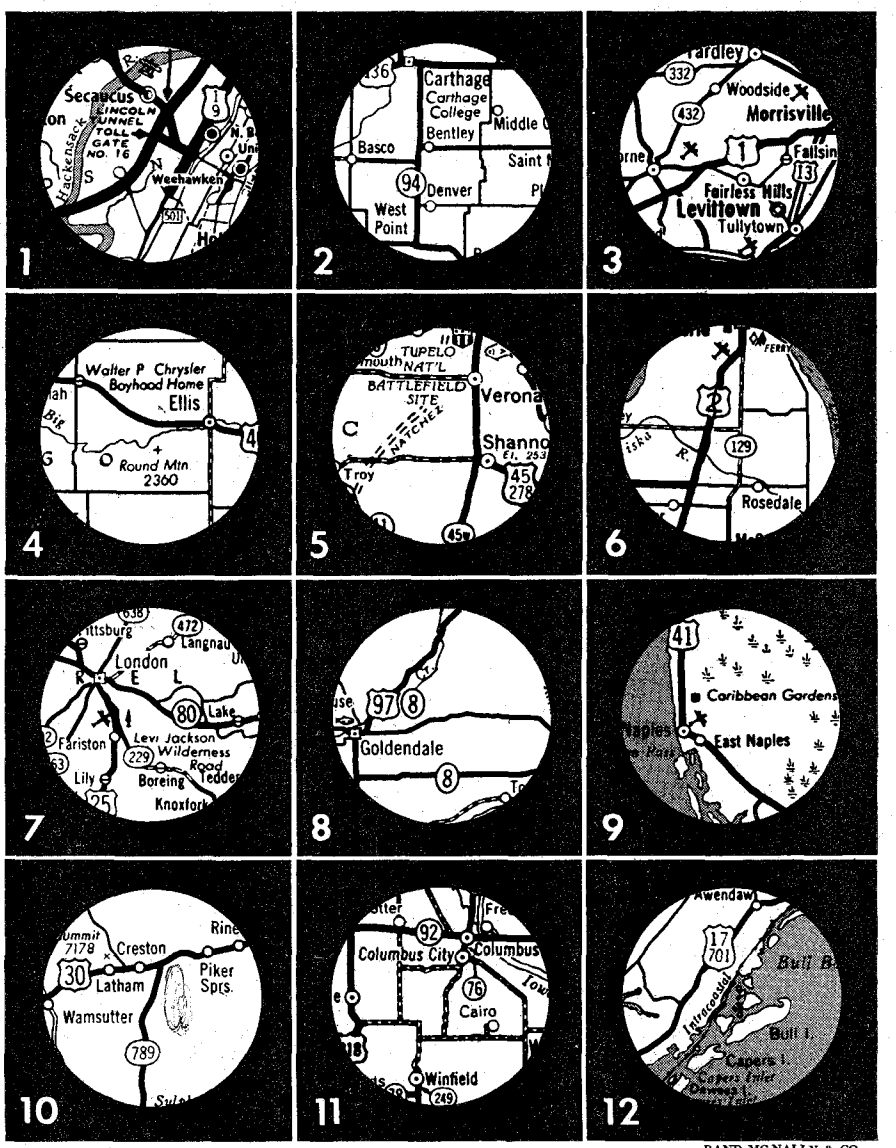
"Bates. He didn't want to, but I threatened him with the bear. Dave was out on charter."

"You're lucky to be alive! I knew I should have turned Bates in."

"Very lucky," she agreed. She ventured deeper into his camp. "What's for supper, Mike?"

But he wasn't playing the food game—oh, no. No more games. He laid the pipes over his arm and advanced upon her where she stood by his smoldering fire.

"Trout." He was staring at her feet. "May I inquire, Linny, where you got those boots?" (*Continued on Page 76*)



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Where Do You Think You Are?

East or West, North or South, each of the distinctive areas above appears on the road map of a single state. There is, as the saying goes, "no place like it." Can you identify the states?

Harley P. Cook

(*Answers on Page 76*)

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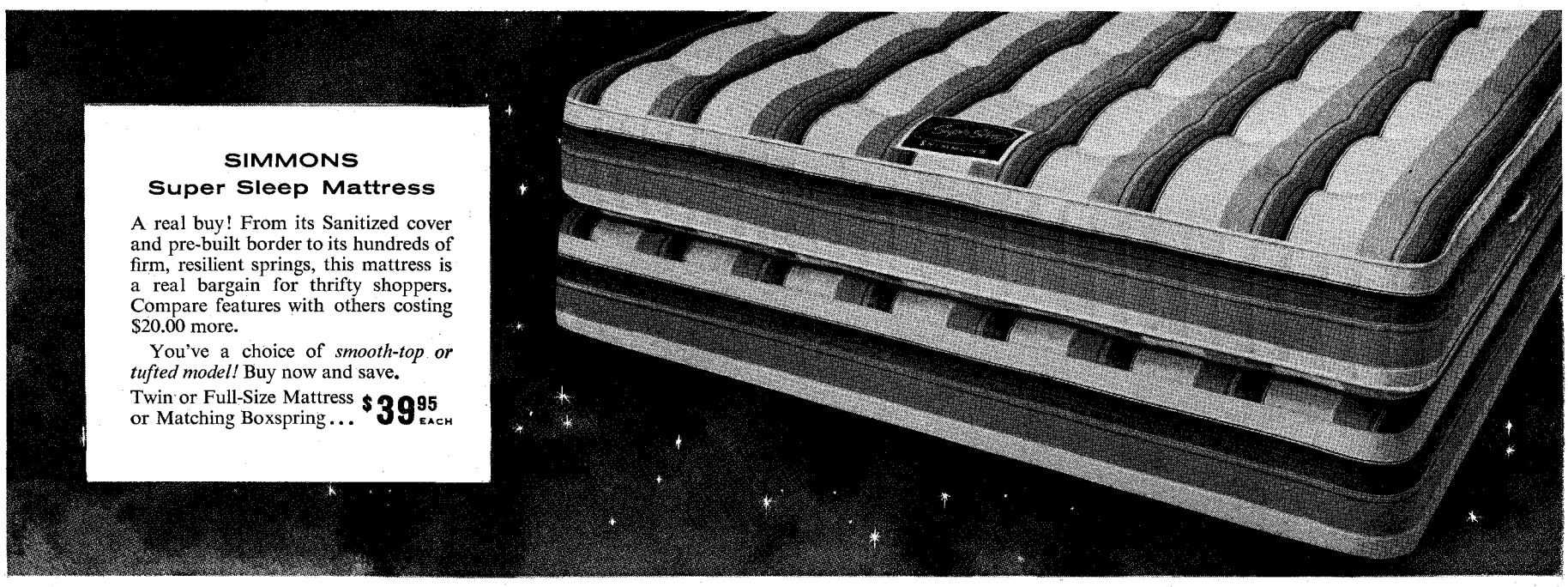
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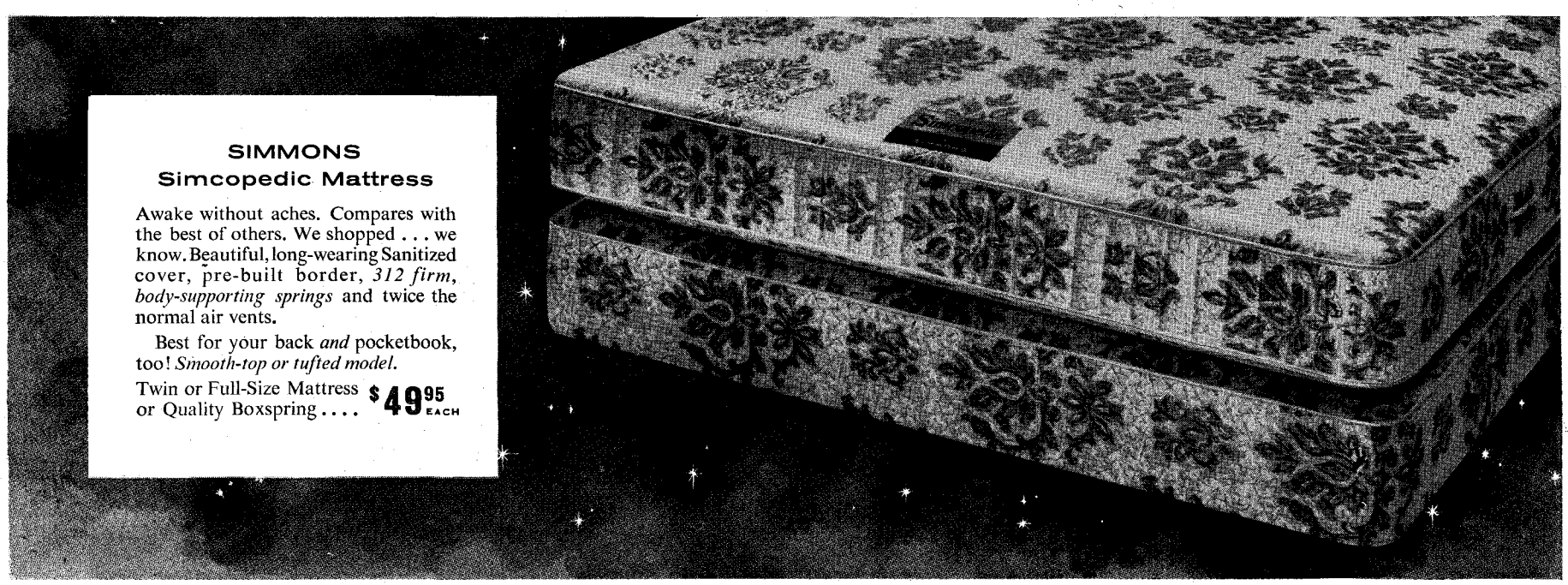
Sanitized Cover Germ resistant	Yes	No	No	No	Yes	No	No	No
Smooth-top or Tufted Choice of models	Yes	No	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Felt-sisal Upholstery For sleeping comfort	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
13-gauge Springs Firmer, more resilient	Yes	No	No	No	Yes	Yes	No	Yes
Pre-built Border For non-sag edges	Yes	Yes	Yes	No	Yes	Yes	Yes	Yes
Extra Ventilators Fresher air circulation	No	No	No	No	Yes	No	No	No
Minimum 300 Springs Quality support	No	No	No	No	Yes	Yes	No	No

All tests and comparisons certified by Commercial Testing and Engineering Company.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Twin or Full-Size Mattress or Quality Boxspring.... $49.95 EACH

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(*Continued from Page 74*) "These?" She inspected a foot. The trim little cruisers had known where they wished to go; they had danced her down the hill. "At the shoemaker's. Cobbler's, I mean. Ves Jones had ordered them, and they were away back on a shelf, all dusty." She had taken time to have her hair done and her nails. "Just trout? By the way, what did you catch them on?"

He said frostily, "I clubbed them with a stick. There's mush, if you want. Porridge, that is to say."

"I'm fond of porridge, Mike."

"I suppose I could make us a bannock to go with it," he conceded grudgingly. She caught a remembered look in his eye, a blue gleam. He set down his pipes with care.

Linn retreated up the slope, and he called at once, "Come back here! Where are you going?"

She lugged her pack down, opened it and brought out cheese—a hearty slab—and a bottle of tomato catchup. The micky of rye she balanced on a hearth log.

From her shirt she produced cigarettes and, as a final offering, her metal match case, new-charged.

But he had caused her some heartbreak, too, and she paid her debts. "I've changed my name, Mike."

The light and the life went out of his face. But he only said in a flat and even voice, "My compliments to the counselor. Where is the lucky fellow?"

"It's MacHalsted now."

"Not for long!" he growled, and came straight for her through the fire in a whirl of ash and embers. Her ribs creaked, and in the moment before he found her mouth she saw the wet shine on his cheeks. She pressed closer, thinking in daze and enchantment, *How silly to feel bait was needed!*

They feasted amiably under a velvet sky, star-spangled. They proposed and responded to toasts—one of the Maxada Club absent on sick leave, but the remaining membership happy enough. Firelight was kind to them, the glacier spoke of times to come, the Pleiades were bright enough to make gems for a girl's hair.

Also, they talked. She told him, "I'm sure dad will keep my allowance on, darling," and got a rattrap answer.

Answers to

Where Do You Think You Are?

(Page 74)

1. N.J.	2. Ill.	3. Pa.
4. Kan.	5. Miss.	6. Mich.
7. Ky.	8. Wash.	9. Fla.
10. Wyo.	11. Iowa	12. S.C.

"There'll be no allowance, Linny."

"Well, I have a little money of my own. You can't object to us using that."

"I can and I do. You'll spend it on yourself!"

"Then do you mind if I work for a while? I'm a good secretary."

"We'll consider it, sweetheart. Just possibly there might be an office spot in Maracaibo."

"We aren't going to Venezuela, Mike. Not this year. You need the degree and we owe that much to your aunt."

"I suppose so. Aunt Meg would rest uneasy, me without the master's, at least."

Alison and the counselor were not touched upon. Morg, harrying nurses at Kinross hospital, intruded briefly.

"You know, he still won't believe you didn't operate with your ax, Mike. I've done my best to convince him, but he won't listen."

"Good! Not to criticize, Linny, but you're still a touch too serious. Why rob your dad of a story?"

"Mike?"

"Yes." Contentedly, his arm around her, chin on her hair and the fire purring. "I'm listening."

"Will you let him bring you down to Oakland for his speech to the Optimists? It would make him so happy."

His answer was prompt and kind. "I'd not miss it. We'll both go down. I've some claims may furnish us a penny or two for the trip. I'll back every lie Morg tells them!"

"And you'll pipe for them?"

"If Morg wishes."

"Treacle your pipes first, Mike, won't you?"

Heather rustled, brush crackled. Something large was floundering down the slope.

Mike reached for the .270; the oiled double snick of its bolt was reassuring.

Not Mr. Big but a scared voice yelping, "Hey! It's me—don't shoot!"

The fool pilot she had parted from at the trout lake lurched out of the night, most unwelcome. He carried a sleeping bag.

"I'm sorry, Miss Halsted, but by the time I got my engine started it was too dark for a take-off. Then something started nosing around up there."

"A deer mouse," Linn said coldly. But she knew that fear.

"Well, it worried me. I got lonely."

"Should I come up with you," Mike asked him, teeth in each word, "and hold your hand?"

"I'm not going back; I'm staying here until the morning, and you can't stop me."

Mike sighed. He looked at Linny, wryly smiling, and she nodded. The Maxada was overpopulated, but there were other places, other nights and years.

He offered an ax—hers. He'd had a lot of trouble, working the nicks out of his own bit.

"Go build yourself a house then," he said, "and if anything scares you, scream."

Firelight was still wonderful. Hours later, he felt her feet nestle between his shoulders where he lay watchdog across the lean-to mouth. He grinned at their dying fire.

Drowsily she spoke. "Mike?"

"Yes, Linny."

"I love you very much. Say me a poem."

"Me too. 'Kamal is out with twenty men . . .'?"

"No. I'm in an Elizabethan mood."

"'My prime of youth'?"

"Not that. My prime of youth is no frost of cares. Yours won't be, either. I'd like Sir Tom."

So he gave her the Wyatt sonnet, through to the *noli me tangere* which did not apply, the final couplet no longer bitter.

He misdoubted there would ever be a collar of diamonds that fair neck round about, and she'd best take care of her Dior. They were committed to a feckless piece of business, and the problems swarming.

Still, how much did all that matter? Caesar's was she—and he was Caesar.

THE END

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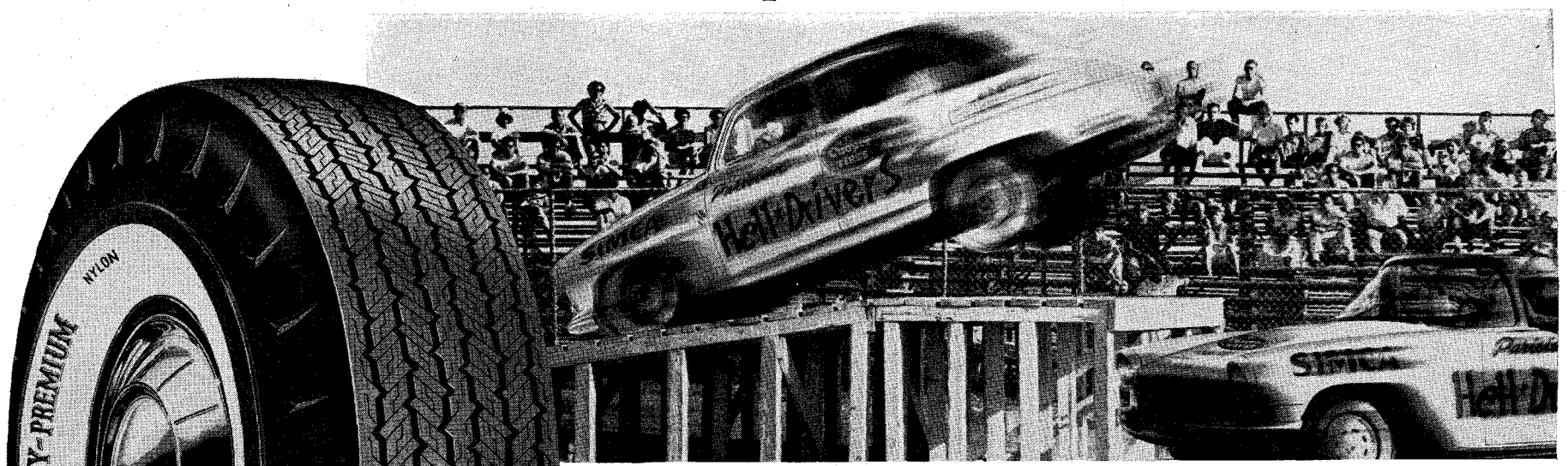

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Wall of Flame (Continued from Page 21)

palm trees along my way were rattling up top in the off-desert wind. I was ready to be indoors, but when I got there, the weather came with me. The desert wind seemed to dry out my classes that day. All the usual elements of a teaching day were present, but in some curious way they were all temporarily realigned—and not happily.

The professor, to take myself first, had to fight off the impulse to be sarcastically patient. For their part the students, looking as tawny and sun-struck as our usual Californian breed, seemed listless. I wished I were at home with a little pine fire going in my library fireplace and my new book growing under my typing keys. I kept the manuscript with me always, even taking it to the university and back every day in its leather dispatch case. The uphill struggles of higher learning were unexpectedly interrupted during my last afternoon class by a knock at my lecture-room door.

Yarborough, our prize left tackle, sat nearest the door. He opened it, received a note and came to put it on the corner of my table. I left it there until I finished my interrupted thought, and then I said, "If you will excuse me, ladies and gentlemen ——" and I read the note. While I did so the students looked out the windows at the heavying afternoon where a haze darkened the lower sky to the west. The note said:

Dr. Michaelson: Please telephone Globe 4-77647 at once. It is a neighbor calling who says the fire is headed for the ridge behind your house. JANET.

Janet was one of the student secretaries in our departmental office. Her information left something to be desired.

"Does anyone know of a fire hereabout?" I asked.

"Yes, sir," called Yarborough, who was just reaching his chair again. "I heard about it at lunchtime. There's a brush fire out near Santa Monica and up the coast to Malibu."

Others in the class murmured more scraps of information. It was said to be the most serious fire in six years. It had broken out in several places at the same time. Police suspected arson. Two men in a green pickup truck had been seen near the points of origin shortly before the first alarms. All the fire-fighting forces of the vast city were mobilized. The trouble, though, was the wind.

"The wind?"

"Yes," said Yarborough, "the wind. It's the wind off the desert, the Santa Ana, they called it on the radio. It is blowing toward the sea and taking the fire straight up this side of the mountains, and over the crests, and through the canyons down to the other side. Several houses were already burned away by noontime. They say lots of movie stars' houses are threatened now."

I could now make for myself the picture which Janet's note had not quite completed for me. Dense brush and occasional scrubby woods and dry yellow grass marched up the far side of the mountain behind our house, and marched right down our side too. If the fire, blown our way by the desert wind, ever crossed the ridge, there was nothing between our place—corral, stables, picnic area, garage and house—and the line of the oncoming flames. What I saw in my mind must have shown pretty clearly in my face. Some of the students stirred and after looking at me looked at one another. One down front, a wildly pretty blond girl, suddenly seemed deeply serious and said, "Why? Doctor Michaelson? What about the fire?"

I showed my note. "This tells me that my house is likely to be in danger. I live out that way on the seaward slope."

"Listen, professor," said Yarborough, lounging in his chair but admirably coordinated, "if I were you, sir, I wouldn't stick around here a minute longer. You may have some jobs to do out there at your place."

They all murmured in sympathetic agreement.

"Thank you. I believe I'll take my mandate from the floor, then, and we'll stand adjourned. If you will excuse me ——" and I left the platform.

I hurried to my office and dialed Globe 4-77647, only to hear the busy signal. I hung up to wait a minute before trying again, and then I couldn't wait any longer. Irritably slamming down the receiver, I took my leather box and went to the parking lot. Once out under the open sky I could see a great veil of smoke hanging in the west above the mountains. Up to now the alarming news had been almost abstract; but now I could see that unfamiliar sign in the heavens, and something primitive stirred in me and said, *Hurry! Hurry!*

The drive out Sunset was bad enough at a normal rush hour. But when I got into the traffic that day I came into congestion worse than anything I'd ever seen. Extra police were stationed everywhere, and others cruised on motorcycles along the westbound lanes; for everyone was trying to get to the ocean.

The columns of cars—two, and in some places, three, abreast, were halted every few seconds; and then we would lean out of our car windows to look ahead, as though we could see what was delaying us. At one of these halts I said to a motorcycle cop, "What's the delay, officer?"

"Things are tied up at the other end. We've got a big brush fire over there along a nine-mile front."

"Yes, I know," I said; "my house is right in line for it. That's why I'm trying to get there. But all these people can't live out that way."

"Oh, no," he said, "they're just going out to look."

"But they ought to be kept off the road!"

He took this personally and looked offended. "Turn your radio on," he said and banged ahead on his motorcycle, ending our conversation.

The car radio carried repeated pleas from the police department asking people to stay away from roads leading to the coast. The impatient sight-seers ahead, beside and behind me provided the living answer to this appeal.

Get out of here! I shouted silently at them. But they could not get out of there and neither could I until we could all inch ahead together. The drive usually took me forty minutes. I had already spent that much time now, and I was hardly a third of the way home. I had plenty of time for reflection.

I thought of the house and the things in it which, taken together, stood for so much of our life as a family.

I thought first of the living things. Lady Fox's corral was the thing nearest to the ridge on our property. If I was too late, would someone set her free to run away from the flames, down toward the beach? Who knew that in the stable was a box where an old collie lived with her litter of puppies? Had I left the stable door open so Maisie could come and go? Surely I had. And if I had, she would try to save her little ones when the time came, for the puppies, with their tender and pendulous bellies, would not be able to waddle their way alone out of the box to safety.

We inched along, and I traveled with fast and vivid images through the house, thinking of what there was to lose there.

The year we were married Olivia and I spent a month in Oxford. We were quite poor, and it seemed to us that the things we loved best in Oxford were those things which everyone could have for looking at them—the beds of tulips blooming all through May, the evening light on walls standing in their eighth century, all the towers seen from Boar's Hill—all things but one to be had for nothing. That one thing was a Victorian silver wine cup, which

... ...

August

By Kile Crook

Now, swiftest month, is
August. Mellow days
Slip through my senses with
peculiar speed:
The meadowlands are
furiously ablaze
With aster, goldenrod and
joe-pye weed;
Too soon the cardinal
flower's crimson spills;
Green maples in the swamp
precipitate
Too-early scarlet, while the
cricket shrills,
"The summer you awaited
will not wait."

My life is August. Avidly I
clutch
Each day, each pulsing
moment—spangled dawn
To firefly-studded dark. A
hummingbird's touch
Just now has stirred the
phlox and now is gone.
Now shimmering noon is
August at its height.
Now it is afternoon—then,
quickly, night.

... ...

we saw in a shop window in the Broad Street, and we visited it again and again, looking at it through the glass. The day before we were to leave for Paris, where I was to work for my degree, I went to buy it as a surprise for my wife. It was gone. I was mute with disappointment. But you can guess the rest. She gave it to me when we arrived in Paris. She said the cup was filled to the brim with love. It stood ever since on my desk in the library at home. I thought of the Oxford cup.

I thought of certain books and their occasions in my life. One of my most treasured was the good copy of a Robert Estienne imprint of 1569, done at Paris—the *Tumbeau de très haulte, Très Puissante et très Catholique Princesse Madame Elizabeth de France, Royne d'Espagne.* I did not find it in a bookstall on the Seine and pick it up for a song, in the classic tourist style; I found it in a great collection in the Rue Saint-Jacques, and I paid a knowledgeable dealer a little on it every year until it was finally shipped to me, my own. I thought of the Robert Estienne imprint.

By some jump I thought next of the massive wooden book ends my son made for me in what used to be called manual training. I wondered if he remembered them. They represented a pair of open books, and I always admired how he suggested the ends of the pages with gouged lines. He was fourteen years old when he made them and he kept them until my birthday that year.

When he gave them to me I clamped down on my feelings as I always did when moved, and he thought I didn't much like what he had made for me. Edging along and waiting, squinting at the curtain of smoke ahead of me above the boulevard, I wished again that I had been a freer father to him. But he would know in his time how it is with fathers and sons and feeling and reticence. I thought of the book ends.

We were coming at last in range of the fire. For at Sepulveda, where I usually turn right to cross the mountains and then take the back road at Agoura to our place at the beach, a roadblock halted me. I had to turn left to Santa Monica Boulevard and then go into Santa Monica. There, if I was lucky, I would be allowed to turn north again and get on the Pacific Coast Highway and follow it up as far toward our place as I could.

Two helicopters flew along above the traffic and then tilted away northward toward the fire zone. In a catch of wind the smoke was blown aside, and I saw for a brief moment the color of flame on the hillsides, and in the drift the white sides and roofs of houses in the very bed of fire.

"It is true," I said. "It is happening."

The radio in my car told me what the flames had already done, and where they were going, and how fast. Between seven hundred and a thousand men were fighting the fire along an irregular perimeter now sixteen miles long. The fire was high on the eastern slopes and nothing seemed likely to prevent its crossing down the western slopes. Families had already been evacuated from Zuma Canyon just to the north of us. I could not imagine that anyone would resist the order to go.

And yet I was doing all in my power to get as near the fire as necessary, to reach home and all our goods and chattels. But how could I tell over all our possessions? I knew the things my son loved in his own room, and the treasures which his mother had acquired and given to our family atmosphere. For their sakes as well as my own, what should I look to first?

Finally coming onto the coastal highway I was able to pick up my speed going northward. I was now in the smoke itself. I had to turn on my headlights to show myself to other cars. I could feel the smoke in my throat and eyes. The wind came off the slopes to my right. To my left I could surmise the ocean better than see or hear it. It was not long until I heard the fire itself.

And then I saw it really. Far back on the slopes there was a focus of energy where the fire had found a fine target. It was a house, now ready for its death agony. Smoke framed it on all sides. All that was left of it were the studdings which together made a white-hot skeleton of the house. As I drove by they began slowly to fold together. It was like a visual sigh. The sparks they released were taken up by the wind and were blown over me in the smoky air above the highway. I could feel the heat now on the right side of my face.

There were fewer cars now, and I made about six miles fairly rapidly, and then I was halted by a policeman who said, "This is the end of the line. We've got a roadblock up ahead. They need the highway clear beyond there for rescue work and a firebreak if it gets that far. You can pull over there and park."

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"I have to go ahead. My house is a couple of miles from here, and I've got to get home before it ——"

"I'm sorry, Bud, I can't let you through. If I did, all these others ——" And he waved at parked cars all about. "You'll have to hoof it."

So I walked, carrying my manuscript case. When I came to the bend in the road just south of our place, I paused a second and—do you know?—I said a prayer for what I would find and for the power to meet it.

Rounding the bend, I saw quickly enough where we stood. The fire was at the very sky line, which means that it was within two hundred yards of Lady Fox's corral. I could clearly see the line of men fighting the flames. They were a couple of yards apart. Some had tools and some had heavy sacks with which to beat down the flames. It was immediate in its terms: man fighting hand to hand one of the four elements of nature. Looking upward I climbed the slope toward the house. On a landing of the wooden stairs I set down my leather box and resumed the climb. I had to keep my mouth closed against the heat and at moments to turn my head away. Now I would think the fellows up ahead had the fire checked, and again I would see them stumble backward and give a few inches or a foot.

The potted flowers on our front terrace—front, mind you—were wilted. Ash was settling out of the wind over our roof. The garden in back was canopied by flowing sparks. The path up to the corral and the stable was hot underfoot.

Lady Fox was still within her wooden bars. I called to her and she lifted her head, kicking at the bars and pawing the earth. I ran the last uphill yards and, having to hold my arm across my face until I could hardly see, I felt for the sliding bars of the gate, shoved them free and called to our old friend. She came out, bounding in grand thundering strides on the hot ground down the slope toward the beach. I thought she could not stray very far, and I would overtake her when I could. In any case she was safely away, and just in time, for the fire reached the uphill bars of her corral and then caught at straw on the ground and spread to dry grass.

I heard shouts and looked aside where they came from. One of the fire fighters was waving at me. "Turn around, turn around!" he seemed to say, and I did and saw that in the few moments it took me to get to the corral and open it up, the fire had jumped downhill and was taking the hillside wall of the stable with a howling upsweep. I was supposed to run away from it, by the gestures of the fireman; but while it stood, I had to try to enter the stable and find the box near the stall.

I took off my coat, wrapped it around my arm, so as to have a cushion to breathe into, and ran to the stable door. It was thick with smoke inside, and I shut the door after me to prevent a draft. I stumbled to the corner, hoping to hear Maisie answer my call. She wasn't there. I felt my hand into the puppies' nest and, even in the cracking uproar of fire eating away at dry pine timbering, I heard the squeaking cry of puppies and felt two of them there. The other two and Maisie were gone. My heart made a bound of love for her gallantry and wisdom, for she had taken them away and would certainly be back for the other two. I shook out my coat to make a sling and swept up the two remaining puppies and put them into it. Then I started for the door.

As I did so the fire swept straight at me through cracks in the wall like a curtain blowing in at a window. The door frame suddenly sagged and jammed the door with its pressure. The door was ablaze. I kicked it and it gave an inch or two, and then it refused to move further.

"Yes. Now, let's see," I remember saying aloud in almost a burlesque of calm in crisis. "Here is our situation ——" Then, without form but with plenty of meaning, I considered how we—the small creatures I was holding and I—were trapped in a wooden building whose only egress was stuck shut by the upper weight of the structure. Our chance for escape was delicately balanced between two possibilities. There must come a moment when the burning door would be enough weakened to fall open of itself, or yield to my kicks and pushes; but whether this moment would come before I was senseless from smoke or before the roof fell upon me in flames I was not in a position to say. I could only watch as hard as I could to detect the moment when I must try once more, and again once more to break out.

It must have been only a matter of minutes, but it seemed forever, until I saw a slice of fire run like a red-hot knife up through the grain of the stable door. It was a new crack of weakness in the wood. I kicked again. The door gave a trifle, not at the bottom where my kick landed, but at the top. New smoke poured in—but so did a breath of air and something else, too, for in all the fury and row that the fire made, I heard a valiant sound. It was Maisie's bark. She was there, outside, dancing as near to the door as she could and she seemed to speak to me.

I will someday write something about the quality of fire—fire and the senses. I saw it, I heard it, I smelled it and I tasted its smoke—and I soon must touch it.

In all my senses, then, I was about to be taken by the fire. My mind was smoky, and something told me I had to make my great try now and come to touch the fire if I would escape it in the end.

I shifted the bundle of the puppies in my jacket into my left arm and, giving another kick at the door below to weaken it further, I put out my right hand and, thrusting at the door, I took hold of fire itself. The pain was so unlike anything I had ever known that for the single moment necessary to my salvation I could endure it as if it were not really happening to me. And then, of course, I realized that it was happening to me, and to just what degree, and I gave a shout of rage at my pain and fell forward.

But it was forward into freedom, for in that interlude of grasping at the burning door I had wrenched it open and had thrown myself past it into the open air.

Maisie stood ahead of me, barking and capering with excitement as I crossed the charring grass and came free of the fire halfway down the path to our rear terrace. The fire fighters were near, and they gestured, but I didn't know till later that they were pointing to the stable, which just then folded upon itself like a falling house of cards. I reached the side of the house, then the front, and put the puppies down still bundled in my jacket. Maisie came and untangled them. I lay back and breathed and did nothing else.

Soon enough the atrocity of pain in my right hand and arm came to my attention, and I looked at what had happened there. It was ugly. I scraped up my jacket and wrapped it around my hand and resolved to ignore it until I could decide what next must be done for our place in the world.

Maisie took one of her puppies in her mouth and looked at me until I picked up the other. Then she led me to the place of safety she had found for the other two. It was in a little shelter of mossy rocks down the front slope near the highway. We found the others and added these two to them, and I patted Maisie and turned to see if Lady Fox were in view.

She wasn't; but with a jump of feeling, like a threatened weakness after my exertions, I saw Olivia coming up the steps. She was holding my leather box. It stood for the future. When she saw me she began to run up the steps, and we reached each other and embraced in gratitude. Coming down the coastal highway from the north, she too had been halted at a police block; but when she told her story, a patrol car gave her a ride to within a quarter of a mile of us, and she promised to leave the minute she was ordered to.

"Ford!" she cried. "What are we going to do!"

She was tugging at me to take me up the slope to the house. Over the torchlike trees on the ridge came a pair of light aircraft, daring the updrafts of the fire to drop liquid borate on the roofs of houses in the path of danger. The Santa Ana seemed endless, pushing the fire our way west.

I was catching my breath and, I think, my sense. It looked to me as if the fire front was about fifteen minutes away from reaching our house. A quarter hour seemed meager in which to gather and save the accumulations of a lifetime. Choices would now have to be made. Which precious possession? And if this, why not that?

But a larger choice came to me then. If we had a tragic loss to face—and it now seemed certain that we did—I suddenly knew of a way to face it and even confound it.

"Ford!" urged my wife. Tears were springing into her eyes. She looked like a desperate child. "Ford! What shall we save!"

Do you know what I said?

It had to do with a strong thought. Well as we loved the things that we were about to lose, they mattered less than what they stood for in our lives. So long as we could not lose what they stood for, nothing could really deprive us of what we loved. And so before they were wrested from me, I gave up voluntarily the things which the fire came to take. I took my wife's hand. I felt tears sting my own eyes as I looked at hers, and I answered, "Nothing."

"But there must be a little time left!"

"There may be, and it is harder to stay here and watch. But we'll do it."

It was a decision as charged with change and as purifying as the fire itself. Olivia peered at me closely and saw that I was all right. Evidently what I felt was so strong that with something like awe she gave her confidence to me, though I could feel her shaking.

The power and truth of the thing that had happened to me was clearer to me, perhaps, but no stronger, when it was all over. We were free, and I think free forever from the tyranny of things—even the most dear things. It was a truth we could live with for the rest of our lives. I feel now that I had a glimpse of Socrates in the trouble that came to us.

We watched. The living things for which I was responsible had been saved. Nothing else called to us now.

In a few minutes it took on another condition—just how, it was at first difficult to say. But there were a few shouts from the fellows up on the hill, and then a few more, and Olivia pressed my arm and cried out, "Ford! Look! They have stopped the fire!"

She saw what looked so, but actually something else halted the flames, which were within a hundred feet of our back terrace by then. I turned to look at the ocean. On my face I felt the unmistakable waft of a breeze from the west. The prevailing wind off the sea was coming up. It was meeting the Santa Ana on the hillside and was forcing it back. The sea was about to win out over the desert land, as so often it had so many aeons ago.

"Ford! How wonderful!" For our place was saved.

It was as if the fire said to me, *Very well, now that you are free of your possessions, you may keep them.*

Can you understand the freedom we discovered when nothing but disaster seemed to confront us? Anyhow, all danger was over by nightfall.

Long before then Olivia had discovered my burn and had taken me to have it treated, and we spent the night at home after all. Everything there belonged to us in a new way. Maisie and the puppies stayed in the kitchen. We got Lady Fox back the next morning—and we're boarding her out till I get the stable and the corral rebuilt.

THE END

"No, no, Roberts! Only in here."

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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This one's soap!

Not all bath bars you buy today are soap. But Dial is. Real soap without any synthetic detergents in it to dry out skin. And Dial's AT-7 makes it the most effective deodorant soap you can buy.

That's why people who like people like Dial.

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The Struggle to Get Hoffa

(Continued from Page 30)

involved with Jimmy Hoffa and the son of a key figure in the Chicago underworld. At about the same time, Dave Probstein moved State Cab into the insurance agency's office. And on October twenty-seventh Jimmy Hoffa's Detroit local deposited $125,000 in the same Indianapolis bank. Hoffa testified it was put there to warn employers that San Soucie's local had money behind it. But why was it deposited in a checking account where it would earn no interest? And why didn't Hoffa simply announce publicly that his credit was behind San Soucie? Bob Kennedy says nobody has ever properly explained the $125,000. He suspects that Hoffa deposited it to guarantee further bank loans to State Cab, as he once had done in a Florida land scheme in which he had a hidden interest. Hoffa denies it. Not a penny of the $125,000 ever was withdrawn up to the time of the committee hearings four years later.

State Cab lost money from the start. Late in 1954 Probstein told friends that somebody was coming in from St. Louis to look it over. About December tenth two husky Teamsters from St. Louis, Ben Saltzman and Barney Baker, veterans of violent St. Louis taxicab strikes, arrived. Barney Baker's former wife says that Baker told her he had to go to Indianapolis "to take care of a shyster lawyer for Jimmy Hoffa, and if he did this one more job for Jimmy, he would be close [to Hoffa] forever." Baker denies this. In any case, Probstein was removed as president of State Cab and replaced by Gus Zapas, a Chicagoan once convicted of burglary who had been hired as a Teamster business agent by San Soucie. San Soucie says he put Zapas into State Cab at Probstein's request. But a secretary says that Zapas told Probstein he was through and said something about killing Probstein. Zapas denies the threat. About six weeks later Probstein was told he was also through as the front man for Allen Dorfman's insurance agency.

In April Dave Probstein's mortgage came up for foreclosure. On April twenty-ninth Probstein telephoned Jimmy Hoffa in Detroit. He called him again May second. On May third he called a Chicago attorney associated with Allen Dorfman. On May sixth he called Hoffa's accountant. On May tenth or eleventh he met at the insurance office with Allen Dorfman and two other men. Kennedy charges that Dorfman had advanced Probstein money to buy up tax liens, that Probstein had diverted most of it to his private use, and that Dorfman now wanted either the liens or the money. A secretary testified, "They gave him until the first part of June." On Sunday, June fifth, Probstein disappeared. He telephoned his wife from St. Louis on Monday, saying he was driving to New York with "some men" and would call her from there. He never did.

Walt Sheridan, concluding his investigation in Indianapolis, went to St. Louis; Probstein had checked into the Congress Hotel and was last seen there at four P.M. Monday. It was at an annex of the Congress that Carl Austin Hall, the kidnaper and murderer of the child, Bobby Greenlease, had been arrested October 6, 1953. At the time of the arrest half the ransom, $300,000, disappeared. The lieutenant and patrolman who arrested Hall were convicted of perjury. The $300,000 never was found. It was the hottest thing in the Midwest. Only a little of it ever has turned up. FBI agents are still working on it. They suspect that Joe Costello, a notorious fence who owned the Ace Cab Company in St. Louis, fenced the money through the Chicago underworld, perhaps via John Vitale, head of the St. Louis syndicate.

Sheridan was working on the theory that Dave Probstein may have been a courier for the Greenlease money—that that was his "dangerous mission." A few of the ransom bills turned up in August, 1955, about two months after Probstein disappeared, in towns between St. Louis and Chicago. A carnival had recently visited several towns where they turned up. And the Teamsters had been organizing carnival workers. Barney Baker was a close associate of Joe Costello and John Vitale. According to the testimony of Baker's former wife at the committee hearings, Baker told her that Joe Costello had shot himself during the Greenlease investigation because he got the Greenlease money. She was afraid to testify about it—"After all, I have a little girl to raise, and I know what I am dealing with. You may not know these people, but I do. . . . I may get killed for telling." She said that every time the heat was on Jimmy Hoffa or Harold Gibbons would put Barney Baker in a hospital to get him out of sight, though they called it "weight reducing." And the testimony showed that two days after the Greenlease ransom disappeared, Barney Baker went into the Battle Creek Sanitarium and stayed three weeks, his bills paid by Jimmy Hoffa's Detroit Joint Council of Teamsters.

A year later Baker turned up in Indianapolis, as we have seen, when Dave Probstein was replaced at State Cab by Gus Zapas. Baker told his wife Zapas was his best friend. And about the time the first Greenlease money appeared after Dave Probstein vanished, Barney Baker went into a hospital again and stayed a month. Zapas denied handling, any "hot money," but when Kennedy asked whether he had received "any money other than from a union since 1953," he said, "I don't recall. I have exchanged a lot of money, but never as salary." Kennedy said, "That is why we are so interested in you, Mr. Zapas, that you have exchanged a great deal of money." And here the trail of Dave Probstein ended. Barney Baker, Zapas, San Soucie and Jimmy Hoffa all say they don't know what happened to him. Hoffa said recently, "State Cab—we had nothing to do with the damn cab company. We had nothing to do with it."

Another main line of inquiry at the third Hoffa hearings was Barney Baker himself. Baker was almost globular, 385 pounds. Once he ate thirty-eight pounds of meat at a sitting. Born in New York City in 1911, he hung around the New York water front as a youth, was a prize fighter for a time, and during labor trouble in 1934, was convicted of throwing stink bombs in movie theaters. In 1936 he was shot on a Manhattan street while in the company of two water-front mobsters and John O'Rourke, today one of Jimmy Hoffa's vice presidents of the Teamsters. At that time, according to one expert at the hearings, Baker was a strong-arm man who participated in a water-front racket. Baker denied it—"I knew the people that did, but I did not."

"Who were the people that did?" Kennedy asked.

"A Mr. Dunne."

"Cockeyed Dunne?"

"I don't know him as Cockeyed Dunne. I knew him as John Dunne."

"Where is he now?"

Baker said, "He has met his Maker."

"How did he do that?"

"I believe through electrocution in the City of New York of the State of New York."

Dunne killed a man in 1947. Baker was by then a bouncer and an escort for big winners at the Colonial Inn, a Florida gambling joint controlled by Frank Costello's syndicate. During the murder investigation, Baker went to Las Vegas where Bugsy Siegel was building a resort and hid out—"I was hibernating."

Soon Barney Baker turned up in Washington, D.C., driving a truck and living with a woman named Mollie. In 1950 a daughter was born to them and in 1952 they were married. He told her about his past after their child was born. In 1950 Baker became president of a Teamster local in Washington. In the spring of 1952 he became head of a labor committee for Averell Harriman, then campaigning for the Democratic presidential nomination. Baker helped Harriman win the Washington primary.

Mollie Baker said her husband was very close to Harriman, had a picture inscribed, "To my dearest friend, Barney, Averell Harriman," and once was entertained by Harriman at the home of Perle Mesta. Barney Baker himself testified, "Entertained? They had a party there, a victory party, for around a thousand people there, all the rooters and everyone had worked for him. They went out there for a wiener roast, grabbed a sandwich and went on home." Harriman never had written a personal inscription on the photograph—"I am a ham at heart, and I might have wrote it down myself, and I drop names, and I talk big." He never had really been close to Harriman; he simply had been bragging to his wife.

At an Americans for Democratic Action dinner that spring he met Harold Gibbons, the St. Louis Teamster who was then on the A.D.A.'s board and who is today Jimmy Hoffa's right-hand man. Gibbons hired him as a Teamster organizer in St. Louis. Baker told Mollie he was Gibbons' bodyguard. The police suspected him of being a Teamster strong-arm man in Gibbons' violent taxicab strikes. They tailed him often and once picked him up with a gun. Kennedy said, "It is just a coincidence that every place you go, there happens to be violence." He said, "My job was to organize unorganized workers."

In 1953 and 1954, as we have seen, Barney Baker may have been involved in the Greenlease and Probstein cases,

You be the Judge

By FLORENCE K. PALMER

Grandma Boody, being something of a tradition among local baseball regulars, was stung when a new usher showed concern over her sitting in an unscreened box between third base and home. "Young fellow, I've dodged more balls than these palookas ever will hit," she said tartly. Nevertheless, the usher watched over her until the last of the ninth inning, when he went outside to help direct departing fans. A foul bounced in beside Grandma. In the scramble for the prize, she was knocked from her seat and hurt. She sued.

"I paid to see a ball game, not to be trampled in a riot," she complained. "If your usher had remained where he belonged, I would have been protected from those roughhouse tactics."

"Whatever our usher did," the management replied, "it was Grandma who selected that seat and insisted on staying there. She knew full well that fouls are often batted into the stands and that such scrambles are commonplace."

If you were the judge, would you award damages to Grandma?

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Grandma collected. The court said that while she assumed the risk of being hit by a batted ball in sitting where she did, she couldn't be expected to guess that the fans would scramble for the foul ball with such unusual violence that she would be injured. If the usher had remained, it added, the crowd might have been more orderly.

Based upon a 1958 Wisconsin decision.

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though he denies it. In the spring of 1955 Baker went to Florida. He says he went there on union business. But a woman there named Ruth Brougher had shot a man to death during a quarrel and been sentenced to fifteen years for manslaughter, and a "retired" Teamster organizer she knew, Tom Burke, had called Barney Baker to Florida to help her appeal her case. Baker paid her bill at a motel and moved her and her maid and a Negro man into an estate with a swimming pool called Had Her Way. Baker paid $425 a month for it. In all, Ruth testified, Baker spent $20,000 or $25,000 on her. He said $7000. "I got to liking the woman," Baker said, "and I went for the money. . . . Women do funny things to people." Nobody knows where the money came from.

The rental agent for the estate met Tom Burke one afternoon, lounging around the pool. Tom Burke was an Irish-born Teamster organizer who had worked for Jimmy Hoffa. Once he had brought back Hoffa's brother's runaway wife. He had been Harold Gibbons' bodyguard. He said he had fallen ill in 1954 and "retired" to Florida. He kept five guns in his room for "target practice." One night he threw one into the bay. Why? "I imagine he just didn't like it," Ruth said. When he felt well enough, Burke said, he made surveys of Florida for the Teamsters, and they paid his expenses. Kennedy produced two checks totaling $10,028 to cover his four months' hotel bill, signed by Jimmy Hoffa and Harold Gibbons. Once, submitting hotel bills to Gibbons, Burke wrote, "When I get my hands on a bundle, I will pay you back. . . . You and Hoffa are two good kids." What was the bundle, Kennedy demanded. Burke said, "Bundle? It sounds like laundry."

One day, the rental agent testified, he went to Had Her Way and, waiting for the secretary who paid the rent, talked to Ruth Brougher. She noticed a ring on his finger and said, "Let me show you some diamonds," and went to another room, returned with a pasteboard carton full of diamonds and poured them out on the table. The agent said, "Merciful heavens, where did you get all of those diamonds?" No reply is recorded. How many diamonds were there in all? "Nearly a quart," he estimated. He felt sure they were worth $75,000 or $100,000. While they were looking at them, the secretary came in with the rent money. "About that time Mr. Baker walked around the corner, and Miss Brougher said, 'Oh, God, this jewelry has got to get to New York tonight.'" Baker walked into the bedroom, and Ruth picked up the jewelry and followed. Soon Baker came out, then Ruth, and she said, "Well, that is over."

Baker conferred often with the attorney who was handling Ruth's appeal. Kennedy asked Ruth, "Did you understand that he was going to try to get it fixed for you, the trial?" She said, "I don't imagine he gave him seventy-five hundred dollars for nothing." Baker gave the attorney $2500 himself and sent Ruth out to pick up $5000 more from Trigger Mike Copola, "one of Albert Anastasia's best friends," Kennedy called him. Baker denied trying to fix the case.

One day the rental agent read in the paper about Ruth Brougher's "trouble," and told her Had Her Way was sold. The ménage moved to the penthouse of the Bal Harbour hotel. According to testimony at the hearings, they had the run of the hotel. Sometimes Tom Burke carried guns openly through the lobby. They took a dislike to the elderly manager, and Burke said he intended to pour shellac into his auto. Sure enough, it broke down. But most of the time Burke was friendly and talkative, drinking a lot. Sometimes Burke and Barney Baker reminisced about their organizing days. A witness said Burke told how once he had pulled down the bleachers at a circus or carnival, killing several people. Burke denied this when he testified. Baker told about shutting off the ice at Sonja Henie's ice show, and being jailed once "for killing Joe Penner's duck"—he had thrown a stink bomb on a theater stage.

After a time Ruth leased another house for $300 a month, plus the wages of the yardman. It, too, had a swimming pool—"I like swimming pools," she said. Baker paid. Ruth's ex-husband, Three Finger Joe Sylvestri, moved in with them. Sen. Karl Mundt observed, "It seems like a peculiar arrangement." The landlord thought perhaps Sylvestri was there "to protect her." Against whom? "I don't know who. She was, I think, pretty frightened. . . . She nailed all the windows and doors shut in the house, and I had a terrible time getting these heavy spikes out of there." Toward the end the money ran out.

On December 9, 1955, Ruth was suddenly taken off to jail. Her appeal had failed. Five days later Harold Gibbons ordered Burke to leave Miami immediately and "report for assignment" to Jimmy Hoffa in Detroit. Barney Baker went home to St. Louis on Christmas Eve, bringing jewelry. Mollie had divorced him because of Ruth Brougher. Baker tried to sell her a ring, but Joe Costello told her it wasn't worth the price. Before long Baker married a pretty college graduate.

Barney Baker himself was on the witness stand two days. He proved courteous, even gallant, and a man of some dignity, almost eloquent at times. When Kennedy asked about some of the previous testimony, Baker said, "Believe me, that a lot of things said yesterday sounds to me like . . . vengeance of a woman, a woman scorned. . . . I am proud of how I live, Mr. Kennedy. Believe me, if I had to do it over again, this is the way I would live," and he went on to defend the reputation of Governor Harriman, "a man that I honor and I love. I am not close, close, close, as they so described I was. I admired what the man stood for."

Kennedy put in, "Mr. Chairman," but Baker went on, "I lived a life, Mr. Chairman. It might not have been all lily-white, and it might have been twenty-six years ago. What is the pay-off? Where is the penalty? When does it stop? Why don't they stop harassing people? I can explain the gun incidents. I can explain the jewel incident. I can explain everything. But that is nothing. When they try to take a man as a political pig and destroy him and cut him up because my name is bad, 'Throw Baker in with him and you will defeat him come November. . . .' [Harriman] don't even know what I look like. Sure I attended places. Excuse me. Excuse me, Mr. Kennedy. I will wait until you ask me the questions."

While Kennedy was hammering at Baker's union activities and gangster connections, the senators were politicizing. Senator Ives, a Republican, questioned Baker about Harriman; and Senator Kennedy, a Democrat, strove valiantly to protect Harriman; and Baker, caught in the cross fire, squirmed and said, "I know everybody is pitching and I am taking. But let me consult my lawyer." Ives asked if he had been more active than anybody else in the Washington primary, and Baker said, "The same as if I was working for you, senator, and I admire you a great deal for your liberal outlook of life." Senator Ives said, "I appreciate the compliment, but I would rather you would not work for me."

Senator McClellan said, "Proceed. Let us have order."

Bob Kennedy said, "I don't want Mr. Baker to leave the stand with the idea that he is just some kind of a Teamster jokester." Then, turning to Baker, Kennedy recapitulated the testimony, always addressing Baker: "You" were a close associate of New York gangsters; "you" went to St. Louis and became involved with Joe Costello, who handled the Greenlease money; "you" associated with John Vitale, head of the St. Louis syndicate; "you" took pay-offs from employers. "I just say," Kennedy concluded, "that these people are the scum of the United States, the people you are associated with, and you are a part of them, Mr. Baker."

"May I take a message?"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Jimmy Hoffa said he hadn't known of Baker's record when the Teamsters hired him, but now that he'd heard about it, "it doesn't disturb me one iota."

The committee devoted much attention during the third Hoffa hearings to Harold Gibbons, the Teamster leader in St. Louis. Gibbons is a tall, rangy, articulate man of forty-nine with a high, freckled forehead and quick eyes, getting bald. He seems to care deeply about the labor movement. Gibbons has often been called "the Teamsters' egghead." Asked by Senator Ives whether he was "in cahoots" with Johnny Dio, the New York racketeer, Gibbons replied, "No. I am friendly at the point that Dulles and Eisenhower might be friendly with Ibn Saud," surely an answer no other Teamster would have made. In the A.D.A. he was considered an intellectual of the trade-union movement, an actionist of the liberal movement.

It has been said that "Gibbons is the brains and Hoffa is the muscle." To say this is to underestimate both Hoffa's brains and Gibbons' muscle. They differ, however, in many ways. Gibbons likes night clubs, bars and a good time; Hoffa doesn't. Gibbons pays his bills by check, Hoffa in cash. Hoffa says running a union is like running a business; Gibbons says, "We don't run a business, we run a movement." Hoffa says a union's proper objectives are not social or political—Gibbons' chief interest—but "more and better."

Gibbons' intellectualism does not prevent him from being a militant unionist. He is an agitator, a strike maker; Hoffa restrains him. There is something of the revolutionary's hatred of the police in Gibbons' make-up. Gibbons is proud that he is "not on good terms" with the St. Louis business community. Once Hoffa accompanied Gibbons to a meeting with employers. After it Hoffa said, "I've got a lot of people in Detroit that don't like me, but these guys really *hate* you."

Harold Gibbons was born in 1910 in a coal camp in the Pennsylvania anthracite region, called Archbald Patch. His father was a coal miner. Gibbons was the youngest of twenty-three children. In Chicago during the depression he worked as a common laborer, joined study groups, became a Socialist, went on WPA, helped run a taxicab strike, and found his calling in the CIO. In 1947 he broke with the CIO and, a little more than a year later, merged his St. Louis warehouse local with a Teamster local, 688. The officers of 688 departed. Gibbons took over. At the hearings Bob Kennedy claimed that Gibbons arranged the payment of some $78,500 in union funds to the former officers of Local 688 to get out. In any case, Gibbons' rise in the Teamsters had begun.

The road ahead was rocky. A while back Gibbons said guardedly, "In St. Louis the movement was not too good a movement. There were a couple of undesirables attached to it. Local hoodlums." Gibbons did not say so, but they were gangsters of Buster Wortman, a feared overlord of vice and gambling. Gibbons was threatened with death. Inexperienced, he needed advice. He went to Detroit to see Jimmy Hoffa. "I told my story, said we were being threatened by hoodlums that wanted to put people on the payroll. Hoffa said, 'It's very simple. Just put one of 'em on your payroll. Then they won't bother you. Except that six months later you'll be taking orders from him and not him from you. There's an alternative. The first one that walks in, pull out your pistol and shoot him in the head.' I said, 'Is this what you do?' He said, 'Yeh, it's just that simple.' I got up and started out. Hoffa yelled, 'Hey. Soon as anything starts, call me and I'll have a

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carload of my guys there to help you.'"

Hoffa did come in to help him, in 1952. He brought "a bunch of men" with him. He put the entire joint council in trusteeship and appointed Gibbons trustee—boss of all St. Louis Teamsters. It was a rough time. When a man who opposed Gibbons tried to get into a local's meeting, sluggers broke his nose, knocked his teeth out, punctured his lung, and threw him over a railing to the sidewalk. Gibbons said he was proud he had cleaned out the gangsters. Kennedy asked, "Who will clean out the ones you brought in?" Gibbons denied he had brought any in.

Gibbons maintained control. Hoffa made him secretary-treasurer of the Central Conference. Gibbons built a health clinic where Teamsters receive prepaid medical and dental care. He established a pension program and a summer camp. He built a political machine that has become a power in St. Louis municipal affairs.

Gibbons' taxicab strikes were violent. Carloads of union men—Barney Baker was one—roamed the streets after midnight, getting the cabs off the street in "any manner we could get them off," as one Teamster put it. They drove one into the Mississippi River. The union promised to "protect any man that got in trouble."

Gibbons prepared carefully for his appearance before the committee. He once had had a memorandum written on when and how to plead the Fifth Amendment—it was distributed to Teamster lawyers all over the country, who are so numerous that they have an association of their own—and his local now authorized him to take the Fifth before the committee, but he did not, though some of his men did. He proved a tough, tenacious, articulate witness. He told Kennedy, "I cannot take responsibility for the inadequacies of your staff."

Gibbons said he told his men to keep the cabs off the streets, but peaceably. He said he knew nothing about Dave Probstein. He approved of Barney Baker's activities in general, though he expressed some concern about Baker's association with gangsters. Senator Ives asked why the Teamsters had so many men with criminal records. Gibbons said parole agents, ministers and priests frequently asked the Teamsters to hire their clients; he was proud of helping to rehabilitate men who "have erred."

The committee produced no evidence that Gibbons had taken money from his union or sold out his members. It had made such serious charges against other Teamsters, including Jimmy Hoffa. Nonetheless, Senator McClellan, summing up, said there was little difference between Gibbons and Hoffa.

Throughout the long investigation the name Dorfman had turned up repeatedly. A committee investigator testified that Paul Dorfman, fifty-six, was "a major figure in the Chicago underworld." Among his associates was Tony Accardo, head of the Chicago syndicate. He had run a local union until 1957, when the AFL-CIO expelled him.

Now, in recent years labor unions have established health and welfare funds in their contracts with employers. Sometimes the funds are built up by contributions by both employees and employers; sometimes by employers alone. The funds are administered jointly by management and union trustees. They buy group insurance from commercial insurance companies protecting their members against the cost of accidental injury, death, hospitalization and surgical care. Presumably they buy the insurance from the best insurance company offering the lowest rates. Often they buy it through an agent.

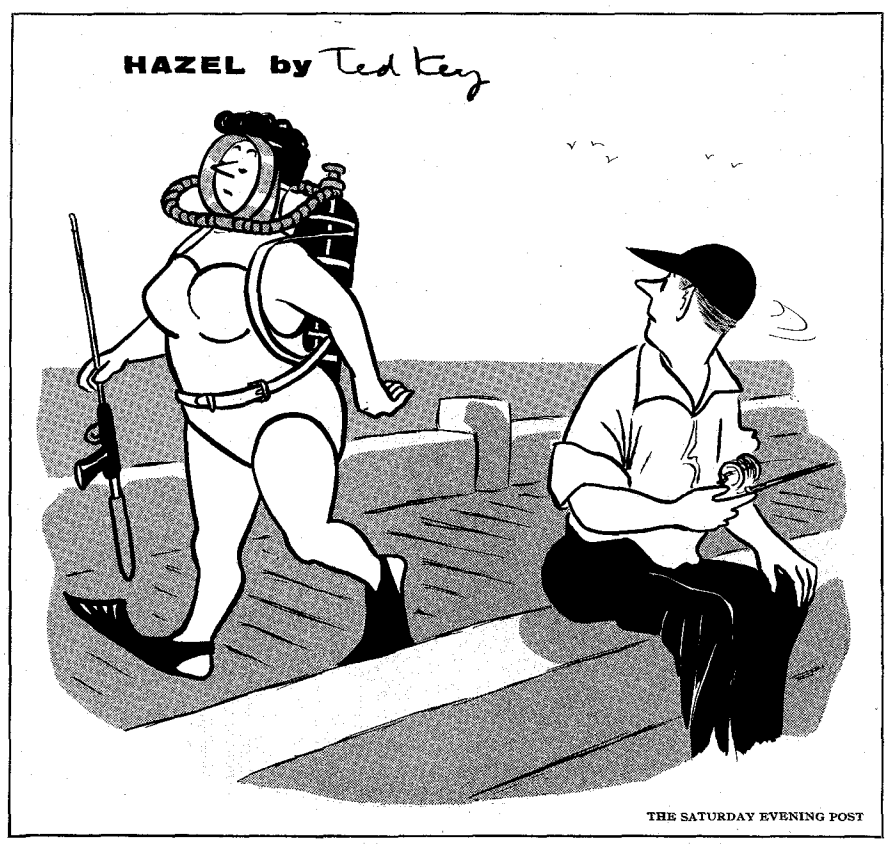
At the end of 1948, Paul Dorfman set his wife and his son, Allen, up in the insurance business. Through Paul's efforts, Dr. Leo Perlman of the Union Casualty Company hired Allen as general agent in Chicago. At that time Allen Dorfman had no insurance license; he was just a young man not long out of military service. In January, 1950, Jimmy Hoffa's gigantic Central States Drivers' Council called for bids on its insurance. According to the testimony of Martin S. Uhlmann, a committee investigator, six weeks before the contract was awarded, Allen Dorfman told Doctor Perlman it looked as though Union Casualty would get it. It was testified that at a previous congressional hearing a trustee of the fund had said he thought Hoffa was trying to "throw" the business to Union Casualty. Union Casualty was given the contract though its bid was higher than a competitor's and though it was a far weaker company financially. Yet according to investigator Uhlmann, Hoffa threw out the competitor's bid on the ground it was not financially sound.

A year later the insurance contract of Jimmy Hoffa's Michigan Conference of Teamsters with another competitive insurance company came up for renewal. The competitor voluntarily increased its benefits to the Michigan Conference. But Hoffa canceled its policies and on the same day, without any bidding, the Michigan Conference gave the business to Union Casualty. When this policy came up for renewal, a year later, Doctor Perlman asked for an increase in premiums and a reduction in benefits. He got both. And more cuts were to come: According to testimony, Hoffa agreed that new members would receive, during their first year, only half the benefits enumerated in the policy though they would pay a full premium—a betrayal, Kennedy charged, of the members.

Allen Dorfman also handled the insurance on nineteen Teamster locals and two joint councils. In all, some $86,000,000 in Teamster premiums went through Dorfman's office. Commissions and service fees to Dorfman on two contracts alone, both Hoffa's—Central States and Michigan Conference—totaled more than $3,000,000. Of this, the committee staff claimed, at least $750,000 was "excessive" commissions. Adding up excessive service fees and commissions paid to Dorfman and to a peculiar agency run by Doctor Perlman, Bob Kennedy concluded that the excessive payments on all their contracts might go as high as $2,250,000.

In 1948, the year before Allen Dorfman went into the insurance business, he reported taxable income of $5094. By 1954 he reported $166,000. That year, too, his mother reported $156,000. Allen and his mother declared from 1953 through 1957 at least $1,150,000 in taxable income from insurance agencies.

Kennedy hoped to show that Jimmy Hoffa had received kickbacks from Allen Dorfman. He has not yet. And Allen denied it. But a committee investigator testified that from 1949 through 1957 Allen Dorfman had secured from his various accounts $332,427 in cash. The investigator testified that he could not trace it, and that Dorfman had refused to tell him what had become of it.



Hoffa had other relationships with the Dorfmans. He joined them in buying a resort in Northern Wisconsin and in a North Dakota oil-lease venture. Allen Dorfman was involved with Dave Probstein in Indianapolis. Paul Dorfman, the testimony showed, helped racketeers get union charters. He was with Hoffa during Hoffa's trials in New York and Washington. He was in the hotel room when Hoffa and his associates picked the slate at the Miami Beach convention.

Kennedy charged that Hoffa had given Allen the insurance business and in return Paul Dorfman had arranged for Hoffa to be allowed to move into Chicago. Paul could do this because of his underworld power. Paul Dorfman took the Fifth. So, on many questions, did Allen, denouncing the committee's tyranny and accusing it of trying to "destroy" his business and get him prosecuted.

The third Hoffa hearings opened August 5, 1958, and lasted twenty-five days. They were grim. The fun had gone out of them. Kennedy no longer seemed lighthearted, Hoffa no longer bantering. Hoffa's answers were brief, argumentative, evasive. Kennedy tore into him. Senator Ives told Hoffa, "You don't seem to know what you are talking about half the time," and Hoffa said, "That is your opinion," and Hoffa's lawyer objected to "anyone shouting at this witness." McClellan said wearily, "In this ordeal that we are going through, sometimes it is difficult to restrain our emotions."

Kennedy repeatedly demanded to know what Hoffa had done to clean up the union since the last hearings and said Hoffa was "not tough enough" to get rid of the hoodlums. Hoffa coolly replied he had asked one business agent whether he had done what the committee charged, and when he said he had not, Hoffa dropped it. The senators castigated Hoffa. He stood up to them—said they were complaining about a "mere handful" out of 3000-odd union officers, said he had not been in office long and would deal with "the situation" in due time, and said he would not deprive unionists of their rights under the Teamsters' constitution, which he was sworn to uphold. He had grown greatly since the time a year earlier when he had all but collapsed under the committee's hammering.

Kennedy made desperate last-minute efforts, sending investigators around the country during the hearings, accusing Hoffa with their findings—that he had told an assistant prosecutor he could frame him in ninety days, that a man had approached a juror in Hoffa's wiretapping trial in New York. But on the final day Hoffa seemed confident, almost flip. He seemed to know he was winning; he was coasting in, unconcerned. Just before lunch Kennedy accused him of having told another union leader he would have him killed. Hoffa denied it. The committee recessed. Kennedy's secretary, Angie Novello, brought a sandwich and a glass of milk to his desk. He seemed tired and discouraged. He called the man Hoffa was supposed to have threatened and said, "Sol, can I get you to come over here and testify? It would make a real difference." He waited. Then, "Are you going to let him stand up here and kick everybody around?" He waited. Then, "O.K., Sol," and banged the phone down and drank his milk glumly.

A little later the hearings ended. Kennedy went down to his office, took off his coat, loosened his tie, and tossed a football back and forth with a newspaperman. Another reporter came in to inquire when McClellan's closing statement would be ready. For Sunday-morning release, Kennedy said. He kept saying, "I can't believe it's over." That night the staff celebrated at a garden party at investigator Pierre Salinger's little house in Georgetown. It rained, and a staffer joked that "Jimmy made it rain" to spoil the party. Next morning Kennedy was awake at 5:30, telephoning Salinger, "Let's go down to the office and get to work on the summary."

A year ago Hoffa had been stolidly taking it on the chin. Now he was fighting back. In an editorial in his Teamster magazine he sought to identify the union with other minorities and to liken the committee's attacks upon it to the dynamiting of an integrated school in Clinton, Tennessee, and the bombing of a Jewish synagogue in Atlanta. "The noble traditions of Congress will continue to be abused as Senator McClellan of Arkansas and his millionaire counsel, Robert Kennedy, bend to their antilabor bias and lend fuel to the raging fire of class hatred. . . . We shall continue to fight for human dignity and economic security for all our people. America is not the exclusive domain of the wealthy or the privileged. It belongs to all of us."

In his seventh and concluding article next week Mr. Martin presents the results of the fourth and final Senate hearing and tells what is likely to be the Teamster boss's ultimate fate. —THE EDITORS

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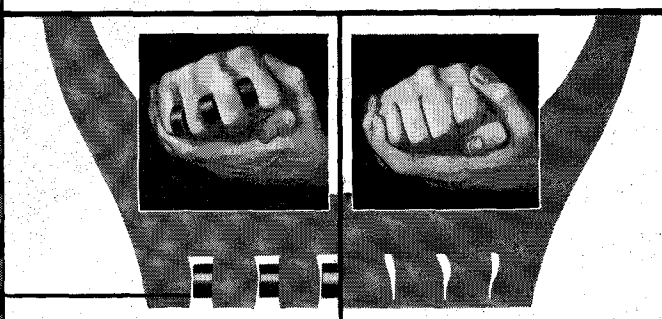

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Keeping Posted

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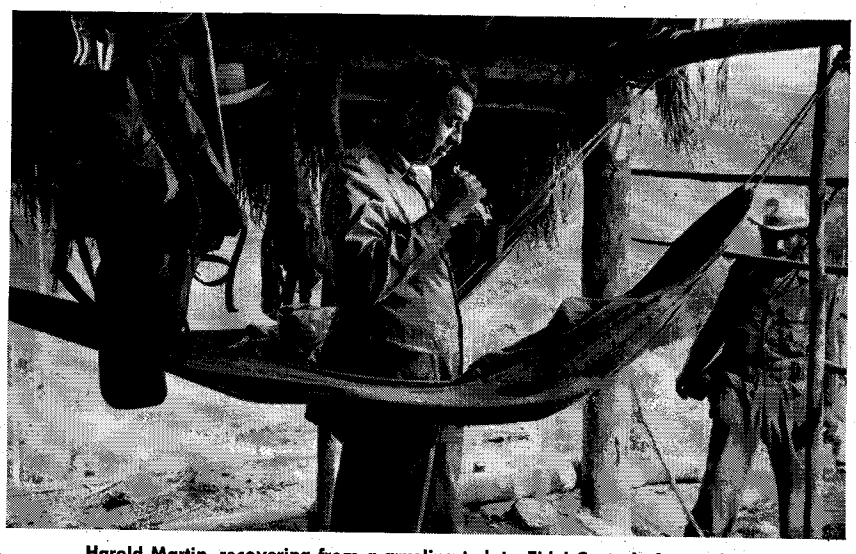

Harold Martin, recovering from a grueling trek to Fidel Castro's former hide-out in the Cuban highlands, dines on bull stew in luxurious thatched suite.

When contributing editor **Harold Martin** and photographer **Ollie Atkins** were in Cuba working on the Fidel Castro story (page 13) they got entangled in a fantastic expedition to La Plata, Castro's revolutionary hide-out in the wild Oriente mountains. Fidel had gone there out of sentiment to sign his land-reform law, and suddenly the entire Cuban press was "invited" to take off for the distant highlands next morning, dressed for uncivilized travel and not forgetting to lug along TV, radio and power-generating gear. Martin reflects wistfully, "Mr. Castro could just as well have signed the bill in his cool hide-out in the Havana Hilton Hotel."

Our intrepid *Post* men, augmenting their meager safari clothing at a Sears, Roebuck store, hastened to a military airport which featured Cuban journalists arrayed in a weird variety of raiment, including World War I-type puttees and riding pants, and carrying pistols. After everybody had been sardined into the bucket seats of an antique DC-3 plane, Martin discovered that his safety belt was worn nearly through, "as if chewed by a beaver." It wouldn't reach around him anyway, so he clasped his hands over his stomach instead. Ollie Atkins then cheerfully pointed to a tag on a nearby parachute which read, DATE OF LAST INSPECTION, APRIL, 1946. When the plane got into the air, the Cubans burst into great cheers of "*Viva!*" and "Bravo!"

At nightfall they landed on a grass field at Manzanillo, from which could be seen blue mountains that were to be crossed without benefit of airplane. Each journalist was issued a blanket, canteen, cup, a piece of oilcloth to shed rain, and a military hammock—on the following night Martin, who is much bigger than the average Cuban soldier, found that using the hammock was "like trying to cuddle into a slightly oversize brassiere." Meanwhile, the Manzanillo Hotel proved to have such conveniences as faucets that ran brown water, which the manager explained was piped direct from a brook and thus contained no impurities, like chlorine. In the night Martin was awakened by a scream; a gentleman, while proceeding from the bar up to his bedroom, had fallen backward down a marble stairway into the lobby and broken his skull.

The Cuban press corps finally reaches La Plata after struggling over three tiers of mountains. Author Martin, seated, seems to be upset about something.

Next morning everybody was loaded into sugar-cane trucks. After the drivers had argued for an hour about which road to take, a constable started to give them tickets for traffic obstruction, and they all took off on different roads. Part of the day's travel consisted of pushing the trucks out of bogs. That night Martin, Atkins, Jack Skelly (interpreter), Bob Berrelez (Associated Press) and a Cuban they called King Farouk—because of the colorful splendor of a hammock he had brought from Havana—reached a little hamlet; there they slung their hammocks in an unfinished thatched hut which had not yet been treated to keep out rain. So a midnight cloudburst burst through the roof, cascaded off the journalists and flowed out the door.

On the third morning men showed up with "gaunt horses about the size of goats," which were to be ridden over three mountain ranges. Martin, who weighs 220 and is so sedentary he can't keep his automatic wrist watch wound, tried walking half the time while his horse reinflated its lungs, but soon both of them were kaput. Finally the horse remarked, "*Whoosh!*" and sat down with its back legs. Just then up rode *Señora* Ernestina Otero, the Jim Hagerty of the Castro Administration—"though she is prettier than Jim"—and insisted on trading horses, as hers was a mite bigger and a little more alive.

In this manner the whole expedition degenerated into a far-flung shambles of people and beasts, both groups having the blind staggers. Ollie Atkins made several animal exchanges en route, and Martin finally rode triumphantly into La Plata on a mule which had passed out under Atkins and had been abandoned, but which was just coming to as Martin staggered up the trail. For their stay in La Plata the boys had a nice suite in a mule stable, after putting the mules outdoors.

Martin salutes the Cuban press for enduring the expedition with such good heart. "If President Eisenhower had required the American press to foregather similarly on a remote peak in the Great Smokies to see him sign a bill, his powers of reason would have been seriously questioned, and Jim Hagerty would have been assassinated." The author adds anticlimactically, "We returned to Manzanillo in twenty minutes." Helicopter.

NEXT WEEK'S POST:
"Our Fighting Men Have Gone Soft"
So charges military expert Hanson Baldwin, and he tells you why.

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